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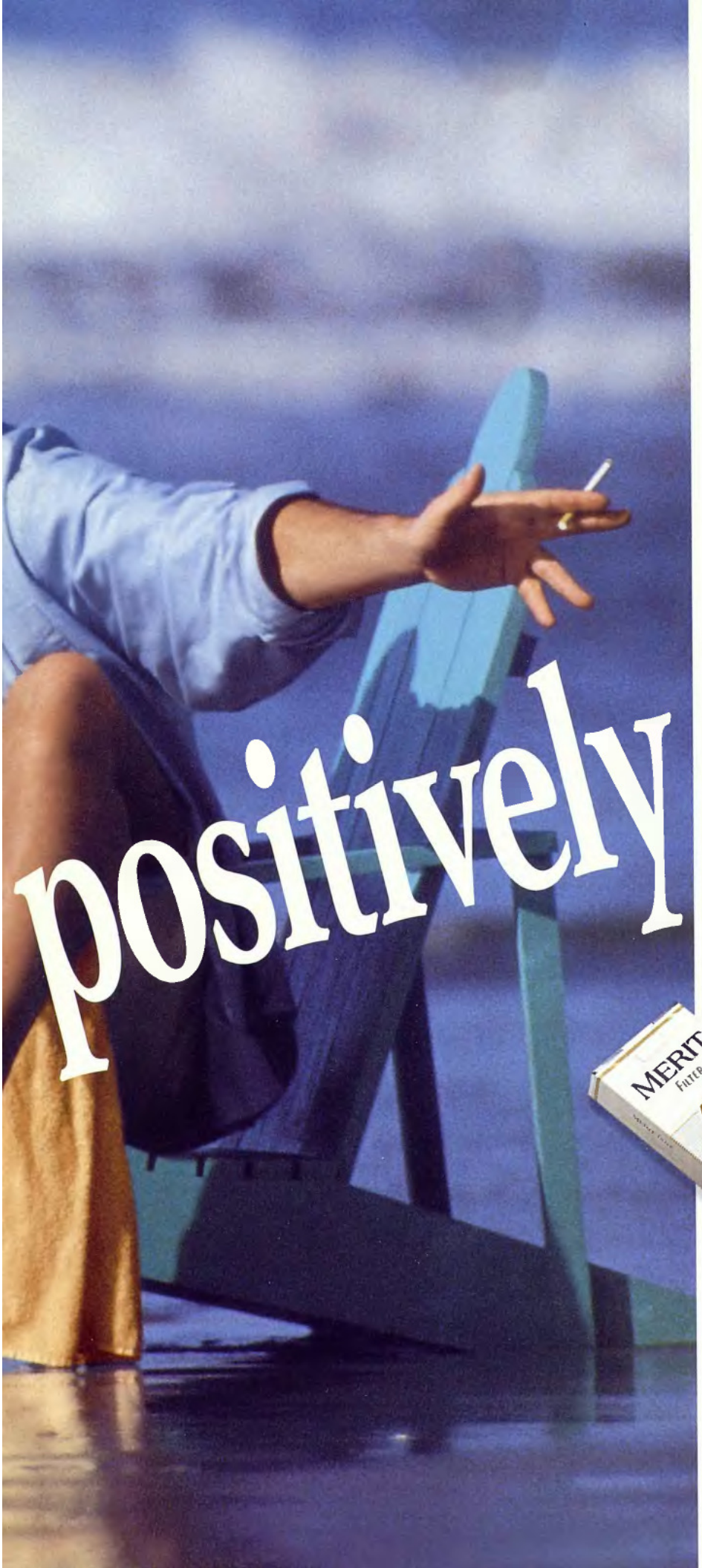

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PLAYBILL

IT'S HARD to get your game face on for winter. You can't find your gloves, your girlfriend wears so many layers she looks like a Christmas tree without lights and you spend days indoors contemplating the previous year, wondering where your life went. On the upside, winter is the time of year when even that fat prankster in the red suit gets some. Then there are the holiday bonuses (this magazine, for one). So forget the past—we've already unwrapped a Christmas present for you: cover girl **Farrah Fawcett.** After *Charlie's Angels* and her best-selling poster made her the sex symbol of the Seventies, she concentrated on dramatic roles in TV films such as *The Burning Bed*. Now the ex-angel, who at one time covered more walls than Benjamin Moore, is ready to reclaim heavenly-body status in a timeless pictorial shot by **Davis Factor.** Then we honor the woman who made the modern swimsuit poster possible: **Bettie Page.** Second only to Marilyn Monroe as an American pinup legend, Page violated the taboos of the Fifties, incurred the wrath of a congressional subcommittee, redefined sexiness—and then vanished. In *The Real Bettie Page* (from *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pinup Legend*, published by General Publishing Group), **James Swanson** and **Karen Essex** reveal a mysterious recluse who influenced fashion and photography for years to come.

We admit it. Over the years, we have been responsible for a myth or two—particularly when it comes to third dates. But nothing compares with the ideas endorsed by the radical right, whose latest campaign is to put the biblical story of creation on equal footing with evolution. In *Very Weird Science* (the accompanying artwork is by **Tim O'Brien**), **Colin Campbell** and **Deborah Scroggins,** writers for the Atlanta *Journal and Constitution*, relate how some fundamentalists ignore accepted tenets of biology. Creationists want kids to learn about 300-year-old men, snakes that talk and the idea that the Grand Canyon was created during Noah's flood.

George Foreman rescued boxing from the standing eight-count that began when Mike Tyson was sent to his corner in an Indiana prison. Though Foreman is as old as the canyons, his punch is still potent. So is his mind, as he proves to our ringer **Lawrence Linderman** in this month's *Interview*. Foreman talks about Iron Mike's rust, how a deer can be a bear and why Joe Frazier was the only boxer to scare him.

In the superheavyweight division, we offer a bout with insanity from the fight capital of the world. *Christmas in Las Vegas* features the razor-sharp wit of 263-pound **Penn Jillette** and the brilliant artwork of 263-plus-pound **Tony Fitzpatrick.** If Vegas is a crapshoot, these triggermen have that family-oriented MGM fairy lion in their sights. We have a eulogy of sorts for another American beauty, **Jerry Garcia,** in a skull-fucking style we're sure Mr. Steal Your Face would have enjoyed. **Rock Scully,** who with David Dalton wrote the article *Chronicles of the Dead* (excerpted from Little, Brown's forthcoming book *Living With the Dead* by Scully with David Dalton), was the Grateful Dead's road manager. He documents Garcia's greatest hits: scarfing coke backstage, fighting the mud of Woodstock and working out long, strange riffs—incandescent solos that will always outshine his death.

Hits and myths: Was the Oklahoma City bombing the work of terrorists or short-fused kooks? The latter, says **Daryl F. Gates.** As former chief of the LAPD, he certainly knows a nutcase when he sees one. In *Terrorism? Says Who?* (illustrated by renowned painter **Kent Williams**), Gates explains why law enforcement must gird itself against random violence rather than seek out conspiracies. To argue his case, he describes

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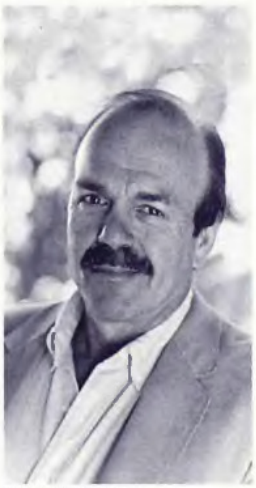
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FITZPATRICK, JILLETTE

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WILLIAMS

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AZUMA

real-life, narrowly averted disasters that you'll almost wish he had kept to himself. The guy with the biggest bombshells in Los Angeles is O.J. chronicler **Dominick Dunne,** who lives the life Jackie Collins wishes she had. Whether it's as the producer of movies such as *Boys in the Band* or as an expert on domestic violence or Lyle Menendez' rug, Dunne has informed us of glamour's trashy side for years. He's also a dinner companion to the stars, which is how high-flying Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** first encountered him—nestled somewhere between the soup course and Goldie Hawn. In this month's *20 Questions*, Dunne chats about his belief that O.J. is on tranquilizers, assesses the shape of Ron Shipp and reveals why black leaders no longer attend the trial.

If you're like us, you wish you had a friend in low places—not just any friend but one in particular: **Courteney Cox.** As belle of the hit TV show *Friends*, she possesses a sexy but naive quality that has convinced millions of ordinary guys that she is the only one for them. This impression was confirmed by writer **Michael Angeli,** who was sent to fall under her spell. He says she's, well, nice. In *Babe of the Year*, Courteney complains about Los Angeles, praises her buddies and describes dancing in the dark with Bruce Springsteen. Enough of our requests for Santa: Our diligent humorist **Robert S. Wieder** spent hundreds of hours investigating the old Christmas wish lists of various celebrities. What he couldn't find, he made up. The result is *Dear Santa*, a collection of demands from, among others, little Dennis Rodman, budding lawyer Johnnie Cochran and Newtie Gingrich.

You'll want to savor this month's collection of fiction like a fine holiday port. *The Witch Door* by science fiction shaman **Ray Bradbury** is a forthright allegory with classic elements of a wintertime ghost story. It will unhinge you with its depiction of a repressive future, fearful fugitives and cramped, dark spaces. The artwork is by longtime contributor **Kinuko Y. Craft,** who now illustrates children's books. Writer **Richard Bausch** presents a modern horror story in a more realistic vein with *Fatality*. To Bausch, being afraid for yourself doesn't compare with fearing for your daughter—especially when her tormentor has her brainwashed. **Robert Silverberg** takes mind games to supernatural levels. His *The Second Shield* poses a problem for Beckerman, an artist who can actually dream masterpieces into existence. When a rich client turns dangerous, however, Beckerman's dreams turn to nightmares. **James Warhola** (Andy Warhol's nephew), whose work has adorned the covers of many science fiction novels, did the illustration.

Time to rip open some more treats. For this year's *Sex Stars*, our crack team of gazers—Associate Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet,** Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Contributing Editors **Bruce Williamson** and **Gretchen Edgren**—assembled a galaxy of supernovas that will melt your warp drive. The tabloid exploits of Drew Barrymore and Pamela Anderson Lee only add more, um, dimension to their poses.

If you think **Chip Rowe,** Assistant Editor, looks like a friendly guy, you're right. He's even more than that—he's a sex-friendly guy who likes the feel of his Corinthian leather couch. Read Chip's advice to the budding Rico Suaves out there in *The Sex-Friendly Apartment*. But maybe we're skipping a crucial step here. Wooing a babe always comes before woo-woo itself, and what better way to wow her than with some excellent trinkets. Admittedly, photographer **Bert Stern** could make a soap dish look good, but believe us, the goodies he shot for *All She Wants for Christmas* will stand up to the most intense female scrutiny. Remember, the best part about shopping for her is shopping for yourself. You don't need to get everything in *Playboy's Christmas Gift Collection*—just circle the items you can't afford and hand out copies to your family and friends. Send your thank-you notes to **Don Azuma,** who shot the photos. You can come back to earth—but only briefly—to enjoy our Miss December, **Samantha Torres.** She's a one-woman cold snap of Spanish origin. We think you'll agree that she's the best fire starter you'll find this season.

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PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

"It's all about guts," says Farrah Fowcett of her PLAYBOY pictorial shot on St. Bart's. Farrah never quits looking for new challenges. "It's about feeling what's right and doing it," she says. Our cover was shot by Davis Factor and styled by Frank Chevalier for Smashbox Beauty. Farrah's makeup was styled by Joanne Gair for Cloutier using Make-Up Forever. Her hair was styled by Peter Savic for Cloutier/Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare. You can't tell this Rabbit by its spots.

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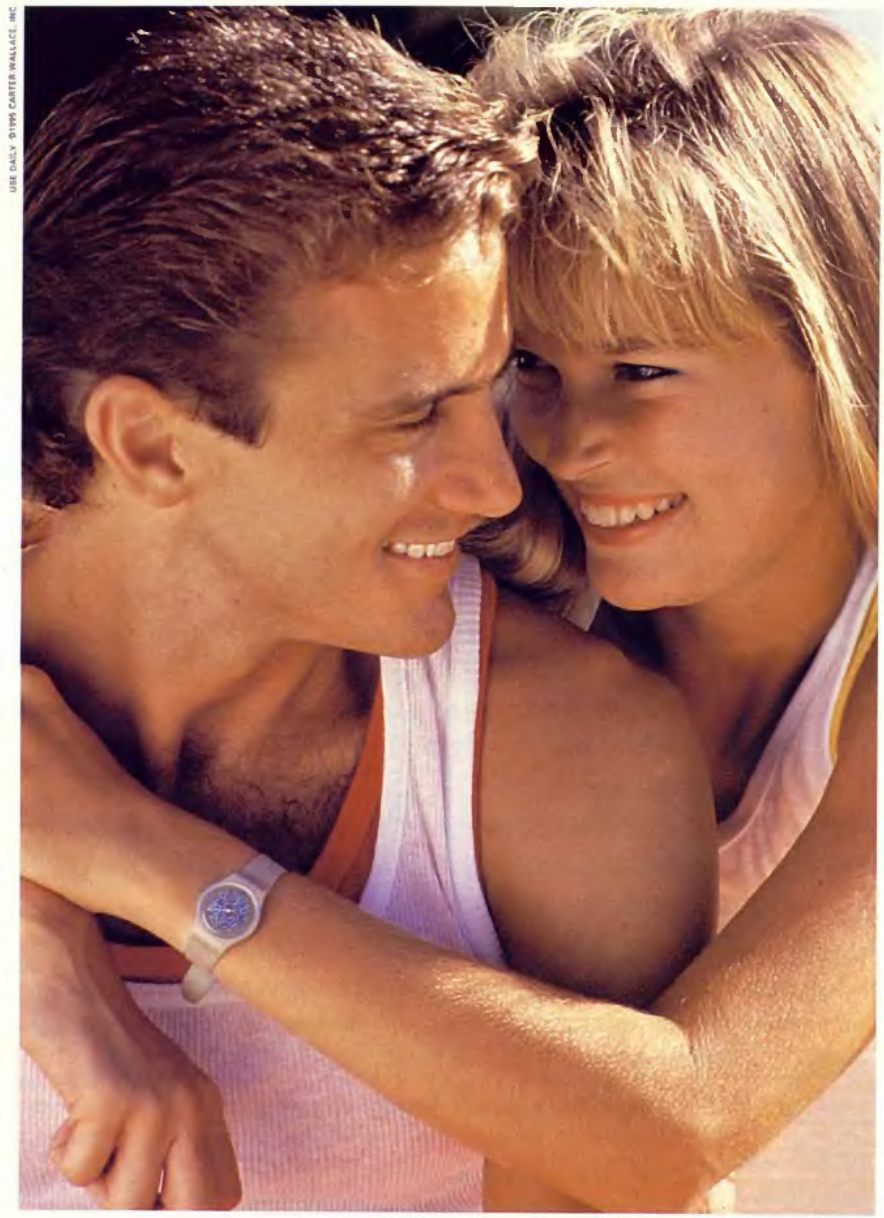

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MEN

Bravo, Asa Baber. Your column on Bill Clinton ("A Good Man," September) is insightful and reasoned. Clinton has been one of the most proactive presidents in recent history, and while I may not agree with all of his decisions, he deserves respect. Few of us could withstand such intense scrutiny and still lead the country effectively. It's refreshing to see you swimming against the national tide of media cynicism.

Bill Osborg
wosborg@pinn.net
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Asa Baber writes that Bill Clinton is "like you and me" and has a middle-class profile. Horseshit! Clinton has never held a real-world job. Vote for Bubba if you must, Mr. Baber, but don't fool yourself into thinking he is anything more noble than a career politician.

James Dawson
stjamespl@aol.com
Los Angeles, California

Bill Clinton may be a good old boy, but that doesn't mean he's a good president. Clinton makes decisions by sitting on the fence and then jumping onto the popular side. We need a man with the solid values of our founding fathers. Asa Baber should behave like a responsible journalist and encourage people to seek out the best candidate for the highest office in the country. Clinton isn't it.

Leland Watson II
Englewood, Colorado

I would like to commend Asa Baber on his September column. It's easy for us to criticize the president when none of us has walked in his shoes.

Rebeca Musto
Olathe, Kansas

PRECIOUS JAID

Thank you for the incredible pictures of Drew Barrymore's mom, Jaid (*Jaid's Turn*, September). I'm hoping that there will be a mother-daughter pictorial in the future.

Rick Schwarz
cu959@cleveland.freenet.edu
West Orange, New Jersey

I can honestly say that Jaid Barrymore is more beautiful than her daughter Drew. Please give us more of this stunning woman.

Joseph Almanzo
Waukegan, Illinois

Jaid Barrymore is a heart-stopper. Women like her prove that looking old is not mandatory.

Mike Kimball
mkimball@nirvana.lib.utah.edu
Salt Lake City, Utah

Jaid Barrymore is 49? That must be a typo. It should read 19.

Joe Morales
Bronx, New York

BILLIONS AND BILLIONS

When I began reading David Heilbroner's *The $6 Billion Rogue* (September), I thought it was a work of fiction and expected to encounter international drug dealers or spies. Then it dawned on me that this really happened. General Motors Acceptance Corp. has been defrauded of an incredible amount of money. If I owed as little as $50 to GMAC, the company would hound me to Antares to recover that amount. But it somehow left John McNamara with almost $2 million. Looks as if white-collar crime pays.

Michel Boutet
Silverdale, Washington

SANDRA BULLOCK

The September *20 Questions* with Sandra Bullock makes me proud to say that I buy PLAYBOY for the articles. She is intelligent, spunky, funny and single—a rarity in Los Angeles. And I am glad to see that someone else has a problem with their dogs making long-distance calls. Thanks to Sandra, my dog saw *The Net* and now is logging on.

Michael Houbrick
mistrbrick@aol.com
Los Angeles, California

I enjoyed David Rensin's talk with Sandra Bullock, but he needs a refresher course in British slang, and Bullock needs one in German idiom. Bullock does not mean testicle but rather a young or castrated bull. The word for testicles, which sounds similar, is bollocks. *"Es ist mir Wurst"* does indeed mean "I don't care" or "It's all the same to me." However, the literal translation is not "It's my sausage" but rather "It's sausage to me." Next time, maybe you should ask Claudia Schiffer.

Paul Ybarrondo
Upland, California

Sandra Bullock is a gentlewoman. She's smart, open, direct and loyal. And to top it all off, she loves adventure. Sandra, you might have to show me how to wire the damned thing, but I'd be proud to leave my night-light on for you.

David Browning
St. Clairsville, Ohio

LET'S HEAR IT FOR D.C.

I'm disturbed by the fact that PLAYBOY has moved its political opinions to the far left. In his September column, Robert Scheer calls for a more powerful federal government to solve our woes and raise our taxes. I don't know what planet he grew up on, but here on earth, for every problem the federal government tries to solve, it usually creates ten more. Why not add a libertarian or Republican viewpoint to counter some of Scheer's essays?

Scott Christie
schristie@spectron.com
San Diego, California

Have you read "The Playboy Forum" lately? The libertarian point of view is alive and well in our pages.

Robert Scheer must be a pencil-necked geek. I feel I inherited a great country—the strongest and the best. I love the U.S. and have fought for this nation, not against it. What has Scheer ever done to make this a better country?

Tom Saunders
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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Robert Scheer's article almost made me regurgitate. The socialist police state that he wants America to become is not acceptable to me or to thousands of other American patriots. I believe our best alternative is the Libertarian Party, in which individuals maintain rights without government interference. Maybe Scheer should go live in North Korea.

Ronald Patrias
Dearborn Heights, Michigan

Our government earns its strength from public support. A voter's duty is to make sure those who govern do so within the Constitution. Criticism is the American way of blowing the whistle and the louder it gets, the greater indication that something is wrong.

Jane Eckler
Trona, California

We can't possibly compare government spending in the U.S. to other advanced capitalist economies. Our government does not pay for health care, college costs or child care for most of our working population. Because most honest and hardworking Americans must pay for these things themselves, the effective tax burden is among the most onerous in the world.

Andrew Walzer
Upper Saddle River, New Jersey

I question, not attack, the government when its actions conflict with my beliefs. But I'm not packing my bags. I'll fight with bytes, words and ballots.

Ken Parmalee
Atlanta, Georgia

DRIVING: MISS DONNA

One glance at Miss September, Donna D'Errico, and I know life doesn't get any better. I'd like to applaud the person who found this successful, gorgeous woman with the entrepreneurial spirit.

Richard Reineke
Seattle, Washington

I don't know what kind of magic Donna D'Errico has that doesn't allow me to go past page 109 in the September issue. She is the second most beautiful woman I've ever seen. The first one is my wife.

Antonio Ramos
San Francisco, California

Donna and I are first cousins, but it has been years since I've seen her back home. While she was always a pretty girl, her Playmate pictorial is evidence that she has turned out to be a beautiful woman. Congratulations, Donna, and good luck. I know there are many more great things in store for you.

Maranda Tidwell
Huntsville, Alabama

I am in love. Donna is a perfect 10—and she has her own business. Donna, if you're ever in south central Texas, you can drive my truck any day.

Jeff Reinhard
Luling, Texas

Great September issue. I love Playmate Donna D'Errico's admission that she dreamed about the chief executive. Let's see Newt or Rush top that.

Joe Breen
Chicago, Illinois

TERRIFIC FICTION

Joseph Monninger's short story *First Night, Blind Date, All That* (September) is beautifully crafted. Thanks to your editorial staff for selecting a winner.

Cameron Hyers
Norwalk, Connecticut

CLASSIC KIMBERLEY

After one look at Kimberley Conrad Hefner's pictorial (September) I reached

for the thesaurus to find all the words I would need to describe her in her triumphant return to the pages of PLAYBOY. But then I stopped, knowing that I wouldn't be able to find anything that would match her beauty.

David Gorham
Friendswood, Texas

After seeing your pictorial of Kimberley Conrad Hefner, I'd like to thank Hef—for sharing.

Peter Wulfsohn
Aurora, Colorado

I am a Christian, and God created us to be beautiful. So forgive me for lusting after Hef's wife.

Victor Koyano
Seattle, Washington

Even though she's rich and famous, Kimberley loves her kids and her husband, does charity work and has the ambition to go back to school. She's beautiful inside and out.

Da-Wen Huang
Fort Worth, Texas

CINDY CRAWFORD

The September *Interview* with Cindy Crawford is shocking. This supermodel turned actress may be one of the most beautiful women in the world, but her use of profanity stuns me.

Marshall Dalton
Madison Heights, Virginia

I want to comment on something Cindy Crawford says about Naomi Wolf's book *The Beauty Myth*—that because Wolf is beautiful she has no right to say women are valued simply because they are pretty. Haven't critics of feminism denounced feminists as ugly and jealous? The message seems to be that if you're ugly, you're envious, so shut up. Or if you are beautiful and have it made, shut up. I thought Wolf's point was that talented, beautiful women waste too much of their time and energy on how they look.

Kelly Prince
Atlanta, Georgia

Cindy should be applauded for her straightforward comments. It's too bad that the press has nothing better to do than to find fault with her. She has made a name for herself as a spokesmodel, businesswoman and actress instead of relying only on her looks.

John Theodoridis
North York, Ontario

I was expecting to discover that Cindy was dumb, and that her beauty would fade so I could go on with my life. Instead, I discovered she's smart, funny, modest and self-aware. I'm hopelessly in love.

Ray Balestri
Dallas, Texas

You would think someone that beautiful, smart and rich would carry a heavy ego. What really surprised me was Cindy's modesty.

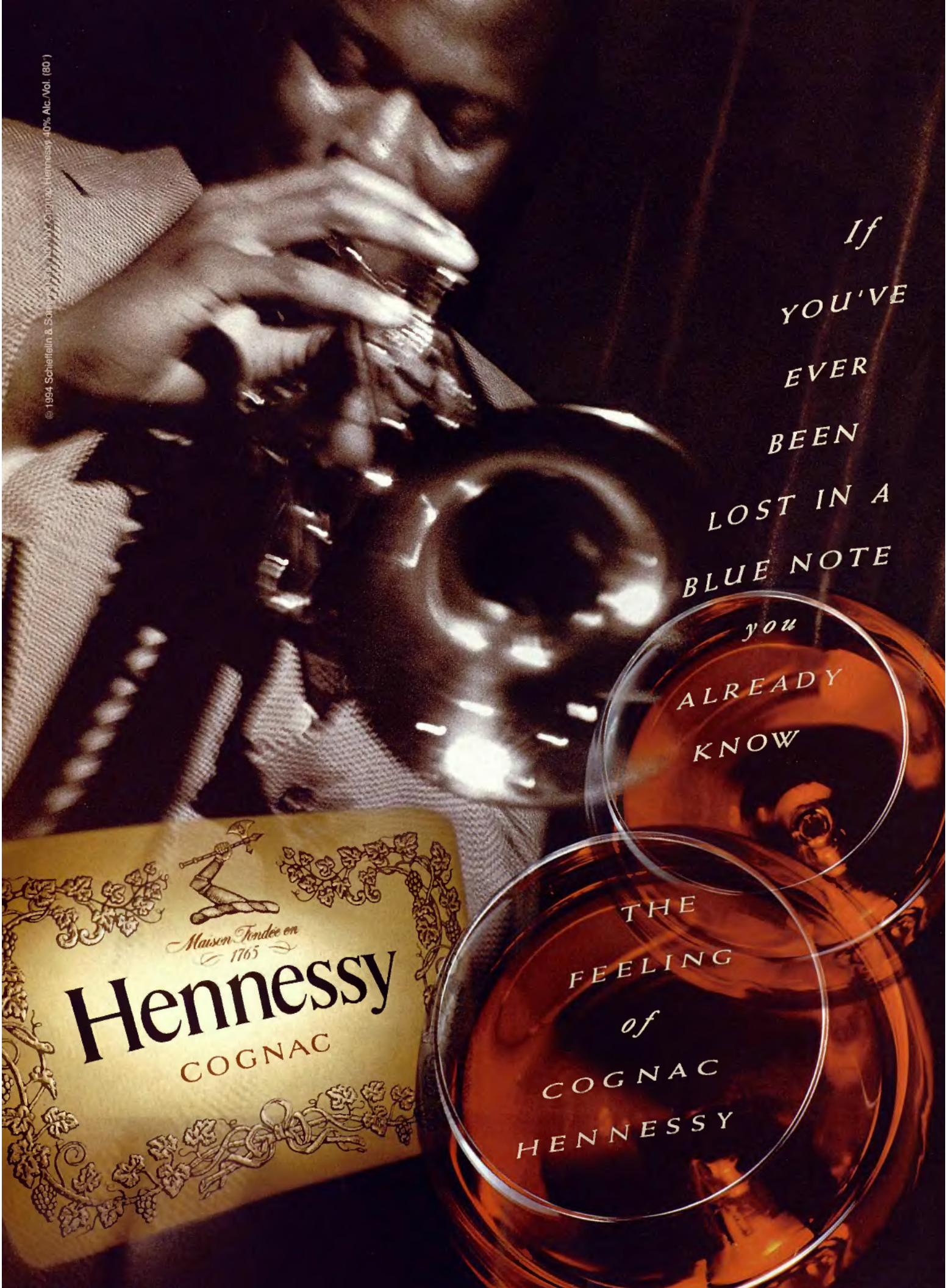
Laurente Laffey
Virginia Beach, Virginia

CLASSIC CENTERFOLDS

Your September *Classic Cover and Centerfold* feature with Gwen Wong sent me running to check my back issues. Were they that fantastic? They were! Now what happened to the feature?

Jim Delaney
Dayton, Ohio

Our "Classic Centerfold" has led to more ambitious plans: the publication of a 1996 companion to "The Playboy Book" that will feature all the Playmates. We'll be sure to keep you posted.



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Accommodation

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PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

We want you to know where we stand.

Facts Matter The Accommodation Program is working in thousands of restaurants all over the country. On the other hand, some restaurants where smoking has been banned are struggling with sales losses of up to 30%.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

JUMPING CATFISH!

Now we know why parties in New Orleans go on all night: Unlike most waste products produced by our bodies and homes, caffeine passes intact through water treatment plants. Hydrologists at the U.S. Geological Survey studied different sections of the Mississippi River and found large amounts of caffeine in the water near cities, with the highest concentration of caffeine occurring near the cities downstream. The announcement coincided with news that Andre Codrescu, author of *The Blood Countess* and resident of New Orleans, was beginning work on a documentary, *Downflow Ethics*, based on the premise that the more toxic the river gets downstream, the more outrageous the political scandals along its shores. "It is said," notes Codrescu, "that every glass of water in the Mississippi has been drunk six times by the time it reaches the gulf."

GROUPIES WHO GO DOWN

Young women have fainted at concerts ever since the days of Rudy Vallee. Now a study in the *New England Journal of Medicine* has isolated the causes of what it calls "rock-concert syncope." Insufficient sleep, lack of food, crowded conditions, extended periods of standing and screaming combine to decrease blood flow to the heart. Incidentally, the study was based on girls who lost consciousness during a New Kids on the Block concert in Berlin. The researchers apparently overlooked the possible contributions of boredom and bad music.

CALLING SIGMUND FREUD

Who needs men when you can have a cigar? The most recent manifestation of the cigar craze is the ladies-only smoke-in. Molly Gleason, who organizes such events in San Francisco, calls them opportunities for ladies to "just hold them, feel them, smell them and taste them for themselves with no men around." We like to think there is no sexual symbolism involved here, especially when it comes to the part where they snip off the end.

LOVE IS BLIND

It turns out there's some truth to the old wives' tale about doing it until you go blind. According to a Johns Hopkins study, vigorous sexual activity can temporarily affect delicate ocular tissues and blood vessels, which results in blurred vision. Fortunately, the problem is short-lived and reversible.

MIGHTY TESTY POWER RANGERS

Far-ranging film critic Roger Ebert predicted that the smash Japanese animated feature *Pompoko*, about a family of cuddly, badgerlike creatures, would not be successful here. Seems the badgers have a secret weapon—they can crush their enemies with their enormously swollen testicles. If Disney had any balls, it would get distribution rights and release the movie as *Pompokohantas*.

LORD OF THE JIBES

From the Dead but Unbowed Department: *The Times* of London recently reported the death of an obscure member of the British aristocracy, the second Lord Erskine of Rerrick. In the obituary, it was noted that although the lord donated his body to science in his will, he also specified that "to the Royal Bank of Scotland I leave my balls, as they appear to have none of their own."

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

THE $0.05 MILLION MAN

What's the market value of a used husband? According to the Mississippi judicial system, $50,000. An appeals court ruled that Janice Clay must pay that amount to Sandra Boozer for stealing her husband of 20 years, Larry Boozer, and marrying him herself. Given the number of women who would gladly take half that amount for their mates, Clay may want to appeal again—if not for a reversal, then for a rebate.

CHIP SHOT

In reporting on a month's worth of infections from new computer viruses (the total number of known viruses recently topped 6000), the makers of Dr. Solomon's Anti-Virus Toolkit alerted hackers to a strain known as the Big Caibua. It reconfigures MS/DOS programs, reformats the hard drive and displays its name while—in an outlaw move that shows signs of true cyber-spunk—a penis moves across the screen and ejaculates.

MAGIC WAND

A talking vibrator is the new best-selling sex toy in Britain. The battery-operated dildo emits such husky male exclamations of satisfaction as "Oh God!" and "Oh yeah!" mixed with a variety of oohs and aahs. Snores are not included, but we hope a thick Cockney accent is.

SMOKING ROACHES

A man in Orange County, California had had it up to here with roaches. He figured that if one of those pesticide fumigators could help, 25 canisters going at the same time would get rid of the pesky varmints once and for all. But as the chemicals filled his apartment, a sudden explosion set the furniture on fire, blew out the windows and hurled the

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a recent study on shin-splints and lower-leg stress fractures, wearing running shoes produced as much as 22 percent more strain on the legs during jogging and sprinting exercises than do military combat boots.

CHRIS PYLE

QUOTE

"Some of my elderly patients still enjoy good sex, although they can't always remember the name of their partners."—HELEN SINGER KAPLAN, DIRECTOR OF THE HUMAN SEXUALITY CLINIC AT NEW YORK HOSPITAL

TIP OF THE ICEBERG

Until the House Oversight Committee canceled door-to-door deliveries in April, number of buckets of ice delivered to congressional offices each day: 891. Number of employees who spent half a workday each to deliver the ice: 28. Annual cost to taxpayers: $400,000.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

In a recent study of the five top-rated soap operas, average number of sexual incidents per hour-long episode: 6.6. Percentage of sexual incidents that were entirely verbal: 68. Of the sexual incidents visually portrayed, percentage that consisted of long, passionate kisses: 53. In the 50 hours of soap operas studied, number of references to safe sex or contraception: 5.

PC PDA

Percentage of Americans who object to seeing senior citizens kissing in public: 12. Percentage of Americans who object to two women embracing: 73. Percentage who object to seeing two men kissing: 76.

DO-SI-DOES IT

With the recent addition of North Dakota, the number of states that have designated the square dance as the official state dance: 24. Number of states that have endorsed disco: 0.

WELCOME TO HIGH SCHOOL

In a national survey of 17,500 eighth graders, percentage who said they had inhaled glue, solvents or aerosols to get high: 20.

LITTLE RED ROM

Number of CD-ROM discs in the new set containing 46 years of back issues of *People's Daily*, China's official Communist Party publication: 92. Cost: $19,800.

DREAMING OF JEANNIE

In a survey by Roper Starch Worldwide, percentage of Americans aged 18 to 44 who had had a pleasant dream in the past 24 hours: 32. Percentage over 45 who had a happy dream: 19.

GRASS ROOTS

Percentage of voters in last year's national election who called themselves environmentalists: 83. Percentage who are sympathetic to protecting wildlife rather than a local business and jobs: 38.

WING FLAPS

Average percentage of budget of major U.S. airlines in 1993 spent on promotion and sales: 18. Percentage spent on maintenance: 11.

FINE TRIM

Average number of hairs on the head of a person with red hair: 90,000. Black hair: 108,000. Brown hair: 110,000. Blonde hair: 140,000.

ON A ROW TO NOWHERE

Percentage of treadmill owners who use their machines: 49. Percentage of home stair-climbers in use: 44. Stationary bikes: 31. Rowing machines: 20. —BETTY SCHAAL

blinds across the street. A pilot light or burning incense apparently caused the heavy cloud of gas propellant to flash, resulting in $10,000 worth of damage. The accident may have inconvenienced the two-legged tenant, but his tiny—and apparently resilient—enemies didn't seem to care. "In fact," said the fire captain at the scene, "when we arrived, there were still some running around." OK, but weren't a couple of them at least coughing?

A NATURAL PIT BOSS

A group of counterfeiters successfully passed $20,000 worth of bogus $100 bills at various Atlantic City casinos before authorities were tipped off by a sharp-eyed recipient. Not a croupier, mind you, nor a cashier, but a prostitute. Leave it to someone trained to inspect wrinkled things close-up.

OUR FAVORITE TELEGRAM

One week before the execution of 22-year-old Tong Ching-man from Hong Kong (her offense: possession of 1.5 kilograms of heroin), her family received this heartwarming telegram from the Singaporean government: "Death sentence on Tong Ching-man will be carried into effect on April 21, 1995. Visit her from April 18, 1995 and claim body on April 21, 1995."

UNREALIZED URNINGS

Kurt Cobain's ashes have yet to find a final resting place, thanks to the grungemeister's popularity. Seattle's Lake View Cemetery refused the remains on the grounds that the disruption caused by fans of permanent tenants Bruce and Brandon Lee already is too much to handle. The next stop, the Calvary Catholic Cemetery, wanted an annual $100,000 security fee. "Kurt didn't have that kind of money," says widow Courtney Love. Such is the high cost of being in Nirvana.

THE LAST GASP

Residents of Sedona, Arizona truly believe in being health conscious, even for those who are neither healthy nor conscious. The Sedona Funeral Home recently ran a notice in a local paper declaring, "We are proud to announce that for the health of your loved ones, all of our caskets are smoke-free."

LIGHT ARMOR

Distressed that drug dealers had shot out almost 4700 streetlights to make their corners more business-friendly, Miami is switching to a new lamp that can withstand slugs from a .44 Magnum. More illumination, says the city, means greater public safety. Now all they have to do is figure out a way to outfit local residents in the bulletproof bulbs.

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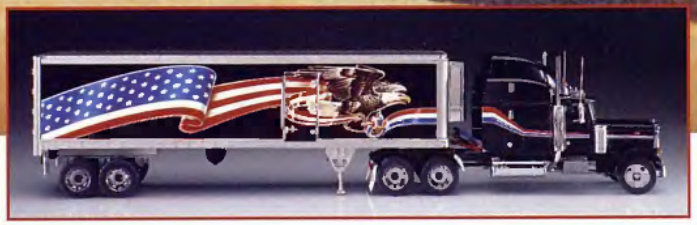

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MUSIC

ROCK

ONCE BRITANNIA ruled the radio airwaves. But during the Nineties, new English bands have been conspicuous by their absence from the U.S. album charts. What gives? P.J. Harvey, Elastica, Portishead and Tricky get critical raves, but the English still come across as emotional stiffs. While Americans embrace the cathartic release of grunge and rap, U.K. bands fixate on mope and gloom. But now, out of Oxford, comes Supergrass, the most refreshing English import of the decade. The band's exuberant pop-punk attack, catchy melodies framed by high harmonies and quirky lyrics on ***I Should Coco*** (Capitol) suggest what Green Day might sound like if Green Day had been raised on the Beatles.

It's Hard to Believe It: The Amazing World of Joe Meek (Razor and Tie) documents the eccentric brilliance of England's low-fi answer to Phil Spector. Meek cooked up cheesy masterpieces, including *Telstar* by the Tornados and *Have I the Right* by the Honeycombs. The other 18 gems are weirdly wonderful. —VIC GARBARINI

Noisy three-piece bands are hard to categorize when they're exceptionally good—and Everclear's debut, ***Sparkle and Fade*** (Capitol), suggests that it could become great. The density of the guitars suggests grunge, but the tempos are quicker. The bass lines invite comparisons to punk, but the vocal sheen comes closer to the Hollywood hair bands. The grimy, smack-linked lyrics bear comparison to Guns n' Roses. —DAVE MARSH

P.M. Dawn's ***Jesus Wept*** (Gee Street/Island) is a sparkling, passionate 14-song collection. Prince Be, the heart of the group, avoids his past hip-hop flirtations for a tight focus on pop rock and ballads. P.M. Dawn's best-known recording, *I'd Die Without You* from the *Boomerang* soundtrack, is a gorgeous love song that's almost matched by two new compositions on *Jesus Wept*: *Miles From Anything* and *Sonchyenne*. Both songs are beautifully arranged, sweetly chromatic and sung with great sensitivity. There are several vital pop rockers (*Downtown Venus*, *The 9:45 Wake-Up Dream*), but the record's highlight is a medley of Prince's *1999*, Talking Heads' *Once in a Lifetime* and the Seventies novelty hit *Coconut*. *Jesus Wept* is easily one of 1995's sharpest collections. —NELSON GEORGE

Marshall Chapman is a lapsed Southern belle whose amalgam of rock-and-roll toughness, Nashville song sense and rangy good looks got her pegged as a comer two decades ago. Although the hits never came, she stayed true to the game, working first for the big boys at Epic, then for the folkies at Rounder. She eventually started her own Tall Girl label, where she made the best albums of her life—until she gathered her courage and cut ***It's About Time*** (Margaritaville), which was recorded live at the Tennessee State Prison for Women. Advisories like *Booze in Your Blood* and *Betty's Bein' Bad* help Chapman relate to a bunch of truly tough women who've never heard of her. Even if you think *Real Smart Man* is harsh, that doesn't mean you won't recognize all the shitty relationships she sums up in a single line: "You haven't taken out the garbage yet."

Supergrass: *I Should Coco*.

A pop-punk attack from the U.K., *Jesus Wept* and B.B. King's collection of blues ballads.

Dave Marsh calls ***The Who Sellout*** (MCA) "the band's consummate masterpiece." Is this remastered and expanded tribute to classic pop radio a greater Sixties album than *Sgt. Pepper*? I'm here to tell anybody's generation that the Who never sounded better. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Pounding riffs, delicate acoustic interludes and a bent satiric approach in the lyrics make ***Trepanation*** (Cellsum) by the Brain Surgeons a great listen. Rock critic Deborah Frost is convincing as a metallic diva. Cool covers (*Ramblin' Rose*) and a cool co-writer (Richard Meltzer) add up to a cool album. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

JAZZ

The ***Rite of Strings*** (IRS/Gaisaber), with bassist Stanley Clarke, guitarist Al DiMeola and violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, brings together three of the most flamboyant exhibitionists jazz has ever known. At its best, *Rite of Strings* mimics the bands led by Django Reinhardt in the Thirties, as the three string players support and challenge one another's quickening melodies. The album contains plenty of fireworks. But just as often, these three manage to submerge their musical egos and create something intricate.

The Jazz Crusaders' new ***Happy Again*** (Sin-Drome) also attempts to recapture some of the subtlety and skill lost during the fusion years. A few tunes allow saxist Wilton Felder and trombonist Wayne Henderson to get back their soul-bop salad days of the Sixties. Special guests such as flutist Hubert Laws, percussionist Pancho Sanchez and trumpeter Donald Byrd try to make up for the absence of Joe Sample.

Instead, try the British saxist Courtney Pine's fusion of Coltrane and hip-hop on ***Modern Day Jazz Stories*** (Antilles). By mixing rap beats, record scratches and rhythmically recurring samples behind his dark, vibrant tenor solos, Pine recasts the music's message without drowning it. —NEIL TESSER

Jazz/Funk Unit (Funk Boy, P.O. Box 1331, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10276) is the name of both the band and the CD. Bassist-producer Ivan Bodley makes syncopated groove music out of jazz standards like *Nefertiti* and *Stella by Starlight*. It's both feisty and fun. —NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

The problem with today's blues revival, in which a first-rate sideman such as Buddy Guy achieves mediocrity as a star, comes from the current one-dimensional definition of the blues. The blues once included everything from blind Southern street singers with acoustic guitars to Jimmy Witherspoon shouting in front of a flashy big band. Blues has now been reduced to guitar-led combos in which the singing—the music's original point—has been reduced to afterthought. To hear how expansive the blues can be, check out B.B. King's ***Heart and Soul: A Collection of Blues Ballads*** (Pointblank Classic). King takes hardly any guitar solos, instead singing in a style that stems directly from smooth crooners like Al Hibbler and Billy Eckstine. Listen to B.B.'s vocals, his phrasing and, most of all, the language and subject matter. Check out how he belts *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* against an Ellingtonian background. *Heart and Soul* will give purists a swift kick to their most cherished preconceptions.

FAST TRACKS

Chris Thomas takes far more radical steps on ***21st Century Blues From da Hood*** (Private/BMG). "I was the only kid around digging Guitar Slim and Lonesome Sundown," he sings defiantly. "And now I've come of age, and in my hood hard-core is all the rage./So I turned the page." Thomas' entire album argues this case, proving that the spirits of Jimi Hendrix, hip-hop, P-Funk's Eddie Hazel and Howlin' Wolf live close together in theory and in practice. —DAVE MARSH

The blues comes in two basic categories: raw and cooked. If you prefer raw, then ***Mule*** (Capricorn/Fat Possum) by Paul "Wine" Jones might just be your bleeding hunk of flesh. A welder from Mississippi, Wine has never recorded before and rarely ventured far from his home in Belzoni, which explains a lot about his outrageous guitar. It's electric, it's moderately distorted and it occasionally uses a wa-wa pedal. You might argue that this makes his style cooked, but you'd be wrong. It's still Delta. It's so country in its reliance on drone in the bass lines and idiosyncrasy in the lead lines that raw is all the menu offers. And damn, does it swing. The blues was originally dance music, and you can dance to all ten cuts here. My favorite song is probably *My Baby Got Drunk*, because it makes me laugh.

The Hard Way (Deluge Records, P.O. Box 2877, Waterville, Maine 04903) is by Christine Ohlman, and the first thing you notice is her tough, rousing, sexy voice. The second thing you notice is that she can write songs with booming choruses you want to sing along with the first time you hear them. The third thing you notice is that she's on this really small label (did the majors give up on blues rock?) and deserves a bigger audience. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

COUNTRY

The Songs of Route 66: Music From the All-American Highway (Lazy SOB Recordings, P.O. Box 49884, Austin, Texas 78765-9884) is a compilation of 11 songs about the Mother Road. It's assembled by David Sanger, drummer of Asleep at the Wheel. The most heartfelt moments come from the roadies such as Sanger who actually traveled Route 66. Jimmy LaFave delivers the honky-tonk *Route 66 Revisited* with foot-to-the-floor passion, and the Red Dirt Rangers' *Used to Be* is about an abandoned stretch of the road between Tulsa and Oklahoma City.

Singer-songwriter Kevin Welch grew up a few miles north of Route 66 in Erick, Oklahoma. He uses jazz, traditional country and Lightnin' Hopkins–tinged blues shuffles in ***Life Down Here on Earth*** (Dead Reckoning, P.O. Box 159178, Nashville, Tennessee 37215).

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Marshall Chapman *It's About Time*	8	7	8	8	7
Paul "Wine" Jones *Mule*	7	8	8	6	8
P.M. Dawn *Jesus Wept*	9	7	9	9	8
Supergrass *I Should Coco*	3	8	7	5	6
Chris Thomas *21st Century Blues From da Hood*	4	8	8	8	7

DINNER MUSIC DEPARTMENT: Customers ordering from Dial-a-Dinner in New York and Chicago can have a current CD delivered with their meal. A rotating set of new releases will be on the menu in other cities before the end of the year. Think of it. You'll be able to match food and music, say venison and **Ted Nugent**.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Bette Midler** is co-starring with **Diane Keaton** in *The First Wives Club*, about women out for revenge after their husbands drop them for trophy babes. . . . There is talk of a **Blues Brothers** sequel with **Jim Belushi** playing screen brother to his real brother **John**. If that isn't enough, look for an animated prime-time TV series with Jim and **Dan Aykroyd** doing Jake and Elwood's voices. . . . **Lou Reed** has refused to allow **Velvet Underground's** music to be used in a film, *I Shot Andy Warhol*, about **Valerie Solanis**, who actually did shoot Warhol. . . . **Jon Bon Jovi** will star in *The Leading Man* after his concert tour is over. . . . Rhino is considering a theatrical release of a restored version of the home video *Rainbow Bridge*, a **Jimi Hendrix** movie. . . . *The Beatles Anthology*, airing on ABC-TV, has been extended from two nights to three. . . . **Peter Gabriel** will make his screen debut in a science fiction movie, *Recon*, set ten years in the future. It will be directed by Breck Eisner, son of Disney chairman **Michael Eisner**. . . . Look for **RuPaul** in street clothes in *Red Ribbon Blues*, an independent feature film about an HIV support group that robs a pharmaceutical company.

NEWSBREAKS: Students at Savannah College of Art & Design have completed a 76,726 square-foot portrait of **Elvis**. It took 500 gallons of paint. Elvis didn't get a chance to see the painting: It was so big, it had to be dismantled. . . . **Aretha Franklin** has signed on the dotted line to write her autobiography with journalist **David Ritz**. It will be published in the spring of 1997. . . . The **B-52s** are recording with **Cindy Wilson** back in the lineup. . . . The **Black Crowes** are playing Asia now, but cuts for a possible live CD are already in the can. . . . **Michael Jackson** is producing *Sisterella*, a musical adaptation of *Cinderella*, at the Pasadena Playhouse. It opens in March. . . . **Cynthia Lennon** auctioned off **John Lennon's** stash box at Christie's in London. . . . The **Kinks** are news: first comes a tour of small venues after the release of the band's double live CD, then **Ray Davies'** autobiography and his documentary for British TV on **Charles Mingus** will be released. . . . **Celine Dion** is recording with **Phil Spector**. . . . There is talk that **Snoop Doggy Dogg's** second CD, *Dog Food*, has been delayed while the rap controversy plays itself out. Snoop's label, Death Row, is a subsidiary of Time Warner. . . . When **Johnette Napolitano** was tipped off to some unpublished **Janis Joplin** lyrics, she put them to music for her new band **Pretty and Twisted**. But the Joplin estate put severe limits on usage. Even so, Napolitano says, "It had to be something that Janis would be doing if she were around today. I think she'd be mellower. The lyrics are very soothing and peaceful." . . . The Recording Industry Association of America says **Pearl Jam's** *Ten* is now the best-selling debut CD of the Nineties. . . . Although a boxed set of all 58 episodes of *The Monkees* was released, individual videocassettes will not be on the market until next year. It's too late to get the boxes with the official **Monkees** wristwatches. Only the first 2000 sets had them. Hey, hey.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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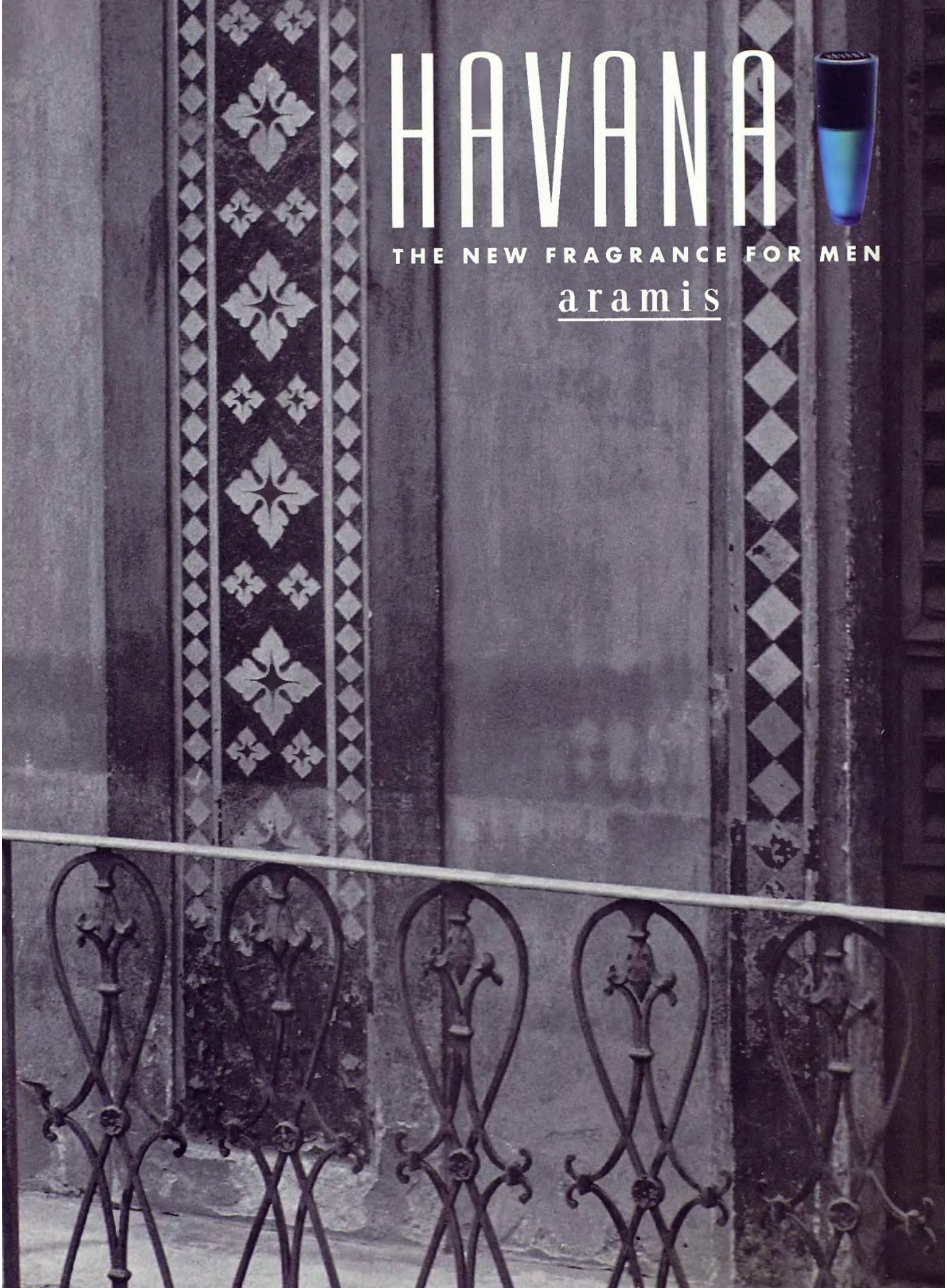
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Dewar's

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LOUNGE ACTS

Hef isn't alone in his passion for pajamas. Comfy flannel, cotton and silk pj's are one of the favored ways to dress warm during the long nights of winter. Depending on your mood, you can go with styles ranging from sophisticated to silly. Shadowboxer, for example, has gone to the dogs by creating 100 percent cotton flannel pajamas with a Canine Couture pattern in blue (pictured here) or bone ($68 each). A grizzly bear shows up on cotton flannel pajamas from Joe Boxer titled "Put a Lid on It" ($35). Tommy Hilfiger joins the pajama party for the first time with his cotton flannel pajamas featuring royal Stuart and Black Watch plaids pieced together ($65). PJ's 2 Go offers a cotton flannel style in red tartan with a traditional button-down pajama-collar top and drawstring pants ($45). The Classics from Polo/Ralph Lauren includes a pair of cotton flannel pajamas in red with Martini Bear embroidery ($80). And when it comes to Fernando Sanchez' midnight-blue paisley jacquard pajamas, pure silk means lounging in pure luxury ($575).

HOT SHOPPING: TAOS, NEW MEXICO

As part of its traditional yuletide celebration, Taos will have a golden glow in December when the town plaza is lit by *farolitos* (paper bags with candles in them). It'll also be hopping with activities, including dogsled races (December 8 to 10), Super Ski Week (from the 10th through the 16th) and great holiday shopping. Clarke & Co. (120 E. Bent St.): Guatemalan hand-loomed shirts and Southwestern-style sportswear. • Overland Sheepskin Co. (three miles north of Taos on Highway 522): Coats, jackets, slippers and rugs made from top-quality sheepskin. • Andean Software (Taos Ski Valley complex): Handknit sweaters from Bolivia and Peru and great après-ski boots from Italy.

CLOTHES LINE

Alan Thicke and his character on NBC's *Hope and Gloria*, the smarmy TV talk-show host Dennis Dupree, share a sense of style and "the privilege of not having to pay for the wardrobe." But Thicke recently shelled out big bucks for an Armani three-piece suit with "substantial shoulders to make up for what nature didn't give me." He likes to wear it with a white Calvin Klein dress shirt with an anchored collar and Cole-Haan oxblood loafers. As a gift to his new bride, the former briefs-wearing actor is learning to like boxers. "It's in my prenup," he laughs. But the real joke is his collection of Looney Tunes cartoon-character underwear. What's up, Doc?

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MOHAIR

Unlike the itchy mohair sweaters of old, this season's updated models are less hairy than their ancestors and the yarn is often blended with other fabrics for improved texture. To get a feel for the new mohair, check out designer Thomas McLellon's light-gray crewneck sweater in alpaca and mohair or his charcoal V-neck style (about $200). Austyn Zung offers a virgin-mohair handknit turtleneck with a cross pattern in white with periwinkle blue (about $700). French Connection makes a black-and-gray ribbed-cable turtleneck ($104) in mohair and wool, while Laundry Industry, a line from Holland, has oversize medium-gray turtlenecks or V-necks with polo collars in a mohair, wool and nylon blend ($130 to $150). And for that cozy, curled-up-in-a-blanket effect, Tricots St. Raphael's Limited Edition line of menswear mixes modern mohair with luxurious chenille to create a loose-fitted black crewneck with a gold, maroon, teal and rust pattern ($250).

THE RIGHT TOUCH

Set the mood with soft music and candles, warm some massage oil in your hands (just a tablespoonful) and glide into a soothing, sensual massage à deux for the holidays. Tantalizing scented oils from Judith Jackson Aromatherapy are used in dozens of spas, including Norwich Inn & Spa in Norwich, Connecticut. Our favorite pairing is Scentuality with sandalwood and patchouli for him, and Serenity with tangerine and ylang-ylang for her. La Costa Resort and Spa in Carlsbad, California sells its own massage oils scented with almond, lavender and other ingredients. Want to experiment? You also can create your own custom blend using Aveda essential oils and adaptive massage base. And if you need to work on your technique, *Playboy's Ultimate Sensual Massage* video is a refresher course you'll enjoy together.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SPORTS JACKETS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Single-breasted with three buttons; soft shoulders; besom or open-patch pockets	Button bellows pockets; suede elbow patches (unless you're landed gentry); boxy shapes
FABRICS	Soft textured wools in bouclés and tweeds; chenille and herringbone weaves	Flat-surfaced; washed silk; 100 percent polyester; rayon hopsack
COLORS	Traditional menswear hues in rich shades of brown, navy, olive and gray	Reds and golds; Versace-bright greens or shocking blues

Where & How to Buy on page 203.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

DIAMONDS *this* CHRISTMAS? Now you know how your wife feels *shopping* for GOLF CLUBS.

Why is it a girl's best friend often turns into a man's greatest fear? Hey, we're guys. We don't know diamonds as well as they do.

It's time to unravel the mystery. And that starts with finding out what she has her heart set on.

Is it a solitaire pendant or ear studs? You can find out by browsing with her, window shopping, watching her reactions to other women's jewelry. Go by body language, not just by what she says. Then, once you know the style, you can concentrate on the diamond.

Diamonds are unique in the world. Like people, no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

Compromise now? Never! Get a diamond you can be proud of. Don't be attracted to a jeweler because of "bargain prices." Like any purchase, with diamonds, you get what you pay for. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

Ask and ye shall find a good jeweler. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone you can trust. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

Learn more. For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-340-3028.

Then make the most of it. Go for diamonds beyond her wildest dreams. Go for something that reflects how you really feel. After all, this is your chance to make this Christmas last forever.

Diamond Information Center
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WELCOME TO THE EDGE

Edge Collector Series

You may already own the original Edge Tactical. Ultra-safe one-hand opening and closing. Quarter-inch profile. Maybe the toughest and safest knife you know. Now it's the most beautiful, too. Genuine turquoise, malachite, pearl, onyx and nickel silver. All custom inlaid by New Mexico's Danny Ricciteli. Each a collector's item. Each a powerful knife. Snap your thumb and reveal the 440 stainless blade. 7" open. Ready for your collection, or any chore you assign it to. An excellent gift. Call now.

- **Edge Tactical, Special Edition,** straight edge, **#7004-SE $124.95**
- **Edge Tactical, Special Edition,** serrated edge, **#7005-SE $124.95**

Exact color of gemstones will vary with each knife.

THE NEXT GENERATION

Straight from the year 2368 AD. Command your TV with the next generation in universal remotes.

Set your Phaser to TV, VCR, or even cable. Press a button. With Star Trek sound effects, you change channels, volume, mute or power up. As you key in each command, the Phaser fires with a deep ruby glow. Now go where no remote has gone before. From the ongoing mission, direct to you. App. 9". Compatible with all major components and brands. Want to try one risk-free? Call now and make it so.

- **Star-Trek Next Generation, Type II Phaser Remote #2378 $39.95**

Own the last of Russia's restricted issue spy glasses.

Designed for the KGB. All metal micro-binoculars fold away to disappear into palm or shirt pocket. Yet super advanced coatings and huge 2.5 x 17.5 power yields crystal clarity, even in low-light conditions. Hunting, sports events, concerts, nature study, or surveillance. Now get the powerful 1 1/2" long cold-war edge.

- **Dual Focus KGB Micro-Binoculars #R-215 $29.95**

Can also be used reversed as low power microscope. Includes Russian documentation. Hurry, comrade, supplies limited.

Drive with freedom and confidence. Powerful new jamming gear shifts your car right into the undetectable zone. Cops can't see you!

You can't catch what you can't see. With the new Spirit II, you are as invisible to cop radar as a donut hole. And yes, it's completely legal nearly everywhere. Spirit is a "passive" jammer – not transmitter. It bounces back a scrambled message to detectors. When the Spirit receives a radar signal, it mixes the signal with a modulating FM chirp, streaking it back, and totally confusing the radar gun's computer brain. The 2 to 3 mile range gives you plenty of time to correct your speed. No tickets, no hassles, and your car insurance might get cheaper, too. So effective is the Spirit II that if you get a ticket in the first year you use one, the manufacturer will completely refund your fine!

Installation is a breeze. Windshield mounts, adapters, and power cords are included. Test button lets you check working status anytime. Use alone, or with your radar detector for complete coverage. And once again drive with the full freedom of the open road.

- **New Spirit II Radar Jammer, with micro-circuitry. #SPR-2 $119.95**

Jams all three bands: X, K, and KA, too.
Fits in your shirt pocket.

Check with your local and state authorities before ordering. Not available to Washington D.C., VT, NH, or OK residents.

Sorry, Mr. Jones is not in. This is Lucille, his secretary, may I help you?

New micro-size voice disguiser even works with pay phones!

Here's just some of the things you can do with our new palm-sized voice changer: fool your friends, confuse your enemies, be your own secretary, make anonymous calls for business or security reasons, or protect women and children home alone.

Unlike sophisticated desk-top voice-changers, the Micro-Disguiser has no modular hook-ups! Slip it from your pocket and place it over any pay phone's mouthpiece! Miniature electronics alter your voice in a choice of eight different levels. Extreme settings sound hilarious, and mid-ranges will even fool your own mother.

- **Pocket Micro Voice-Disguiser #VC-168 $39.95**

Get one for a woman friend, and let harrassing callers think a man is at home.

Take back control of your telephone.

Tele-Screen™ Phone Protector eliminates unwanted calls. Harassing calls, sales calls, any call you wish. Incoming calls are greeted by a voice prompt: *"Thank you for calling. Please enter the four-digit pass-code."* Your phone rings only if the caller enters the correct code. Voice prompt repeats and if no code is entered, the caller is automatically disconnected! Use the keypad to change the code, or de-activate the unit. It's like having an unlisted phone number when *you* want it unlisted. Like during study, meal-time, romantic evenings, or when you only want calls from those you gave your password to. Also secures fax and modem lines!

- **Tele-Screen™ #TS-300 $44.95**

Installs easier than an answering machine, with its own AC power pack. Rings once to let you know it's working. Un-Telescreened extensions will regular ring.

Discover what it's like to see in the dark.

Push the trigger. The T3C-2 Scope powers up. Suddenly, in green-hued clarity, night is like day, magnified 3.2 times! Designed for USSR Special Forces, powerful T3C-2 Night Vision Scope lets you see clearly in just starlight. Now switch on the Infrared Illuminator – and see in pitch black *total darkness.*

Optics focus smoothly from 3' to infinity. Complete with carrying case. Requires 6 AA batteries. Tripod mountable.

Nature study, law enforcement, boating, camping, or viewing your neighborhood, this once-secret Cold War technology is now yours. Lifetime warranty.

■ T3C-2 Night Vision Scope, with Illuminator
#T3C-2 ~~$479.00~~ Now $299.00!

Space voyaging razor shaves you smooth as parachute silk – from Everest to Pikes Peak to the mountains of the moon. Without batteries, cords, or electricity!

The amazing Gyroscopic Razor whirls its hidden blades at over 20,000 rpm – twice that of other shavers. The result is a skin-tingling super-smooth shave, anywhere. Neil Armstrong even took one to the moon. One pull of the gyro-throttle spins four orbiting micro-blades – long enough to buzz even a week's worth of whiskers. Concealed powerplant is a precision ballistic gyroscope, just like those in guidance systems. No more hunting around for batteries! Steel and ABS casing is tough enough to take a NASA blast-off. Try one in the woods, at the airport, or cruising to work. And enjoy one smooth shave for man, and one shaving leap for mankind.

In the car.

On the trail.

At work.

Even boats & planes.

■ Apollo 13 Gyroscopic Razor
#BRN-72 $49.95

It's even been to the moon.

Re-capture your stolen privacy. New Caller I.D. Blocker lets you call with confidence and security.

Did you know that every time you make a call, you are giving out your name and phone number? The revolutionary new Automatic Caller I.D. Blocker gives you back your privacy. Simply click it into your phone jack, and all phones on the line are secured, *including* extensions. Let caller I.D.'s draw a blank – especially important for transacting business, or for women or children home alone. State-of-the-art circuitry works on local *and* long distance calls. Best of all, it's completely automatic. No need to dial special codes or services. Once installed, it does the rest. And at a price far lower than the cost of your privacy. Get two – one for your home or office, and one for a special friend's house.

■ The Automatic Caller-I.D. Blocker
#PVCY-100 $39.95

New photo-electric Cyclops speaks your words for you! Leave messages your visitors are sure to hear.

Why wonder if the next person home will find your scrawled note? Instead, push a button and record your message – up to a full 20 seconds – in the digital memory of the new Cyclops. Then just set it by the door and go about your business. Cyclop's scanning infrared eye will automatically detect the next visitor – and speak for you! If it's an intruder, they're long gone. If it's friend or family, Cyclops will speak your message and even accept their *return* recording *to you!* No missed messages, meetings, or connections. Best of all, it's completely wireless and self-contained. And only 3" x 3" to take anywhere. Here's just a few ways you might use it:

Work: *"At lunch until one. Leave me a message."*
In the car: *"Don't forget Sally's medicine."*
Your room: *"Touch my stuff and you're dead meat."*
At home: *"I'm upstairs waiting for my back rub."*

Now enjoy all the convenience, security, and fun of your own futuristic voice robot – at a very human price. And let missed messages be a thing of the past.

■ Cyclops Photo-Electronic Voice Robot
#CL300 $49.95

Requires 4 AAA batteries, not included. Comes with lifetime warranty, and optional wall-mount hardware.

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WIRED

VIRTUAL VERTIGO

Talk about a lofty purpose: The Phobia Project, a research study being conducted by the Georgia Institute of Technology, hopes to use virtual-reality environments to cure acrophobes of their fear of heights. Unlike traditional therapy, which forces patients to face actual elevation situations, the Georgia Tech project places them in computer-generated ones. Wearing a VR head-mounted display, a patient may begin by looking out the window of a computer-rendered high-rise, for example, and then gradually move to more intense environments, such as a footbridge suspended high above a river or a glass elevator that travels almost 50 stories skyward. Realistic graphics, combined with a greater sense of control and safety, have made the VR

ABBIE SENNETT

simulations a success, according to participants. As a result, Georgia Tech predicts that similar "virtual therapy" will be developed to help people with other phobias. How about the fear of computers? For more info, check out Georgia Tech's Web site at http://www.cc.gatech.edu/gvu/virtual/.

HEAR THE WARMTH

Although the compact disc was introduced a dozen years ago as "perfect sound forever," engineers have continued to tweak the digital medium in order to sweeten its steely demeanor. One of the latest and best curatives, high definition compatible digital, restores some of the musical warmth and airiness that audiophiles say are lacking in CDs. The digital data juggling is mostly done in an encoding processor at the recording studio, and some improvements of an HDCD's disc can be reproduced through current CD players. (Give Neil Young's HDCD release *Mirror Ball* or his new multidisc retrospective a listen.) New HDCD-tuned compact disc players also are available with higher-grade digital filtering chips. These pick up a hidden control channel in new HDCD recordings, steering the signal reconstruction process. Prices start at $800 for first-generation equipment from salon brands such as Adcom, Audio Alchemy and Counterpoint Electronic Systems. However, mass market companies may soon introduce players priced between $300 and $500. Extra motivation to buy: The HDCD disc spinners should make your old CDs sound better, too.

ELECTRONIC STOCKING STUFFERS

Santa has some great gadgets to fill that red stocking with this year. For rock and Rollerbladers, there's Panasonic's SL-S490 portable CD player ($219), which features a ten-second antishock memory for eliminating skips caused by bumpy terrain. Those who prefer to listen to music in an easy chair will appreciate Sennheiser's HD414 Classic stereo headphones ($99), an updated reissue of its first model released in 1967. Cybersurfers can connect Toshiba's superslim TCP-2000 cellular phone ($349) to a laptop and go online, send e-mail or send and receive faxes from the road. For reading after lights-out, Lumatec offers the Nite Owl ($25), a bookmark-type gadget with an arm that curves over the top of a book, illuminating the pages.

AMY CARTHORE

For info junkies, there's Franklin's latest Electronic Bookman ($130). This smart handheld reference tool features dedicated Pocket Quicken financial software for tracking expenses on the go as well as two slots for additional software cartridges. Check out Movie Views, a guide to more than 5000 feature films; Bartender's Guide, featuring 2200 cocktail recipes; and the Total Baseball Encyclopedia, a database of more than 1 million stats. Each is priced at $45.

WILD THINGS

If you cart your camcorder more often than your 35mm camera, you can still enjoy photos of your adventures with Sharp's GZ-P15U video printer (pictured here). When connected to a video source, such as a TV, VCR or camcorder, the four-pound unit lets you freeze an image and print it out on special paper, postcards or adhesive labels. The price: $1000. • Football fans can ready their Super Bowl bets with Sports Predictor Football, a $20 pocket-size device developed by Micro Games of America and Roxy Roxborough, Las Vegas' number one oddsmaker. Just plug in the stats for any two teams and the Sports Predictor will make an intelligent guess at the final score, the total number of points in the game and the paint differential. • Think of Case Logic's Gel-eez gel-filled rests as water beds for tired wrists. Priced between $13 and $17, they can even be chilled in the refrigerator for cool wrist comfort.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

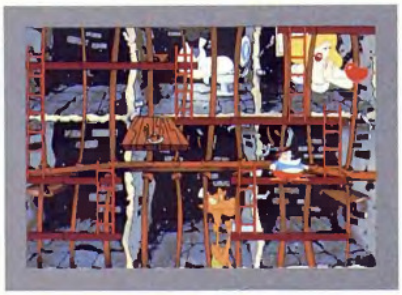
Electronics and software retailers are hawking hundreds of new Mac and PC CD-ROM titles for the holidays. To separate the cool from the coal, we offer these recommendations.

GAMES: ***Lucas Arts Archives Vol. I***—You can enjoy more than 150 hours of playtime with this six-disc collection of CD-ROM titles, including Rebel Assault Special Edition, Day of the Tentacle and Sam & Max Hit the Road. There's also a sampler disc of demos, that features Dark Forces and Full Throttle—two games we reviewed last month—plus Rebel Assault II and the Dig, the long-awaited adventure game inspired by Steven Spielberg. (For DOS, $30.) ***Paparazzi: Tales of Tinseltown***—You're a sleazebag photographer trying to nail tabloid celebrity shots in this hilarious two-disc title featuring more than 60 actors and two hours of live, interactive video. (From Activision, for Mac and Windows, $50.) ***Jam Pak***—This boxed set includes Panzer General, which has you blasting your way through World War Two Europe; Fleet Defender, a Top Gun–style air-combat fighter game; System Shock, a cyberspace thriller; and Indycar Racing, which pits you against Indy racers on actual tracks from the circuit. (From Carbela Tek, for Windows, $80.) ***Mortal Kombat 3***—The blood-and-guts Sega and Nintendo blockbuster comes to the PC with eight new characters, enhanced graphics and, best of all, network and modem capabilities that support up to eight players. (From GT Interactive Software, for DOS, about $50.) ***Arcade America***—A goofball adolescent goes on a cross-country journey to collect his pet monsters, which were scattered from Alcatraz to the Alamo during an explosion. Sound like kid stuff? It's not, thanks to *Simpsons*-style humor and outstanding computer animation. (From 7th Level, for Windows, $50.)

SPORTS: ***Warren Miller's Ski World***—Tips, tricks and instructional advice for skiers of all levels are combined with info on nearly 1000 worldwide ski resorts. You can zoom in on trail maps to get a closer look at specific runs. (From Multicom Publishing, for Mac and Windows, $35.) ***Scuba Tune-Up Multimedia***—This interactive review covers the fundamentals of diving by way of text, audio and video demonstrations and stunning still photography. (From PADI International, for Mac and Windows, $60.) ***Extreme Sports***—A CD-ROM roundup of the world's most adrenaline-pumping sports, from sky surfing to white-water kayaking. Includes photos and video as well as advice on technique, destinations and the gear that will save your neck. (From Medio, for Windows, $60.)

MUSIC: ***MTV Unplugged***—This guaranteed hit features a selection of top *Unplugged* performances in full-motion, full-screen video, plus band biographies, interviews, backstage tours and previously unreleased footage of rehearsals and sound checks by Melissa Etheridge, the Cranberries and others. (From Viacom New Media, for Mac and Windows, about $60.) ***The Grammys***—Flash back through 35 years of Grammy history with a library's worth of facts and trivia plus performances by artists as diverse as Miles Davis and Metallica. (From Mindscape, for Mac and Windows, $30.) ***Head Candy***—Hallucinogenic graphics pulse to the beat of Brian Eno's techno tracks on this mind-altering title, which also provides music-only on standard CD players. (From Ion, for Windows, $20.)

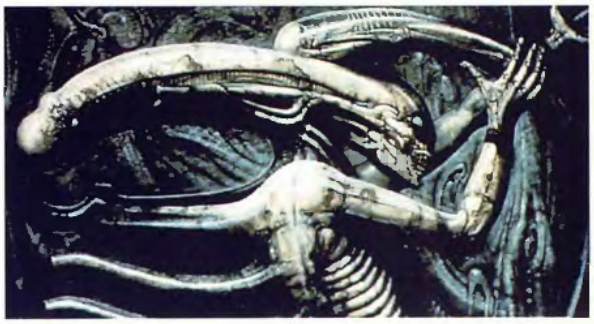
SCREEN SAVERS: ***Totally Twisted After Dark***—The company that's behind the famous flying toasters parodies its own work with flying toilets, a lawn-mower man who terrorizes a field of cuddly kittens, mimes that you can shoot to kill and more. (From Berkeley Systems, for Mac and Windows, $30.) ***H. R. Giger Screen Saver***—The Academy Award–winning surrealist behind *Alien* and *Species* brings this creepy collection of animated images to the small screen. (From MGM Interactive, for Mac and Windows, about $20.)



Escape from Alcatraz

ONLINE

The best thing about shopping for holiday gifts in cyberspace is that you're always first in line. Here are a few places to start. (Remember to type http:// at the beginning of each URL.) ***Kaleidospace*** (kspace.com): An electronic catalog featuring the work of independent artists and musicians. ***Onsale*** (www.onsale.com): Bids on merchandise ranging from movie, music and sports memorabilia to an authentic railroad caboose in this online auction. ***Cyboutique*** (www.romantasy.com): A one-stop shop for erotica, with lingerie, literature and fetish furniture designed to "create a more sex-positive world." ***marketplaceMCI*** (www2.pcy.mci.net/marketplace/marketplace.html): This cybermall features merchandise from retailers such as Foot Locker and Hammacher Schlemmer. ***Stevens Magic Emporium*** (www.southwind.net/IMS/magic/): A unique collection of equipment and videos for budding magicians. ***Cheetah's Gold*** (www.cheetahs-gold.com/): Top-quality travel and adventure clothing from Tilley Endurables. ***Direct Alternatives*** (www.sofcom.com.au/DA/index.html): An Australian supplier of ecofriendly foods, fashions, grooming goods and more.



Aliens in the machine

CYBER SCOOP

Time is definitely money when you're online, and Claris' new ***E-mailer*** saves both. This disk-based software for Mac gathers mail from the Net, AOL, Compuserve, eWorld and Radiomail so you con reod—off-line—from a single locotion. The price: $89.

You can now weor PLAYBOY's Web site ond Rabbit Head logo close to your heort by ordering our exclusive Home Poge T-shirt. Check out http://www.playboy.com for o photo and details.

DIGITAL DUDS

Launch: A digital magozine overlooded with ods? No thank you.

Atari 2600 Pack for Windows, Volumes I and II: Cramming a bunch of prehistoric video games onto CD-ROM is pretty lome. We will toke Doom over Kaboom any time.

See whot's happening on Ployboy's Home Poge ot http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 203.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Travolta and Russo do right by *Shorty*.

Making waves in Tinseltown, losing ground in Vegas and living free in England.

THE ARTY English social set that waived all rules of behavior more than 70 years ago may not be an ideal subject for today's moviegoers, but ***Carrington*** (Gramercy) casts a spell—if only because its actors are so commanding. Indomitable Emma Thompson has the title role as a boyish-looking artist with a yen for handsome men but a fixation on Lytton Strachey, the unabashedly gay writer and social critic (played with outrageous high style by England's Jonathan Pryce). Writer and director Christopher Hampton, whose screen adaptation of *Dangerous Liaisons* won a 1988 Oscar, takes his time telling the true story of Dora Carrington's 17-year live-in relationship with Strachey. They remain soul mates even as Carrington breaks the heart of artist Mark Gertler (Rufus Sewell), marries a handsome war veteran (Steven Waddington) and has a fling with her husband's friend (Samuel West). Meanwhile, Strachey openly lusts after Dora's husband, flaunts his indiscretions and defuses every near-debacle with withering wit. *Carrington* is a vivid valentine to some blithe British spirits playing musical chairs through the jazz age. ¥¥¥

•

For the first time, an Elmore Leonard novel has been made into a screen comedy as funny, cryptic and compelling as the original best-seller. The film is ***Get Shorty*** (MGM), directed by Barry Sonnenfeld and adapted by Scott Frank, with John Travolta brilliantly following his *Pulp Fiction* triumph as another disreputable sharpie, Chili Palmer. Chili is a Miami loan shark as well as a passionate film buff. He is sent to Las Vegas and Los Angeles to collect some money and—the way things work out—worm his way into the movie industry. One of his collaborators turns out to be Harry (Gene Hackman), a would-be Hollywood player known for producing movies with titles such as *Slime Creature*. Now plotting bigger things, Harry promises "a blockbuster, no mutants or maniacs—this is gonna be my *Driving Miss Daisy*." Hackman's frenzy is a hilarious counterpoint to Travolta's implacable cool. Abetting them are Renee Russo as Harry's droll girlfriend Karen, and Danny DeVito as her former husband, the movie star—a celebrity so big he never orders what's on the menu at the best restaurants. David Paymer, Dennis Farina and a horde of other miscreants play key roles in a quick plot that starts with an insurance scam and moves along to drug-running, murder and some curious ways to raise development money for motion-picture projects. Director Sonnenfeld, who made both *Addams Family* movies, has collected a top cast to transform Leonard's satire into a real winner. ¥¥¥¥

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Adapted from the Truman Capote novella set in the Forties, ***The Grass Harp*** (Fine Line) is a dewy-eyed comedy about some quirky Southern characters who defy convention by taking up residence in a tree house. Co-producer and director Charles Matthau casts his dad, Walter, in a key role as Judge Cool. The judge warms up to Dolly (Piper Laurie), one of two maiden sisters taking care of their 11-year-old orphaned cousin Collin (Edward Furlong), who prefers Dolly to her stern sibling Verena (Sissy Spacek). Nell Carter plays the outspoken housemaid in this trio of female eccentrics. Peripheral hamming by Jack Lemmon, Mary Steenburgen, Charles Durning and Roddy McDowall shores up this precious tale of growing pains in the deep South. ¥¥

•

Alcoholics and good-hearted hookers have staggered and strutted across the screen since movies began. On that point, ***Leaving Las Vegas*** (MGM) looks familiar but delivers potent emotional impact anyway. Nicolas Cage and Elizabeth Shue play the kind of loser roles that paradoxically often win Oscars. He's a hard-drinking Hollywood castaway who is fired from his studio job and moves to Vegas to kill himself with booze. She's a streetwalker who can't save him—but has the free time to try after her brutal pimp (Julian Sands) is eliminated by some nasty associates. Cage is the most convincing, bleary-eyed movie drunk since Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend*, and Shue more than holds her own as the whore who appears to be confiding the lurid details of their affair to an off-screen psychiatrist. Despite that awkward device, there is a strain of stark conviction as the actors spout British writer-director Mike Figgis' blunt dialogue. When the two outcasts decide to move in together, Shue tells Cage: "Included with the rent around here is a complimentary blow job." Adapted by Figgis from a novel by John O'Brien, who committed suicide before the movie was made, *Leaving Las Vegas* pulls no punches. ¥¥¥

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Steal Big, Steal Little (Savoy Pictures) is conscientiously heartwarming schmaltz—director Andrew Davis' first movie since *The Fugitive*, which starred Harrison Ford. Here, his prime asset is Andy Garcia, charismatic and accomplished in his dual role as identical twin brothers adopted in childhood by a wealthy bohemian (Holland Taylor) who leaves them feuding over their inheritance of a 40,000-acre ranch in Santa Barbara. Ruben, the good brother, wants to preserve the place as is; sibling Robby wants to develop it as urban sprawl. Rachel Ticotin as Ruben's estranged wife and Alan Arkin in an irrelevant role as a car dealer join a company of Chicano laborers, do-gooders, land-grabbers, friends of the family and hangers-on whose rollicking confrontations are seldom as charming as they're meant to be. ¥¥½

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Director Gary Fleder's grisly first feature, ***Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*** (Miramax), written by Scott Rosenberg, is a darkly comic crime drama that makes Tarantino's films look softhearted. There is a kinky but compelling sensibility underlying this tale of love, death and defeat. Andy Garcia (again) stars as a retired Denver crook, Jimmy the Saint, whose legit business is making videos that doomed-to-die clients can leave behind for their loved ones. Jimmy has just met the girl of his dreams (Gabrielle Anwar) when he is lured into one last scam by the Man (Christopher Walken, doing his patented imitation of a psychotic master criminal). A simple job of intimidation turns into a bloody fiasco when Jimmy recruits four unstable former

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Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than chemistry.

Sorvino: Paul's daughter a-peeling.

OFF CAMERA

About to leave for Italy's Venice Film Festival to promote *Mighty Aphrodite*, **Mira Sorvino,** 25, said she relished her role as Woody Allen's leading lady. "It's a part you thank your lucky stars for. My character is Linda, a call girl and aspiring porn actress. She's a bit ridiculous and vulgar—uses a lot of four-letter words—but so endearing and fresh. I wanted to make her a failed sex star."

The eldest daughter of actor Paul Sorvino, Mira is a Harvard graduate who majored in Chinese studies and lived in Beijing in the tumultuous days before the Tiananmen Square outbreak. "A great time to be there. I guess I was exploring alternatives. I had lots of parental pressure not to be an actor." Now her dad is her mentor, and they hope to appear onstage together in *King Lear*.

For the moment, Mira has a full plate. It all began with her first movie job, in Rob Weiss' *Amongst Friends*. "I was assistant director, interning as a reader and story editor at Tribeca Productions. I tried to help Rob find the right girl for the part and wound up doing it myself." This year, watch for her cameo role with Harvey Keitel in *Blue in the Face* (see review) and a stint as Matt Dillon's troubled girlfriend ("she's struggling, a borderline anorexic") in *Beautiful Girls*, plus her work as "an ebullient, very passionate Brazilian girl" in a BBC miniseries based on Edith Wharton's *The Buccaneers*. And there's more to come. Sorvino, who is 5'9" and beautiful, ruefully recalls her days as a gangly, uncertain high school girl in Tenafly, New Jersey. "Brooke Shields was at my school, too, in an upper class. I remember seeing her on a *Vogue* cover and comparing all our features. All I wound up liking was my lower lip—and maybe my eyes." That was then, this is now. Everything is looking good.

gangsters to help. William Forsythe, Treat Williams, Christopher Lloyd and Bill Nunn are his team—all condemned to die awful deaths after their mission goes wildly awry. Some great camera work, implausible but intriguing characters and crudely clever dialogue conspire to make *Things to Do in Denver* an ordeal to remember. ¥¥½

•

Set in backwoods North Carolina decades before the Civil War, ***The Journey of August King*** (Miramax) is a strikingly suspenseful saga of a runaway slave and the widowed homesteader who saves her. Thandie Newton plays the fugitive Annalees, the bastard daughter of a rich slave owner. She meets August (Jason Patric) as he heads home in his horse-drawn cart with a new cow. Director John Duigan, who made *Sirens* and *Flirting*, underplays the inevitable sexual tension between Newton and Patric but doesn't lose track of it. Co-producer Sam Waterston also takes a minor role. Adapted by John Ehle from his own popular novel, this is a humane, intelligent drama. ¥¥¥

•

Roseanne, Madonna, Lou Reed, Lily Tomlin, Michael J. Fox and director Jim Jarmusch are a few of the celebrities who show up to improvise ***Blue in the Face*** (Miramax). Inspired by their successful *Smoke*, moviemaker Wayne Wang and novelist Paul Auster return to the same Brooklyn cigar store with Harvey Keitel as proprietor. This time he's host to a collection of big names, all winging it without benefit of a script. The actors seem as pleased with themselves as a pack of unleashed hams can be, but audiences get a measly share of the good time they're having. ¥½

•

The female stars of ***How to Make an American Quilt*** (Universal) exchange so many wise, intuitive, womanly glances that the average guy may be driven to make rude noises in protest. It's all tartly sweet and romantic—with Ellen Burstyn, Anne Bancroft, Jean Simmons, Kate Nelligan and poet Maya Angelou among the women making a wedding quilt for Winona Ryder as a girl named Finn. She is Burstyn's granddaughter, at work on her graduate thesis while schmoozing with her family and wondering whether to go ahead and marry a handsome Mr. Right (Dermot Mulroney). Jocelyn Moorhouse directed the screenplay by Jane Anderson. Although *American Quilt* is stitched together with flawless professionalism, it still plays like a dismissable feminist's answer to *Monday Night Football*. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Blue in the Face (See review) A few prize hams blow *Smoke* rings. ¥½

Carrington (See review) Some British bohos, way back when. ¥¥¥

Clockers (Reviewed 11/95) Spike Lee's look at Richard Price's world of drug dealers. ¥¥½

Coldblooded (11/95) Jason Priestley on target as an apprentice hit man. ¥¥¥

Devil in a Blue Dress (10/95) She's a dangerous dame, tamed by Denzel. ¥¥¥

Frankie Starlight (Listed only) Dwarf hero's life, loves and blarney. ¥¥

Get Shorty (See review) Finally, an Elmore Leonard film with flair. ¥¥¥¥

The Grass Harp (See review) Truman Capote novella begets a fey tale. ¥¥

How to Make an American Quilt (See review) Girl talk ad infinitum. ¥¥

The Innocent (11/95) Spies on the job on the east side of Berlin's infamous wall. ¥¥

Jack and Sarah (11/95) Widowed father hires a charming nanny who helps him to forget. ¥¥½

The Journey of August King (See review) Runaway slave trip. ¥¥¥

Kicking and Screaming (11/95) College grads get ready to face real life. ¥¥¥

Kids (10/95) Urban sexual vandals in a vibrant take on teenage morals. ¥¥¥¥

Last Summer in the Hamptons (Listed only) A Jaglom garden party. ¥¥

Leaving Las Vegas (See review) Cage and Shue in a high-risk affair. ¥¥¥

Les Misérables (11/95) Fine French actors don't go by the book. ¥¥

Moonlight and Valentino (11/95) Women join Bon Jovi for grief therapy. ¥¥

Steal Big, Steal Little (See review) Sibling rivalry over ranchland. ¥¥½

Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead (See review) Crooks condemned after a bungled caper. ¥¥½

To Die For (10/95) Kidman scores as a scheming, small-town bitch. ¥¥¥½

Unstrung Heroes (11/95) A tearjerker deftly directed by Diane Keaton. ¥¥¥

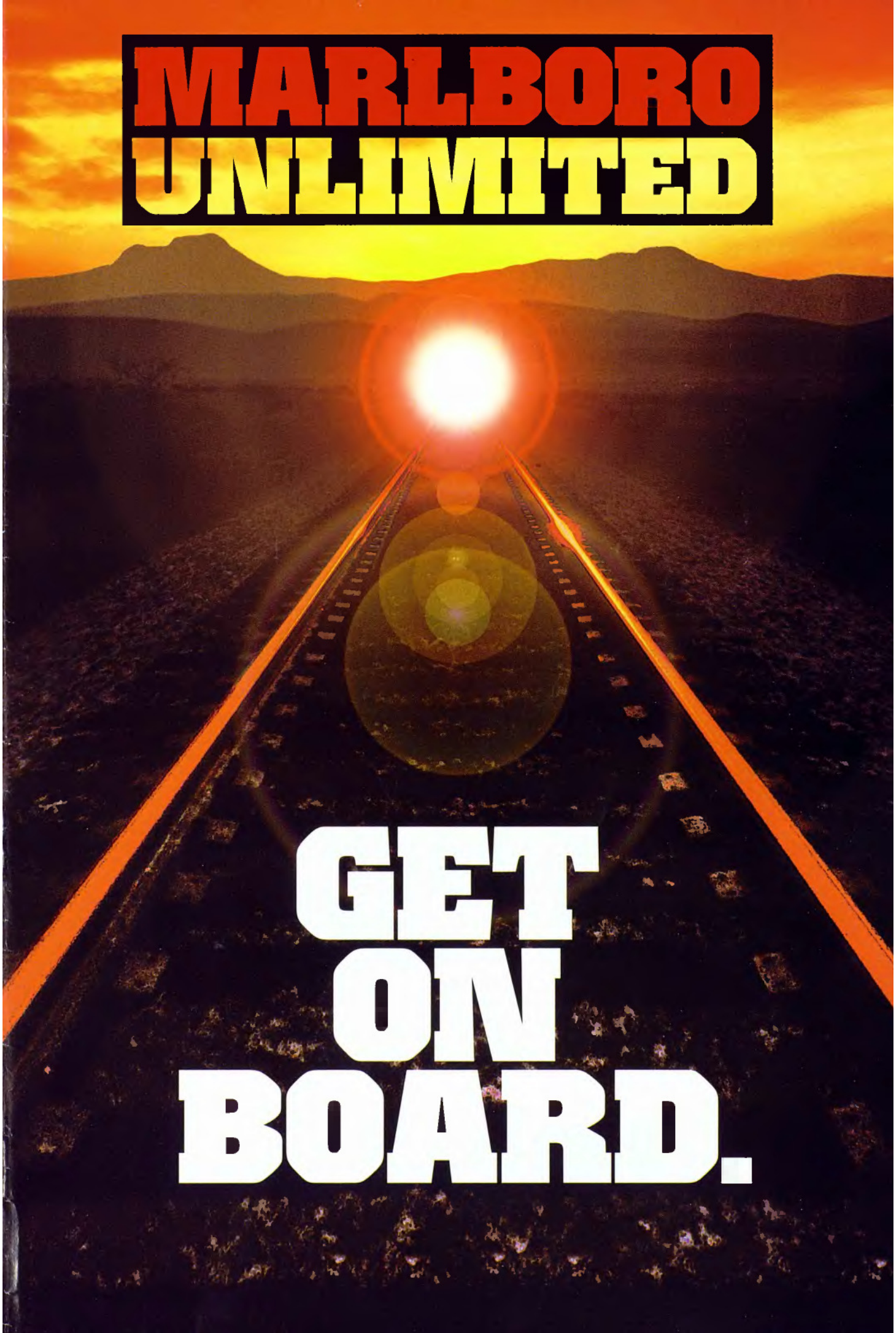
Unzipped (10/95) High-fashion low jinks spotlighting designer Isaac Mizrahi. ¥¥¥½

The Usual Suspects (9/95) Brilliant edge-of-your-seat caper film. ¥¥¥¥

When Night Is Falling (Listed only) A man-loving lesbian comes out. ¥¥½

White Man's Burden (10/95) Racial role-switchers Belafonte and Travolta turn social issues upside down. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it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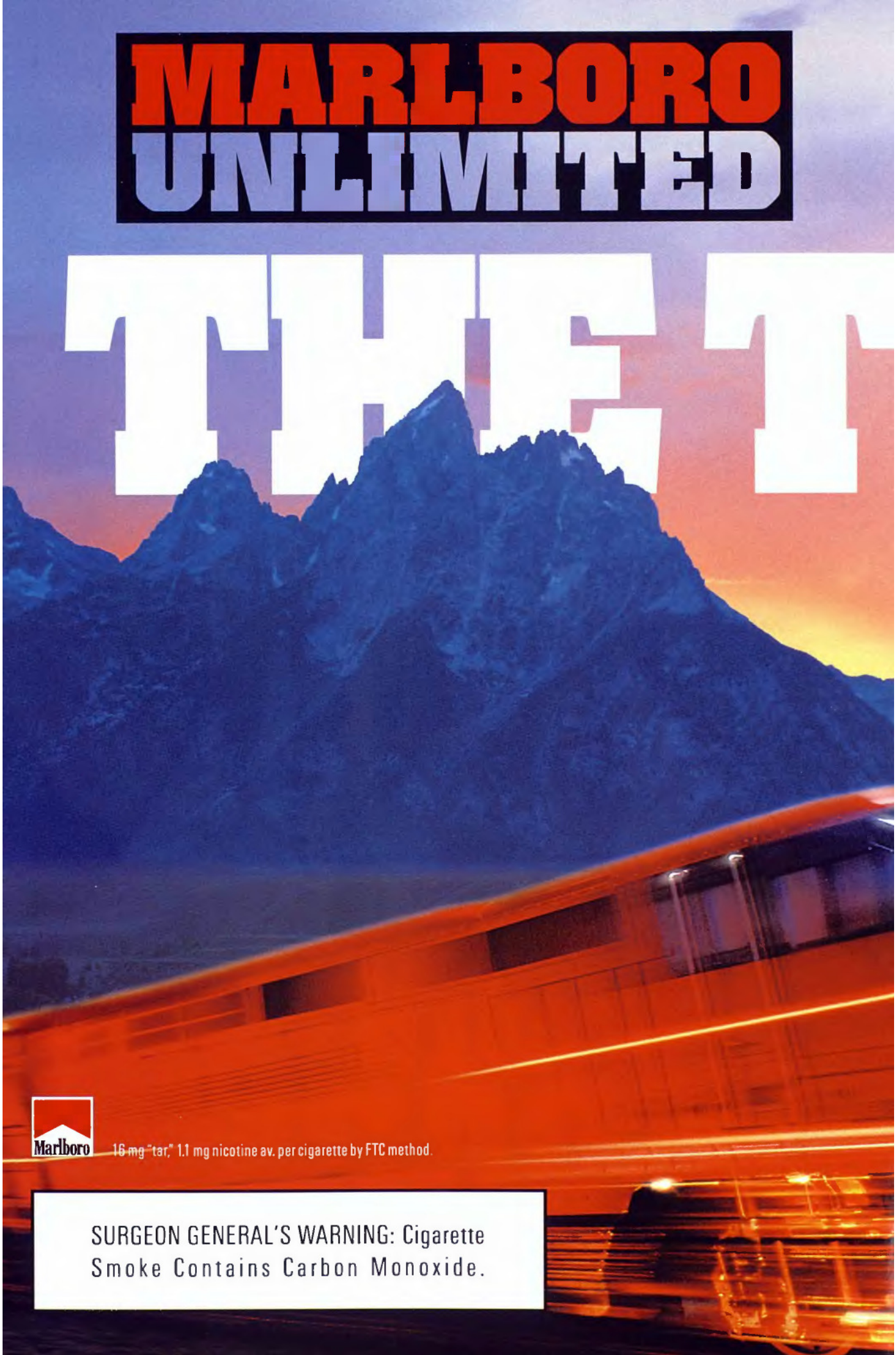
BOARD.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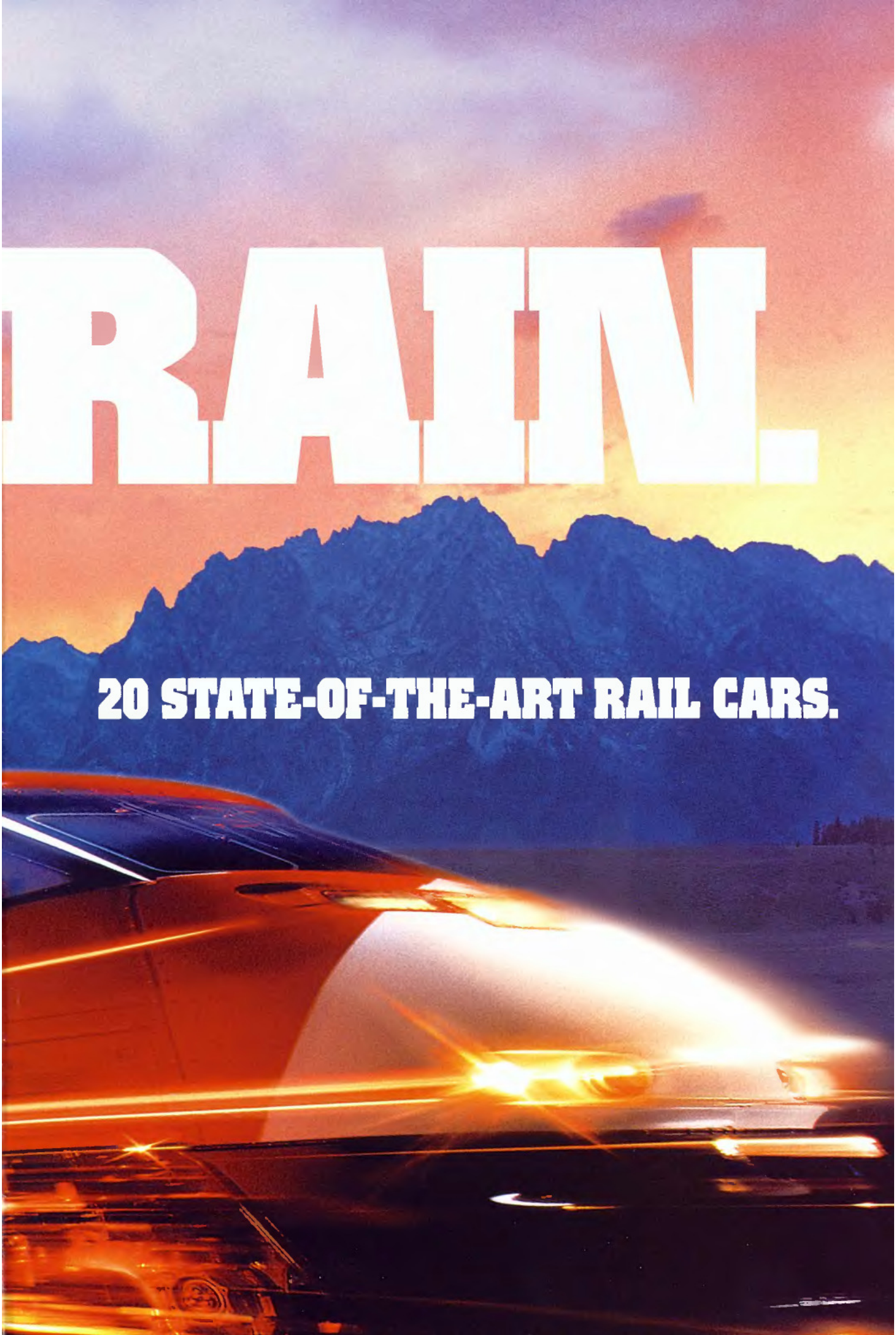
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UPSTAIRS
CAR 15

COWBOY'S PLACE

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CAR 12

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LUSIVELY FOR MARLBORO SMOKERS.

CAR 14

CHARLIE RUSSELL'S

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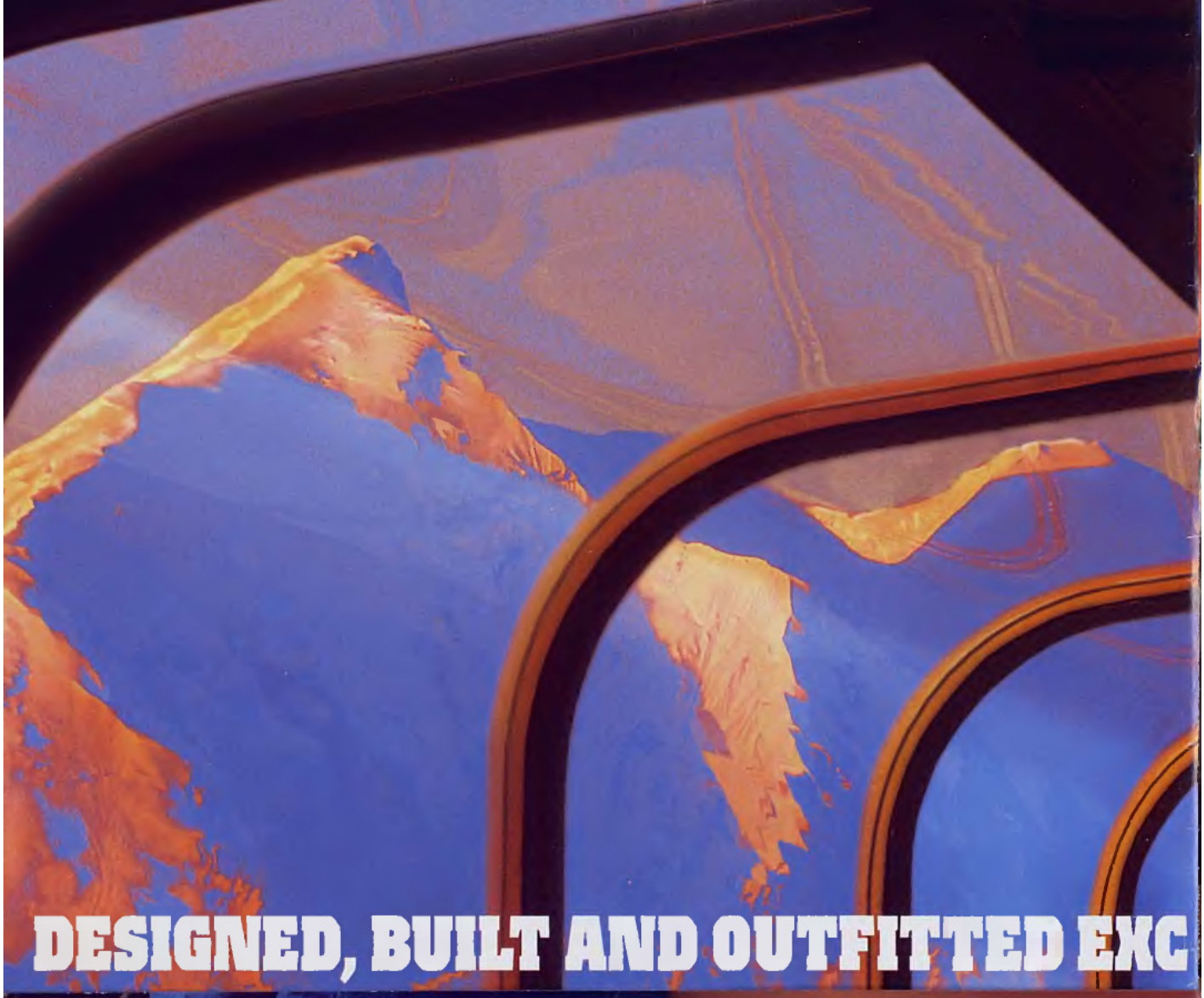


DESIGNED, BUILT AND OUTFITTED EXC

DOWNSTAIRS
CAR 15

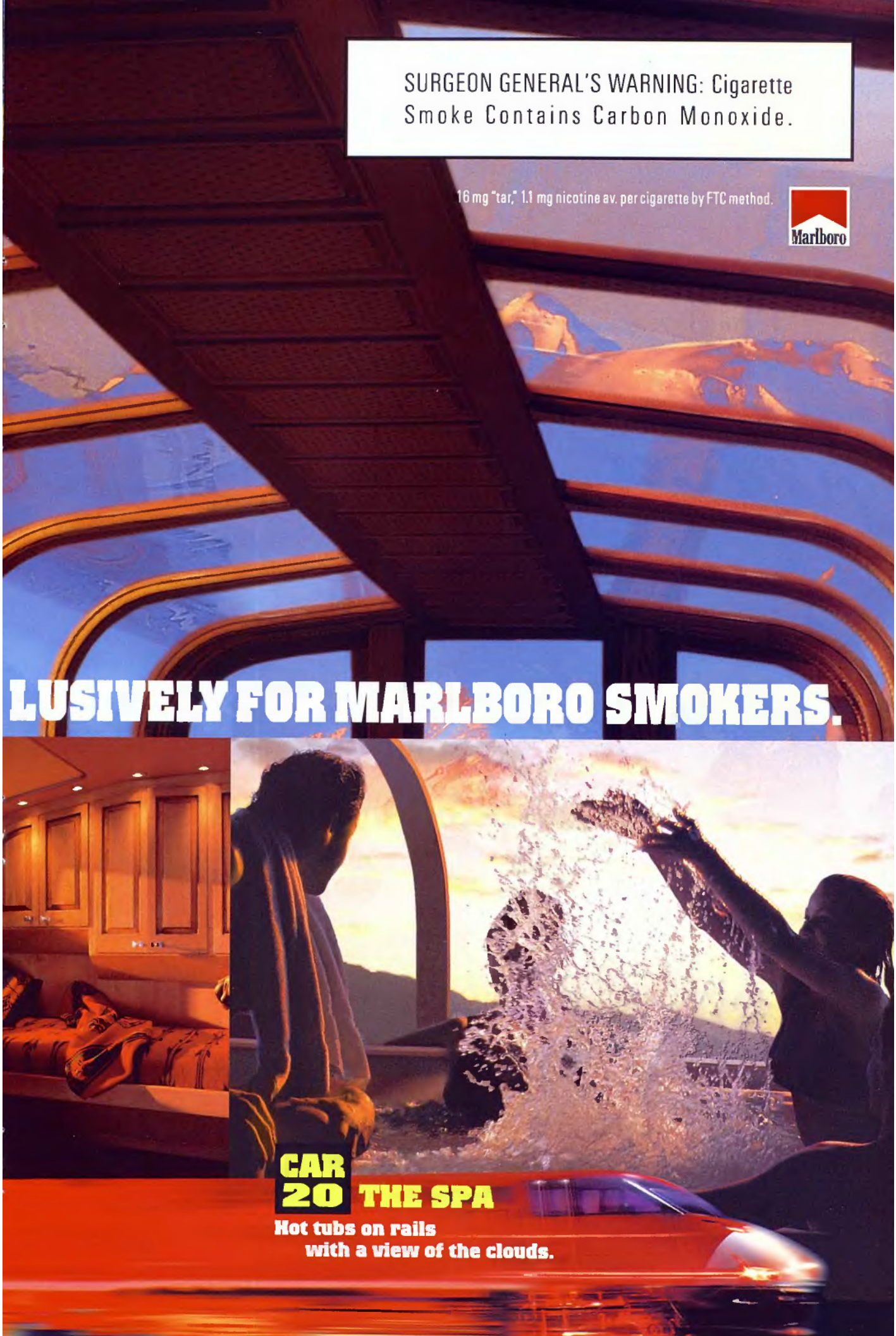
THUNDER & LIGHTNING

The rolling club that rocks all night.

CARS 4 thru 11

STATEROOMS

Videos, views and private shower in a bunkhouse for two.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CAR 20 THE SPA
Hot tubs on rails
with a view of the clouds.

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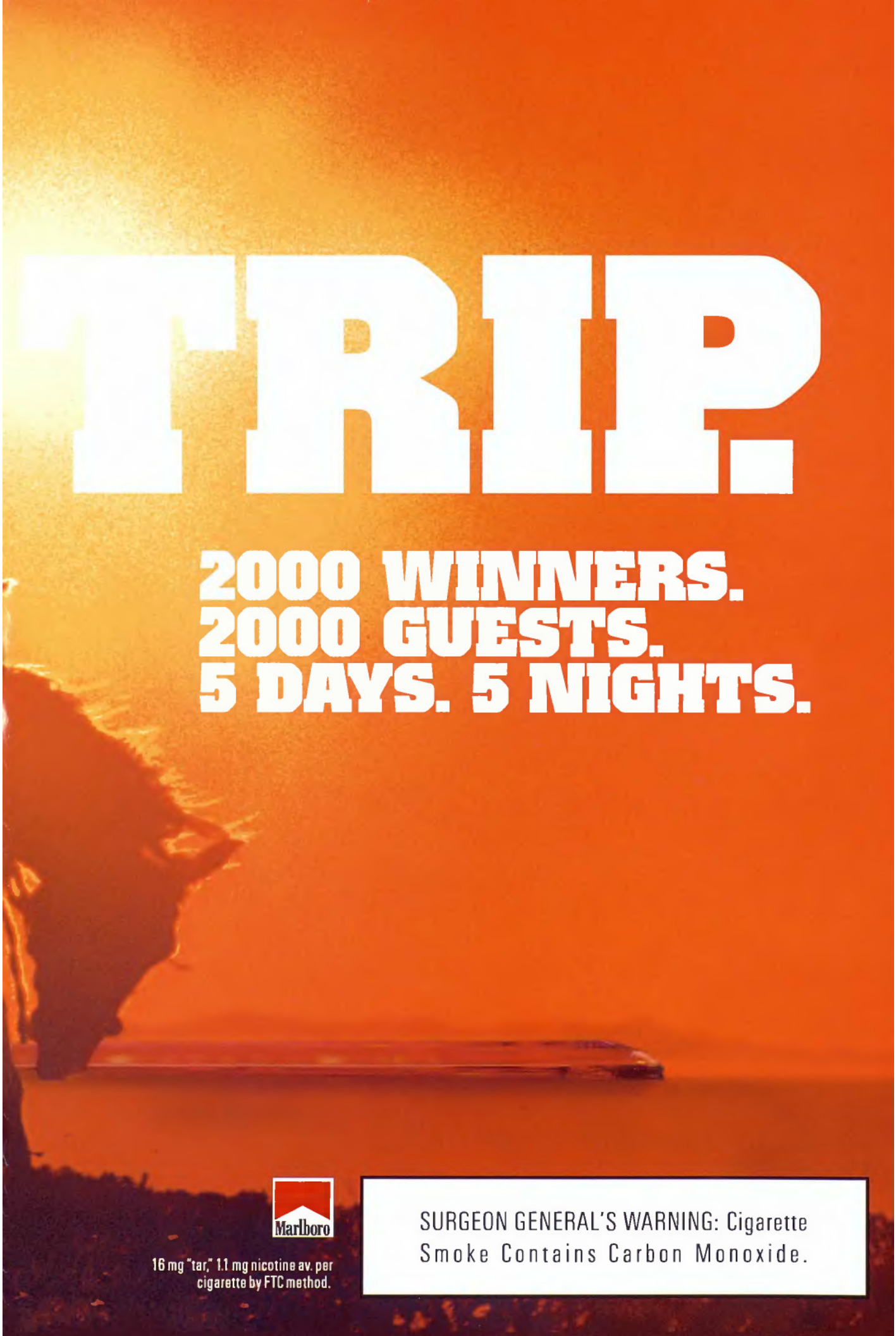
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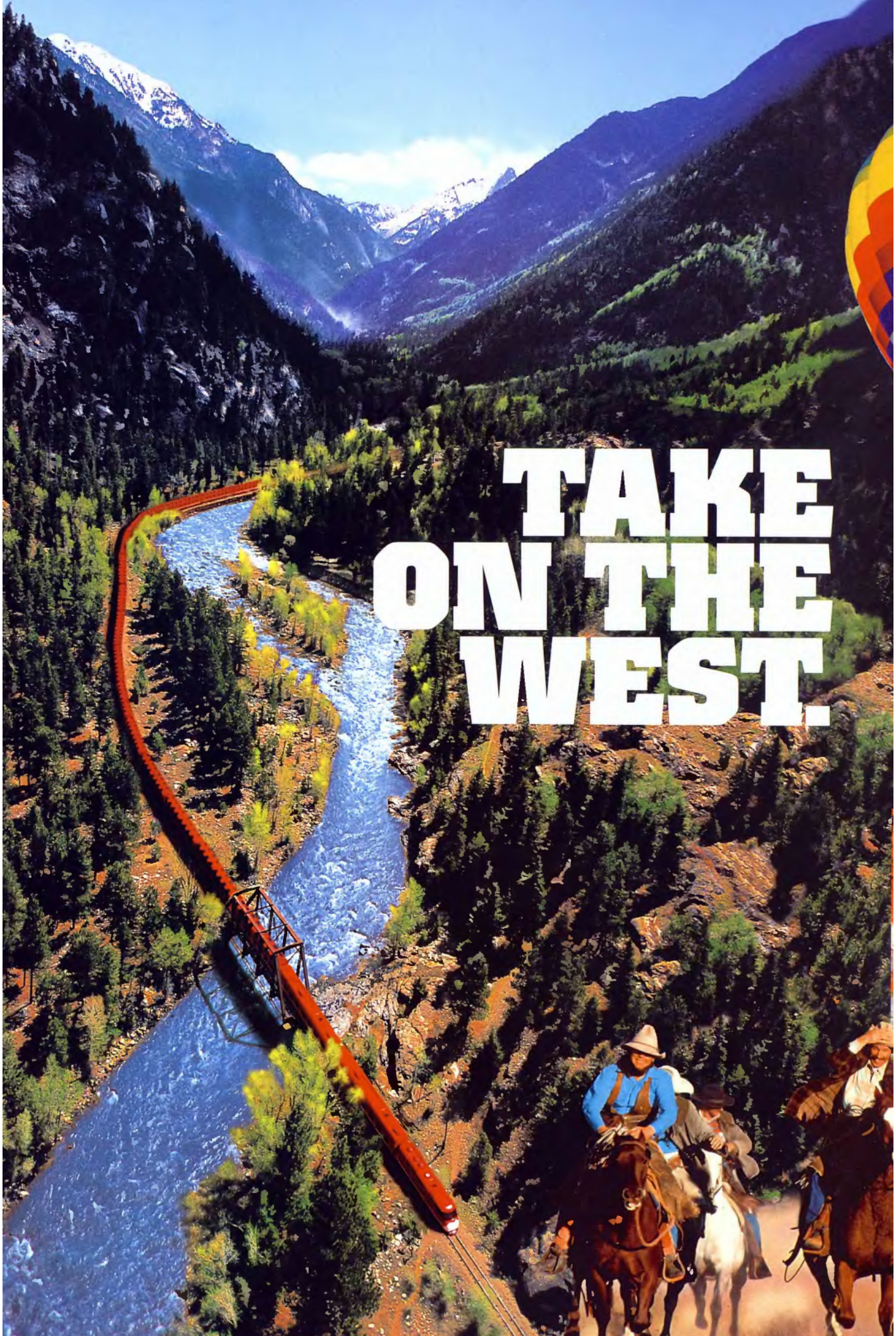
TAKE
ON THE
WEST.

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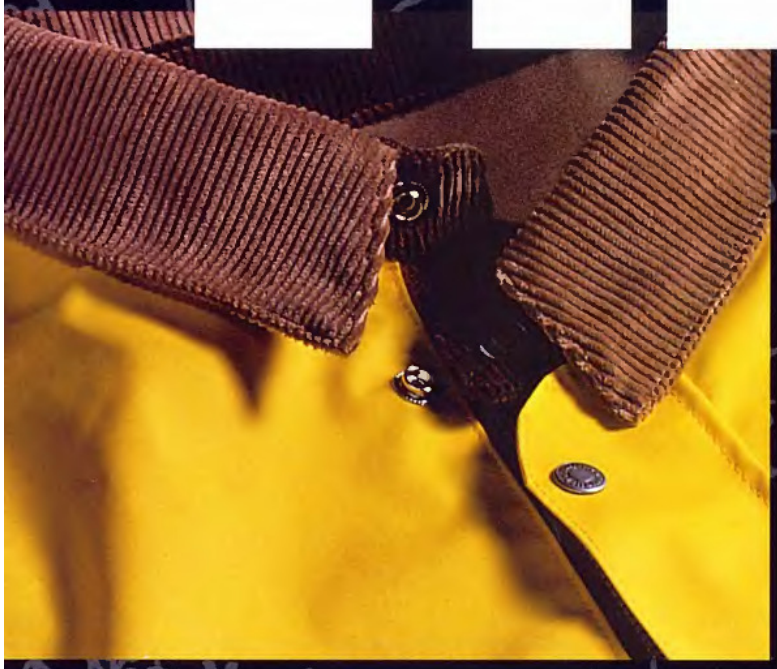

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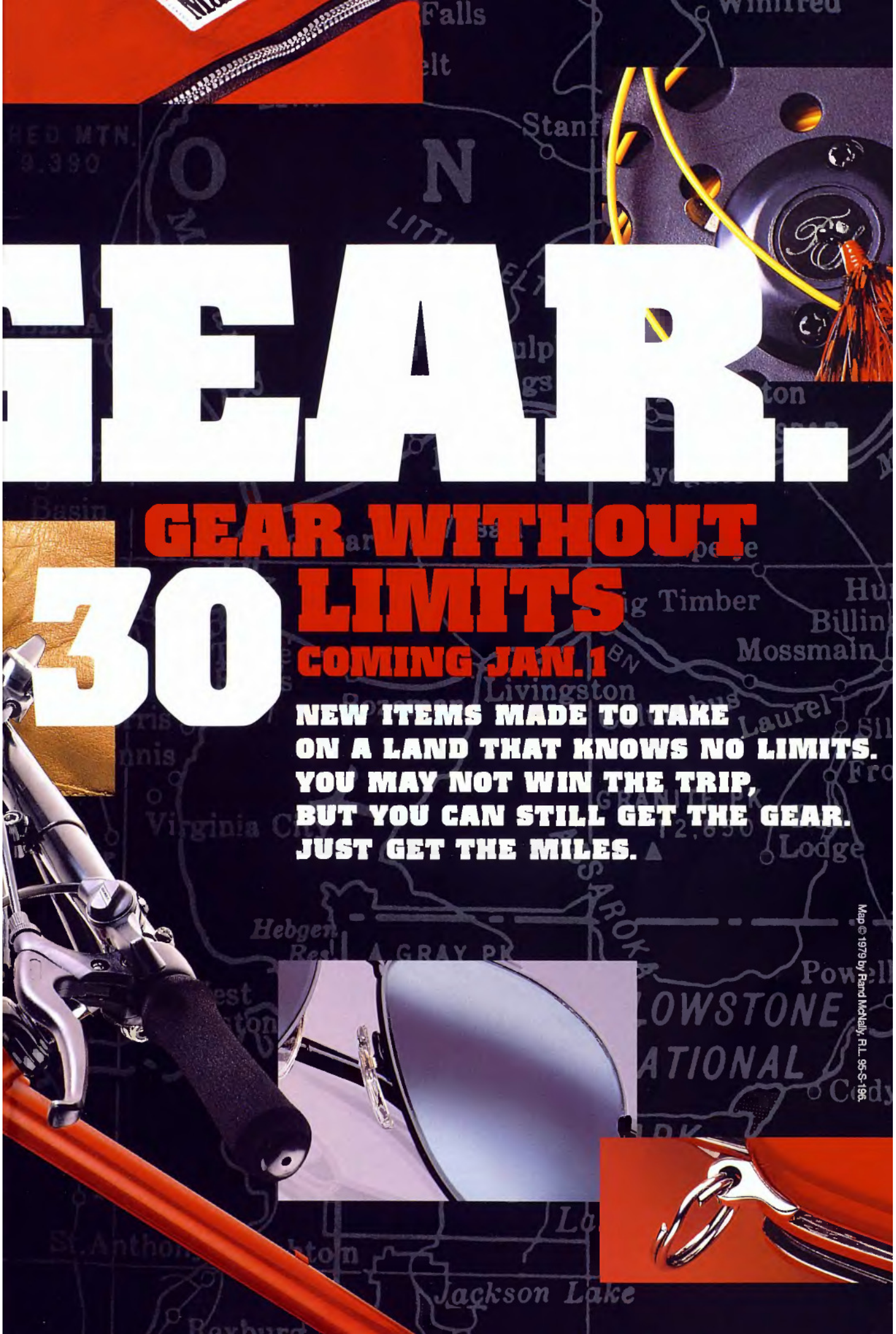
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GEAR WITHOUT LIMITS
30
COMING JAN.1
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IMPORTANT! In order to be eligible for a prize, you must sign your name in the space provided, certifying that you are a smoker, 21 years of age or older as of date of entry.

3. WHERE TO MAIL YOUR COMPLETED ENTRY FORM: Mail your completed entry in a hand-addressed 4-1/8" x 9-1/2" #10 (business-size) envelope, with a first-class postage stamp affixed, to: Marlboro Unlimited Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4333, Blair, NE 68009. Limit one entry per outer mailing envelope. Entries must be received by 4/30/96.

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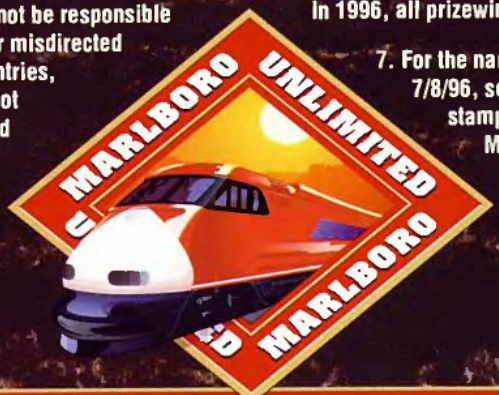
7. For the names of prizewinners, available after 7/8/96, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped, #10 (business-size) envelope to: Marlboro Unlimited Winners, P.O. Box 4161, Blair, NE 68009.



THE TRAIN. THE TRIP. THE GEAR.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Don't ask *Friends'* **David Schwimmer,** whose character is best known for his pet primate, if his favorite film is *King Kong*. He won't laugh. "It gets a little grating," Schwimmer admits, "to walk down the street and be called Monkey Boy." So how does he get rid of his anthropoid aggravation? "By watching almost anything by Peter Sellers. My favorite kind of comedy is physical clowning, and he's the best at it." Also a faithful collector of Woody Allen films, Schwimmer shares the Woodman's nebbish-as-paradigm shtick: "If people embrace my character on *Friends* as a nerd hunk, so be it. I will step up to the challenge." Does any one video capture the quirky actor's fancy time and again? Sure: *"Fellini Satyricon."* There are no monkeys in that, right? —DONNA CDE

VIDBITS

Kino on Video has uncovered another bit of old gold: ***She*** (1935) is an action adventure about an Arctic snow goddess discovered by explorers searching for the fountain of youth. The film features art deco sets and a Max Steiner score, and stars Helen Gahagan, later known as Helen Gahagan Douglas—the politician who was one of Richard Nixon's first smear victims. . . . Rhino's ***First Works*** is a filmographer's fantasy—a two-volume close-up on today's top film directors. Included are interviews with a dozen celebrated lensmen—among them Spike Lee, Oliver Stone, Ron Howard, Martin Scorsese and B-movie king Roger Corman—as well as samples of their college films and clips from their later triumphs. . . . From BBC Video and CBS/Fox comes the tape debut of ***Elizabeth R,*** the Emmy-winning miniseries first aired on PBS' *Masterpiece Theater* in the early Seventies. Chronicling the reign of Queen Elizabeth I in six cyclical plays, the saga remains among the most loved series ever produced by the BBC. Two-time Oscar winner Glenda Jackson stars as Her Majesty.

VIDEO MOUTHFULS

To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar is the latest in off-the-marquee titles that are just as tongue-tripping at the video checkout. Space prevents lengthy reviews of other standouts, but their titles tell more than enough:

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris (1975): French musical revue.

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964): Cold War à la Kubrick.

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert (1994): Drag queens on a bus.

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad (1967): Dad is dead. Hearsehold humor.

The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade (1967): Funny farm *française*.

Koyaanisqatsi (1983): Cosmic kaleidoscope—best when you're stoned.

Powaqqatsi (1988): Son of *Koyaanisqatsi*.

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963): Mad.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967): Boardroom songfest.

Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness? (1969): X-rated musical (still a virgin to vid).

Mary Poppins (1964): Short title, but remember *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious*? Try that with a spoonful of sugar in your mouth. —DAVID STINE

LASER FARE

Since its release in 1943, ***For Whom the Bell Tolls,*** the Hemingway saga starring Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper, has become increasingly shorter—first when critics of the era complained it was too long, then when TV began paring it down to air it. But in 1994, the UCLA film archives restored all of the excised material—including the overture and intermission music composed by Victor Young—and now MCA/Universal has released the whole shebang in a special remastered laser edition ($44.98). The package also includes a booklet that contains liner notes, photos and reprints of the film's original lobby cards. . . . On the heels of their promise to remove the ***Star Wars*** space epic from retail circulation next year, Twentieth Century Home Entertainment and George Lucas are now offering the trilogy on individual discs (CLV mode, $60), as well as in the usual boxed set (CAV, $250). The big plus: All soundtracks feature THX quality sound previously available only on the Special Edition. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

In what can only be called a public service, Showtime rekindles the nation's love affair with its legendary poster girls. ***The Pin-Ups,*** a one-hour appreciation of the thumbtackable female form, features a bounty of sweet glimpses back—from imported French postcards to Ziegfeld's lobby cards to the centerfolds of guess which men's magazine. Included in the libido-warming scrapbook: picture-perfect homages to the Varga and Petty girls, Grable and Bardot—and, sure, Marilyn and Madonna ($19.95).

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Die Hard With a Vengeance*** (Bruce saves Gotham, Sam L. helps—but Jeremy steals it as bambs-away badass), ***Crimson Tide*** (Hackman and Washington's in-your-face, launch-don't-launch nuke-sub thriller; tense until the bitter end).
HISTORY	***Braveheart*** (great Scot warrior Gibson lifts kilt at the English; thrills, spills, blood and mud), ***The Madness of King George*** (the king has last America—and his mind; Nigel Hawthorne soars as the blue-blooded booby).
ROMANCE	***The Bridges of Madison County*** (dreamy lensman Clint beds lonely hausfrau Meryl; Eastwood's winsome take on gooey best-seller), ***The Perez Family*** (Cuban émigrés Tomei and Huston share Alfred Molina—sort of; story drags, stars don't).
FOREIGN	New from Home Vision, ***Amarcord*** (Fellini's Oscar winner about sex, remembrance and love restores original Italian, with subtitles), ***Children of Paradise*** (French theater epic, as shot by Carné during Nazi occupation; cinematic poetry).
X-RATED	***Cover to Cover*** (shy librarian blossams when baaks spark vivid fantasies; Jenna Jameson steams up the stacks), ***Latex*** (Michael Ninn's fetishistic foray helps launch X industry's big-bucks era; the screwing is gaad, taa).

FEAST AND FLY

Some of America's top restaurants are situated within 20 minutes of a major airport. So if you're trapped by an extended layover or can't stomach another microwaved meal, here's where to dine well and still catch your flight. *O'Hare:* The celebrated Le Français (269 South Milwaukee Avenue in Wheeling, Illinois) is a stellar dining room that features haute French cuisine. Nightly specials are trollied to your table on Christofle silver, and you'll choose from one of the great wine lists of the world. Reservations are tight, but it's worth a call to 708-541-7470 to see if a last-minute cancellation has opened up a table. Coat and tie are de rigueur. *La Guardia and JFK:* Amerigo's (3587 East Tremont Avenue) is ten minutes from the former, 20 minutes from JFK. The food—steaks, chops and Italian fare—is some of the best in New York. Hot tip: Try the osso buco (718-792-3600). *Washington National:* Washington, D.C.'s proximity to the airport makes dining at 1789 Restaurant (1226 36th Street, NW) in Georgetown an easy commute. The American menu features hearty soups and New England seafood, and the wine list includes some terrific domestic bottlings (202-965-1789). *Miami International:* For Florida cuisine with a French spin, cab it to Grand Café (2669 South Bayshore Drive), where you can dine on such delicacies as pompano and spicy stone crabs (305-858-9600). *Los Angeles International:* Santa Monica is your best bet when dining near LAX, and Valentino (3115 Pico Boulevard) is the best place for terrific Italian food in high-energy, celebrity-packed surroundings (310-829-4313).

ANTHONY RUSSO

NIGHT MOVES: PARIS

Paris may be the world's most beautiful city by day, but after dusk during Christmas and New Year's, it truly lives up to its sobriquet, the City of Light. Start with cocktails at Altitude 95, the new restaurant and bar on the lower level of the Eiffel Tower, or choose from more than 100 vintages at Willi's Wine Bar (13 Rue des Petits-Champs). English owner Mark Williamson loves American visitors. RESTAURANTS: Pint-sized and glamorous, Paris (45 Boulevard Raspair), designed by Sonia Rykiel, features the cuisine of hot new chef Philippe Renard. In winter he serves wonderful game dishes such as venison with figs, lemon and braised endive, as well as great holiday desserts. The Left Bank bistro Les Bookinistes (53 Quai des Grands Augustins), just off the Seine, is owned by chef Guy Savoy. The food is sumptuous yet homey, and the prices make it the best culinary bargain in Paris. (Dinner for two without wine: about $80.) Also consider dinner at the Café Terminus in the Hotel Saint-Lazare (108 Rue Saint-Lazare), followed by pool in the magnificent mirrored billiard room next to the bar. NIGHTLIFE: The Lido (116 Avenue des Champs Élysées) offers a spectacular New Year's Eve show for $500 a couple, including dinner and a bottle of champagne. The best French jazz musicians appear at New Morning (7–9 Rue des Petites Ecuries), and there's blues and African jazz at Le Petit Journal Montparnasse (13 Rue du Cdt. Mouchotte). Young Parisians flock to a nightclub called L'Arc (12 Rue de Presbourg). Models and their look-alikes are the draw at Les Bains Douches (7 Rue de Bourg-l'Abbe), set in a former bathhouse.

GREAT ESCAPE

NANTUCKET NOEL

On the day after Thanksgiving, the Gray Lady of the Sea (Nantucket Island, 30 miles off the coast of Massachusetts) puts on her yuletide party dress. More than 200 lighted Christmas trees line the town's cobblestone Main Street, and the crisp sea air is spiced with wood smoke and pine. Carolers and bell ringers in period costumes stroll about, and Santa arrives aboard a vintage Coast Guard vessel. But the real fun of a Nantucket noel is watching the frivolity and falling snow from indoors. Most hotels, inns, bed and breakfasts and bars on the island are aglow with seasonal splendor. Our favorites include the Island Reef Guest House (12 rooms with fireplaces), the Centerboard ("a Victorian guesthouse of quiet country elegance") and the Jared Coffin House (a restored 1845 mansion). Le Languedoc and 21 Federal are excellent restaurants that celebrate the holidays with special fare. And for a hot toddy or two, there's the Brotherhood of Thieves pub up the street from Steamboat Wharf and the Boarding House bar on Federal.

ROAD STUFF

The cunningly designed Stuffed Shirt Case is the perfect carry-on for business travelers. Small enough to fit into a briefcase, it holds a shirt and tie in an outer case and underwear and valuables in a zippered compartment that fits inside the neck of the shirt. Among the several styles available are the cotton twill Stafford Deluxe (pictured here open and closed), with leather side panels and a detachable toiletry kit ($100), and the Durham, which is made of black napa leather ($130).

• Nicnat Inc. has introduced the Sock-et, an athletic sock with an invisible pocket that can hold an ID, keys or money. It's great for the gym and for travel. About $10.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 203.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ROCK AND ROLL is too immediate and raucous to intellectualize. The best rock criticism has always been fueled by frenzied enthusiasm. In ***Rock & Roll: An Unruly History*** (Harmony/Crown) former *New York Times* rock critic and *Rolling Stone* contributing editor Robert Palmer indulges in some enthusiastic storytelling. But he also offers musicological insights, tidbits of ethnography and a seemingly encyclopedic knowledge of recordings, key performances and relationships among musicians.

Designed to be a companion guide to the PBS/BBC ten-part series, Palmer's book covers the years from 1928 (when Clarence "Pinetop" Smith unleashed *Pinetop's Boogie Woogie*) through 1953 (Bill Haley's *Crazy Man Crazy*), 1965 (Bob Dylan picks up the electric guitar) and 1969 (Altamont) to 1992 (Nirvana leads the trend of Northwest rock).

Palmer grapples with racism, changing sexual mores, drugs, the youthquake, violence and other social issues. Teddy Reig, Alan Freed's tour manager, describes the crazed rock concert fans in box seats in the early Fifties: "Everybody was doing everything up there: fucking, sucking, smoking, drinking. A lot of those theaters, they had to nail up the boxes." In 1960, the 15-year-old Palmer attended a show in central Arkansas, where he saw Sam Cooke turn up the erotic heat so high that when Cooke tossed a glove off the stage and onto Palmer's ringside table, a half-dozen women leaped over him, collapsing the table and smashing chairs in a fight over the glove. *An Unruly History* is a perfect combination of passion and scholarship.

In Paul Theroux's ***The Pillars of Hercules*** (Putnam), he lets us tag along on his yearlong solo odyssey to circumnavigate the Mediterranean, from one pillar of Hercules to the other. Beginning at the Rock of Gibraltar (the northern pillar) and ending across the strait at Ceuta in Morocco (the southern pillar), he traces the Mediterranean shoreline, denounces the "sport" of bullfighting, copes with hopeless Albania, lampoons the "essence of pigeon with pistachio dumpling" lifestyle aboard a luxury cruise ship and shares a hotel in Dubrovnik with refugees from the war in Croatia.

It's Theroux at his best. While he covers the familiar tourist geography—especially the well-worn and ill-used coastal areas of Spain, France and Italy—he also takes unexpected detours: "It seemed incontestable to me that a country's pornography was a glimpse into its subconscious mind. . . . Japanese porno is unlike anything in Germany, French is unlike Swedish, American unlike Mexican and so forth. Spanish pornography baffled me. It seemed beyond sex, most of it. It involved children and dogs and torture; men torturing women, women being beastly to men; much of it was worse than German varieties, possibly the most repellent porno in the world. The strangest I have ever seen concerned a Moroccan boy of about 13 or 14 and a very bewildered goat." An armchair trip with Theroux is sometimes dark, but always a delight.

Robert Palmer's *Unruly History*.

The turbulent history of rock and roll and Theroux's odyssey through the Mediterranean.

In his ninth thriller, ***Chain of Evidence*** (Hyperion), Ridley Pearson scores big with the story of Joe Dartelli, a cop who sees an eerie similarity between two suicides—both of them committed by sex offenders. A computer simulation program suggests that the deaths were murders, and Dartelli follows this lead to his former partner, a forensic specialist who may have turned vigilante. Pearson weaves psychology and suspense into this tale of high-tech clues and complex motives. Save this one for a weekend, because you won't put it down until you reach the heart-pounding conclusion.

I bet you thought that Phil Jackson, coach of the Chicago Bulls, was one of those hard-driving, win-at-any-cost types. You thought that the reason the Bulls won the NBA championship in 1991, 1992 and 1993 was Michael Jordan, right? Wrong, declare Jackson and Hugh Delehanty in their book ***Sacred Hoops: Spiritual Lessons of a Hardwood Warrior*** (Hyperion). Jackson says he is seeking spiritual enlightenment on the court and quotes Zen Buddhist texts as backup. He writes that the Bulls perfected a sort of Zen "oneness," a sense of unity.

A consistency and quiet dignity in the way Jackson explains his own spiritual journey makes this book more than a new spin on old bromides. In a chapter titled *If You Meet the Buddha in the Lane, Feed Him the Ball*, he describes reading William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience* and rediscovering Zen. He made compassion—"toward yourself, your teammates and your opponents"—fundamental to his coaching philosophy. He integrated ideas from Lakota Sioux spiritual beliefs into his coaching sessions: "A basketball team is like a band of warriors, a secret society with rites of initiation, a strict code of honor and a sacred quest." That may be too New Age for most basketball fans, but no one can doubt Jackson's sincerity.

Finally, books of short stories appear to come in unpredictable flurries, and this month brings two noteworthy collections. ***The Collected Short Fiction of Bruce Jay Friedman*** (Donald I. Fine), stories published between 1953 and 1995, includes 48 diverse comic scenes that can be dated only by their settings. Friedman, a PLAYBOY regular, delineates various shades of black humor and brilliant characterization in stories such as *Yes, We Have No Ritchard* and *The Night Boxing Ended*. In contrast, ***The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov*** (Knopf), edited by Dmitri Nabokov, are 65 wonderfully separate creations—one a riddle, another a fairy tale, a philosophical meditation, a sweet vignette. Nabokov expresses each idea with stylistic touches so precise as to confirm genius.

BOOK BAG

Spooks, Spies and Private Eyes (Doubleday), edited by Paula L. Woods: An anthology of African American crime fiction that includes both Harlem Renaissance writer George S. Schuyler and Walter Mosley.

The Life and Times of Miami Beach (Knopf), by Ann Armbruster: From coconut plantation to jet-set playground, the Beach is a sun-soaked chunk of American social history.

The Cocktail: The Influence of Spirits on the American Psyche (St. Martin's Press), by Joseph Lanza: A fascinating study of the cocktail and its impact on politics, movies, popular songs and social interaction.

The Dustbin of History (Harvard University Press), by Greil Marcus: America's foremost music writer presents an exhilarating history lesson in 26 takes.

MEN

By ASA BABER

My friend Marty came to town and asked me to join him for dinner. He is a writer of some repute whom I have known for more than 25 years, and I was eager to see him.

Marty and I launched our writing careers around the same time. Back then, we griped all the time about the problems we were having in the world of publishing. But our conversations always ended with a discussion about the women in our lives: the women we had loved, could love, might love, should not love and were currently loving. Guy talk, in other words.

When Marty and I met for dinner a few weeks ago, I could see that he had aged well. Or perhaps I should say he had aged carefully. He had undergone a face-lift ("just eye tucks and a little bit off my jowls") and was thinking of having another. He had colored his hair. His nails were manicured. He was wearing a stylish flannel suit, Italian loafers, an off-white Egyptian cotton shirt, small gold cuff links and a $300 silk tie. This, I asked myself, is the guy I used to drink beer and play pool with?

The dust jacket photo on Marty's latest book was taken at a middle distance. In it he is standing under a palm tree. The reader might see him as a 30-year-old, maybe 40, but certainly not 50 (he is now 56).

"I've gone through some tremendous changes, and I have something to tell you, Ace," Marty said quietly over his cappuccino. "I hope it doesn't shock you, but I've had several male lovers recently."

I view myself as a modern man, so I tried to make things easy for him. "Hey, Marty, relax," I said. "If you're here to tell me that you're gay and out of the closet, it's OK with me. Your sexuality is your business."

I remember feeling quite compassionate and humane as I said that. Wasn't I an unbiased individual? I puffed on my cigar with a sense of self-satisfaction.

"You've got it wrong, Ace. I'm not gay," Marty said, "I'm bisexual. I like men and women." He paused for my reaction. "I hope you're not a biphobe," he said, somewhat nervously. "There are a lot of them out there."

"Not me," I said. "I have no phobias about gays or lesbians or bisexuals. Like I said, whatever turns you on is your business."

BRODEN STEADMAN

MULTISEXUAL IN 1996!

Suddenly, I felt a surge of resentment at Marty's pronouncement. It had nothing to do with bisexuality. It had to do with how hip and cool and on the cutting edge Marty had become—and how out of style and out of touch I now seemed to be.

Here I am, I thought, hopelessly straight, still infatuated with the Everlasting Beaver Hunt and all its pleasures. But Marty is the perfect 21st century man. He may spout a lot of clichés about life and sexuality, but he is in fashion and I am out of fashion.

As if he could read my mind, Marty fanned the flames of my envy. "I just signed a contract for a book about bisexuality," he said. "It's the hot topic in New York publishing circles. These days, everybody who's anybody is bi."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Freud said that we're all bisexual. He said anyone who claims to be solely heterosexual has a problem. And I agree. Being exclusively straight or gay is too limiting for me. We are all sexually attracted to people of both genders. I'm just being more honest about it than you are, Ace."

"Better yet, you're making a lot of money at it," I said, nodding.

"Yes, that's true," Marty said, smiling with some condescension. "There's no money in being straight these days."

That's when I cracked. That's when I decided how I will market myself as a writer in 1996: Throughout the next year, I will become the world's first multisexual person. If the concept flies, it should get me megabucks and a nationwide lecture tour.

In January I will announce on this page that while I have been heterosexual for my entire life and have made love only with women, I am now homosexual and will sleep only with men. This self-outing will not make my career, but it will probably surprise my girlfriend, my sons and my readers.

In April I will publish an essay in *The New York Times* (it worked for the Unabomber). I will say that I am now bisexual and can swing both ways. This confession comes a little late in the game, and I may not get the book contract I want out of it, but it is a necessary step.

In June I will publicly declare that I'm a trisexual. By my definition, a trisexual is someone who likes to be sexually involved with men, women and small furry animals (such as rabbits, squirrels and other defenseless woodland creatures). I'm counting on a book contract here, though I will have to worry about animal-rights activists.

In September I will reveal on *Larry King Live* that I am now a practicing quadrisexual. To clarify what a quadrisexual is, I will say that I am attracted to men, women, animals and all things made of wood. "I'll fuck a fence if it has a knothole in it," I will state on the air before they can censor it. This announcement will raise Larry's ratings, and no doubt book and motion picture deals will follow.

In November I will complete my sexual transformation: On that date I will announce that I have become the world's first pentasexual. From the White House rose garden I will declare that as a pentasexual, I am attracted to men, women, small animals, all things made of wood and extraterrestrials. "I hereby obliterate all sexual boundaries," I will say. "The universe is now my stamping ground, and that includes all those little green beings in flying saucers."

Call it Close Encounters of the Fifth Kind. And don't knock it until you've tried it, fella.

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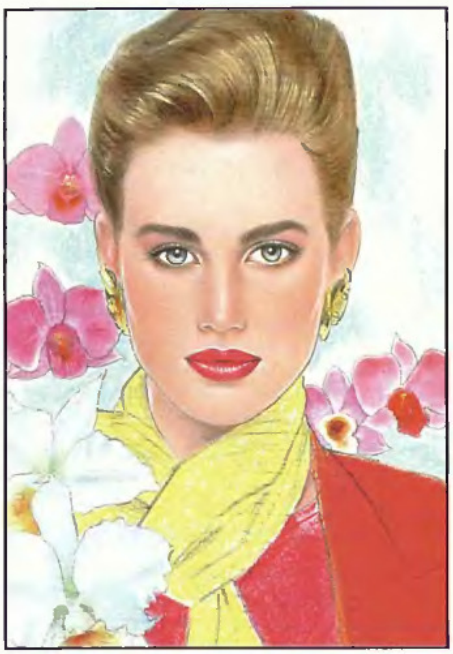
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I enjoyed your response in the July issue about the classic blow job. But please, please, won't you provide detailed instructions to men on how to provide better oral sex for women? My experience has been that for the most part men don't understand the need to be gentle, rhythmic and teasing, and as they don't respond to hints, I can't figure out a way to teach them. If you can, I'm sure millions of women will praise you.—D.C., Baltimore, Maryland.

Educating the American male is not a task for the faint of heart, but we're primed for the challenge. Listen up, fellas. Cunnilingus requires you to think glacially—constantly in motion but advancing slowly. Your goal is to convey the idea that you're licking her because you find it incredibly erotic, and that time has lost all meaning (drop all thoughts of getting her orgasm "out of the way"—it's not in the way). To begin, work from her mouth to her nipples to her belly, covering as many square inches as possible. Once you've camped between her thighs, start building a fire. Use your fingertips (cut those nails) to spread her vaginal lips and expose her clitoris. Explore the sensitive folds of skin. When she arches her back or moans, slide a finger or two inside her. Play with her a bit, then extend the tip of your tongue to meet her clit. (Make sure your tongue is wet—lubrication and warmth are important.) Dart your tongue in and out. Press firmly. Lick gently. Throw in some longer, flatter strokes over the length of her vagina, as if you were licking an ice cream cone. Hum or moan to create vibration. Pull away so you're just inches from her, as if contemplating what to do next. Blow lightly across her vagina. Tell her how good she tastes, how much you like licking her, how you could stay there for hours. Draw her clit gently between your lips and flick it or massage it with your tongue. Stop. Lick. Kiss. Finger. Repeat as necessary. What you're after is a combination of rhythm and intrigue: She can't guess what's coming next, but once it does, she won't want you to stop.

After reading your response about the classic blow job, I realize that I must be better at giving head than I thought. If you really want a man to beg for it, start licking at the tip of his penis and gently nibble around the frenulum and down the shaft on the underside. Circle the head with a moist finger as you suck on his balls. Nibble back up the underside and take the head into your mouth. Flick your tongue on the tip, then take his cock into your mouth. Lick the underside of his penis as best you can by moving your tongue back and forth. Create suction by applying pressure with your lips. If you can take it into your throat without gagging, try that. All the while,



fondle his balls with one hand and the exposed part of his shaft with the other. I don't know how other men will react, but my husband certainly can't stop thanking me when I'm done.—P.H., Seattle, Washington.

We can't take much more of this.

A local radio morning host recently mentioned a position called the three-eyed turtle, but he said he couldn't explain it on the air. Have you ever heard of it?—N.N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The three-eyed turtle got its name in 1993 from two disc jockeys in Cleveland who heard Dr. Judy Kuriansky describe the position on her syndicated radio program, "Love Phones." The first eye is the urethral opening of an uncircumcised penis, which emerges from its "shell" as it becomes erect. The head of the penis is rubbed against the second eye, the clitoris, while the partners watch with a third eye—their own—straight on or with a mirror. Not exactly a new position, but great sex often comes out of making the mundane mysterious.

Your recent optimism regarding digital video and how it will enable everyone to make perfect copies of their tapes may lead to disappointment. The motion picture industry is set to make the preservation of video recordings impossible by following the music industry's lead with a serial copy management system. This chip, when present in a recorder, prevents users from making a copy of a copy. Therefore, you would be able to preserve your digital tapes for only one generation. This SCMS bullshit is designed to deter piracy, but it's really a scheme to make you buy a new copy when the original wears out.—D.G., Detroit, Michigan.

We understand your concern, but the situation isn't as foreboding as you believe. First, unlike analog VHS tapes, digital videos won't wear out from use or age. Second, SCMS is far from a certainty. Moviemakers are leading the charge, but consumer electronics makers haven't embraced the idea. SCMS may be unnecessary simply because buying a recordable compact disc to pirate a movie will cost more than buying a new copy of the movie. As for home videos, one way to get around SCMS might be to feed your digital video into a computer, then record it from there to a blank disc. But you didn't hear that from us.

One thing about my girlfriend bothers me. She never says whether or not she finds me attractive. I assume she does since she's sleeping with me, but she has never flat-out said, "I think you're handsome." Am I being unreasonable?—T.M., Dayton, Ohio.

Not at all. A common misperception is that guys don't need to hear that "mushy" stuff; in fact, men spend their lives searching for someone to overlook their physical flaws. Being told he's virile, handsome or particularly well-hung indicates to a guy that he may have found that special sucker . . . er, someone. More important, flattery is the sincerest form of foreplay. Having a lover run her hands over his chest as she whispers "You are so hot" can make a guy want to prove it.

My boyfriend has a unique sexual interest. He loves to see women in tight blue jeans that are soaking wet. Are there any sources of erotica that deal with this? I'd like to surprise him for his birthday.—T.J., Atlanta, Georgia.

It sounds like your partner has a simple recipe for better sex: Just add water. It's not difficult to find erotica that depicts women in wet clothing (or even sprawled in mud or covered in ketchup, if his fetish develops further). Sample a few of Playboy's "Wet & Wild" videos, or write Messy Fun, P.O. Box 181030, Austin, Texas 78718, which carries a variety of wet clothing magazines and videos. Better yet, why not get involved yourself? If the weather's warm on his birthday, let your boyfriend discover you washing the car or swimming in cutoffs. Or shower in nothing but Levi's, then call him in to hand you a new bar of soap. The only drawback will be that wet denim is about as easy to shed as a chastity belt.

Last week, my girlfriend and I were sharing fantasies and she said she has always wanted to have sex with another woman. How can I encourage her to pursue this without giving her the idea

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

that I'm just a horny guy who wants to watch two women make love?—P.K., Tampa, Florida.

When did she invite you? Don't confuse her curiosity as a request for a ménage à trois. Then again, don't rule out the possibility. A man's presence can act as an approbation (and has been the excuse for more great sex in the past few decades than any other ploy). The next time you're sharing fantasies, tell her that yours would be watching hers.

The condom ripped as my girlfriend and I were having sex last night. What are the chances that she's now pregnant? This is the third condom we've ripped in the past three weeks.—H.N., Trenton, New Jersey.

Chance has nothing to do with it. By now, either she's pregnant or she isn't. That many torn condoms in such a short time signal human error; it's extremely rare for condoms to break because of structural defects. Our guess is that you're pulling them on too tight. Once you've unrolled the condom over your erection, gently pinch at least a half inch of airless space at the tip. This allows a place for the semen to be deposited, and it provides room for the condom to move as you thrust.

My fiancée is considering breast augmentation as a wedding gift to me. But all the negative publicity makes me wonder if implants are safe.—H.A., Washington, D.C.

The most recent study on the subject, like others before it, found little to indicate that implants are unsafe. The controversy you've heard about centers on silicone gel implants, which were taken off the market three years ago after the FDA raised concerns that the devices might be associated with connective-tissue diseases (like many medical devices introduced before FDA regulation began in 1976, breast implants were never fully tested). The latest research hasn't stopped a lengthy court battle over the issue, especially since four implant makers recently agreed to pay $4.2 billion to 450,000 women who claim their health problems were caused by silicone implants. That said, we would discourage any woman from getting cosmetic implants unless they're something she desires for herself. If your fiancée wants larger breasts solely to please you, tell her she already does.

I have heard that only long, slow workouts burn fat. Now I'm reading that shorter, more intense exercise burns fat better. Which is true?—T.M., Richmond, Virginia.

The best way to burn fat is moderate aerobic exercise for at least 30 minutes (and preferably longer) five to seven days a week. Moderate is defined as maintaining 60 percent to 75 percent of your target heart rate (220 minus your age). Quick bursts of intense activity are less efficient because you don't begin to burn excess calories and fat until 20 minutes into your workout. Fast and furious also invites burnout and injuries.

My best friend met his wife through me. The three of us started a business together, then he took another job, so she and I run the business. The problem is that I have fallen in love with her. I would never hurt my buddy, but it's killing me to work with her all day. Should I tell them?—S.D., San Diego, California.

Don't say a word. You're in an impossible situation, and confessing will only create more of a mess. Your longing stems in part from all the time you spend with a woman you can't have. Take a vacation (it sounds like you need it), then try hard to find a girlfriend. Your feelings for your friend's wife may never disappear completely, but they shouldn't stop you from falling in love with someone else.

A couple of nights ago my wife and I were in a 69 and I climaxed. Later, she told me that as I came, my scrotum shrank. I didn't believe her, so she set up a video camera and gave me a blow job. Sure enough, as I came, my sac shrank and pulled up close to my body. Should I be concerned?—T.G., Uxbridge, Massachusetts.

Didn't we see this on "America's Funniest Home Videos"? Relax, it's natural. As you become aroused your scrotum tightens and the testes rotate until they're resting against the tissue between your scrotum and anus. When the scrotum rises to its peak, as your wife discovered, orgasm is imminent. Sex researchers believe that a man's body recognizes its vulnerability in the throes of ecstasy and takes steps to protect the testes. From what, you ask? If you're lucky, just your partner's enthusiasm.

While reading a book about Seminole Indian traditions, I came across a reference to spiderwort sap. Rubbed on the penis, this supposedly causes the organ to "swell to the size that would satisfy any woman. The tumescence later subsides with no ill effect." Does spiderwort really work?—C.P., Brooklyn, New York.

It might if you're allergic to spiderwort. The flower is just one of many supposed penis enlargers and aphrodisiacs that have been touted through the centuries—none of which have any effect other than psychological (you believe it works, so it does). During the Middle Ages, myrtle was the aphrodisiac of choice: Some people ground the flowering shrub into a pulp and rubbed it on their bodies in an effort to enhance sexual performance. You'll do better bringing her flowers than rubbing them on your penis.

One of the things I enjoy doing most with a woman is to take a shower with her and then slowly dry her with a soft towel. After that I ask her to lie on her stomach. I massage and kiss her back, then move down to her ass and lick her anus. I get immense pleasure out of this, and most of the women I have done it to like it. Are there any risks in this practice?—P.R., Denver, Colorado.

None that can't be minimized. You're on the right track by seducing your partner after she takes a shower, especially if she thoroughly cleans her nether regions. Be careful not to move from her anus to her vagina or mouth, as that's an easy way to spread bacteria. And you may want to consider a dental dam or barrier, though they can be awkward. Helping your partner to relax before any type of anal stimulation will make the experience more rewarding. As Cathy Winks and Anne Semans note in "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex": "Anuses are the seat of much tension, so that any kind of tender tonguing will doubtless feel extremely relaxing and pleasurable to your partner."

I've heard that you can tell how well your car is running by checking the floor of your garage. What are you supposed to look for?—T.S., Alexandria, Virginia.

Stains. Yellowish green, pastel blue or fluorescent orange puddles indicate an overheated engine or antifreeze leak. An oily dark brown or black deposit means you could have a bad seal or gasket. An oily red spot indicates that your transmission or power steering leaks fluid. The only thing that shouldn't concern you is dripping water, which is just condensation from your air conditioner.

My boyfriend wants me to talk dirty in bed, but I'm not sure what to say. Any suggestions?—M.C., Savannah, Georgia.

Speak up. Talking dirty is easier than ordering a pizza, and you can't do it wrong, no matter what you try. Explicit isn't always the same as erotic, so there's no need to talk a blue streak if that doesn't turn you on. Instead, describe in simple language what your lover is doing to you ("you're kissing my neck," "you're touching my breasts"), what you're doing to him, what you want to be doing and what lovers elsewhere might be doing while you're doing what you're doing. As things heat up, you'll be talking dirty without even trying.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*

CITRUS ON A NEW WAVELENGTH

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THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD?

you don't find the job listed in the classifieds

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

There it was, in huge letters on the cover of the May 15, 1995 issue of *Time* magazine: Ralph Reed, the 33-year-old head of the Christian Coalition, anointed by the editors as THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.

We wondered what *Time* knew that we didn't. Had the old newsweekly opened a bureau in heaven?

We read the accompanying article. Ralph Reed, a cross between a choirboy and an Eagle Scout, is the front man for Pat Robertson. Using the Freedom Council mailing list from Robertson's failed presidential bid, he expanded the Christian Coalition to some 1.6 million people willing to pour $25 million into a war chest for those interested in turning America into a theocracy. Admittedly, Reed is a technonerd—with his own home page on the World Wide Web, an arsenal of fax machines and satellite dishes and those wonderful lists. Direct mail is hot, but is it enough to elevate one to the right hand of God?

MELINDA GORDON

A quick check on Nexis—a database of newspaper and magazine articles—turned up hundreds of contenders for that elite seat. Of course, Jesus is there. "Having been crucified, dead and buried, he descended into hell. The third day, he rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty."

Journalists seem willing to nominate anyone to the position. One reporter wrote, "I grew up in the Sixties believing Ralph Nader sat on the right-hand side of God." Another confesses, "I may have been raised to believe that Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings are at the right hand of God. But then I learned better. Texan George Jones was there first."

Time used the term to evoke images of muscular Christianity, as though the coming presidential election would resemble a clash of gladiators. Athletes are often confused with the divine. A sportswriter asked Washington Caps goalie Jim Carey if a particular save (glove hand sweeping from nowhere to capture a puck) had been performed by the right hand of God. Carey looked down at his bare hands and said, "It was the left." When the Reverend George Foreman socked Michael Moorer, an ecstatic reporter wrote, "It wasn't the right hand of God, necessarily, but it was indeed a miraculous old one-two."

Reed will at least find himself surrounded by fellow politicians. A biography of François Mitterrand, a president who by France's standards was actually humble, is called simply *The Right Hand of God*. Barry Goldwater described a former Democratic president (the one who goes around building houses for the poor with his bare hands) this way: "The longer he's out of office, the better he looks. Every president thinks he sits on the right hand of God. But Carter is probably closer than the rest of 'em."

But by far the most daunting stories concern religious figures who usurp the phrase. Members of the Islamic Jihad, for instance, like to "scare the Jews"—something that Reed and Robertson have been accused of, though their tactics differ. After one member of the Jihad wrapped himself in explosives and blew up a bus, killing 17 Israeli citizens, Sheikh Shami explained why: "The martyr gets to sit on the right-hand side of God and enjoy the attentions of 72 nymphs. The Jihad is the shortest path to this life."

David Koresh chose a similar end. The *Mail on Sunday* told Derek Lovelock's story (he was one of the few survivors of Waco): "Koresh based his teachings on the Book of Revelation and its reference to a book which sits at God's right hand, sealed with seven seals, and contains the mysteries to be revealed to the people of the Early. Only he who is worthy may open the seals and reveal these mysteries. Koresh believed he was chosen by God to open the seals and discover events that would come to pass. Accordingly, he informed the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms that he would lead his people out after he had written his interpretation of the seals."

Then, said Lovelock, a tank punched a hole through the wall, tear gas poured in and someone yelled fire. Children began to die.

It's hard to tell if the right hand of God is a phrase whose time has come or whose time is past. The new politically correct Bible eliminates the phrase entirely, so as not to offend the left-handed or ambidextrous, rewriting scripture so that Jesus sits on God's "mighty hand." The one he uses to give fools the finger.

Once and for All: WHAT THE FOUNDING

ever wonder what the second

Militias. Distrust of government. Abuse of power. The right to bear arms. Not a day passed without a passionate article or an editorial on the role of guns in American life. The year was 1775. More than 200 years later, the seminal debate undertaken as John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison formulated the laws of the land still echoes. Is the Michigan Militia an aberration or the Constitution in action? Is Gordon Liddy a dangerous demagogue or a devoted patriot? What exactly did the founding fathers mean when they penned the Second Amendment?

No sampler can do justice to the debate, but we hope the following scrapbook helps shed light on the relation between arms and liberty. Our sources were Alexander Hamilton, Madison and John Jay's *Federalist*, *That Every Man Be Armed: The Evolution of a Constitutional Right* by Stephen Halbrook, *The Road to the Bill of Rights* by Craig Smith, and a collection of quotes compiled by Charles Curley.

TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST THE BRITISH

From *A Journal of the Times*, calling the citizens of Boston to arm themselves in response to British abuses of power, 1769:

"Instances of the licentious and outrageous behavior of the military conservators of the peace still multiply upon us, some of which are of such nature and have been carried to so great lengths as must serve fully to evince that a late vote of this town, calling upon the inhabitants to provide themselves with arms for their defense, was a measure as prudent as it was legal. It is a natural right which the people have reserved to themselves, confirmed by the [English] Bill of Rights, to keep arms for their own defense, and as Mr. Blackstone observes, it is to be made use of when the sanctions of society and law are found insufficient to restrain the violence of oppression."

ASSAULT RIFLES, COLONIAL STYLE

George Mason's Fairfax County Militia Plan, 1775:

"And we do each of us, for ourselves respectively, promise and engage to keep a good firelock in proper order, & to furnish ourselves as soon as possible with, & always keep by us, one pound of gunpowder, four pounds of lead, one dozen gunflints, & a pair of bullet moulds, with a cartouch box, or powder horn, and bag for balls."

GIVE ME FLINTLOCKS OR GIVE ME DEATH

Patrick Henry, 1775:

"They tell us that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Three million people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us."

THOUGHTS ON DEFENSIVE WAR

Thomas Paine, writing to religious pacifists in 1775:

"The supposed quietude of a good man allures the ruffian; while on the other hand, arms like laws discourage and keep the invader and the plunderer in awe, and preserve order in the world as well as property. The balance of power is the scale of peace. The same balance would be preserved were all the world destitute of arms, for all would be alike; but since some will not, others dare not lay them aside. Horrid mischief would ensue were one half the world deprived of the use of them; the weak would become a prey to the strong."

SOUND BITES FROM BEFORE AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Samuel Adams:

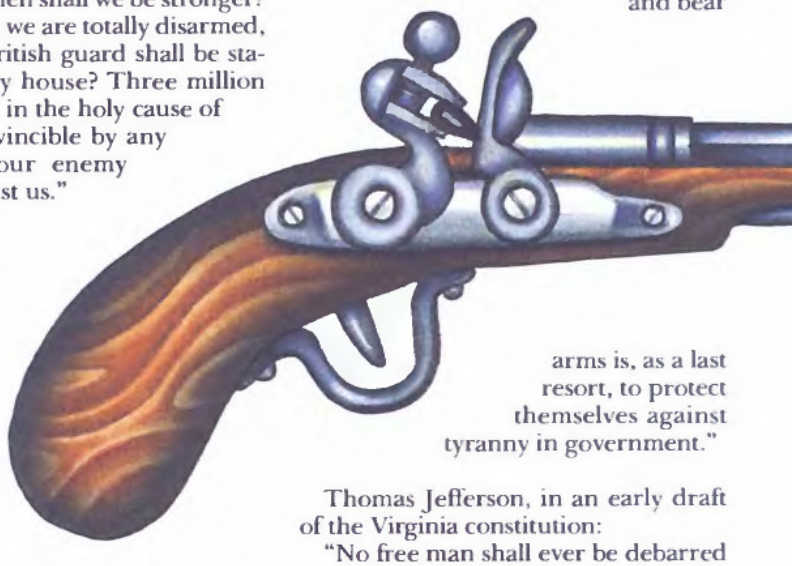
"Among the natural rights of the colonists are these: first, a right to life, secondly to liberty, thirdly to property; together with the right to defend them in the best manner they can."

John Adams:

"Arms in the hands of the citizens may be used at individual discretion for the defense of the country, the overthrow of tyranny or private self-defense."

Thomas Jefferson:

"The strongest reason for the people to retain the right to keep and bear arms is, as a last resort, to protect themselves against tyranny in government."



Thomas Jefferson, in an early draft of the Virginia constitution:

"No free man shall ever be debarred the use of arms in his own lands."

WE HAVE SEEN THE ENEMY AND HE IS US

Patrick Henry:

"Guard with jealous attention the public liberty. Suspect everyone who approaches that jewel. Unfortunately, nothing will preserve it but downright force. Whenever you give up that force, you are ruined. The great object is that every man be armed. Everyone who is able may have a gun."

TREAD LIGHTLY

Thomas Jefferson's advice to his 15-year-old nephew:

"A strong body makes the mind strong. As to the species of exercise, I

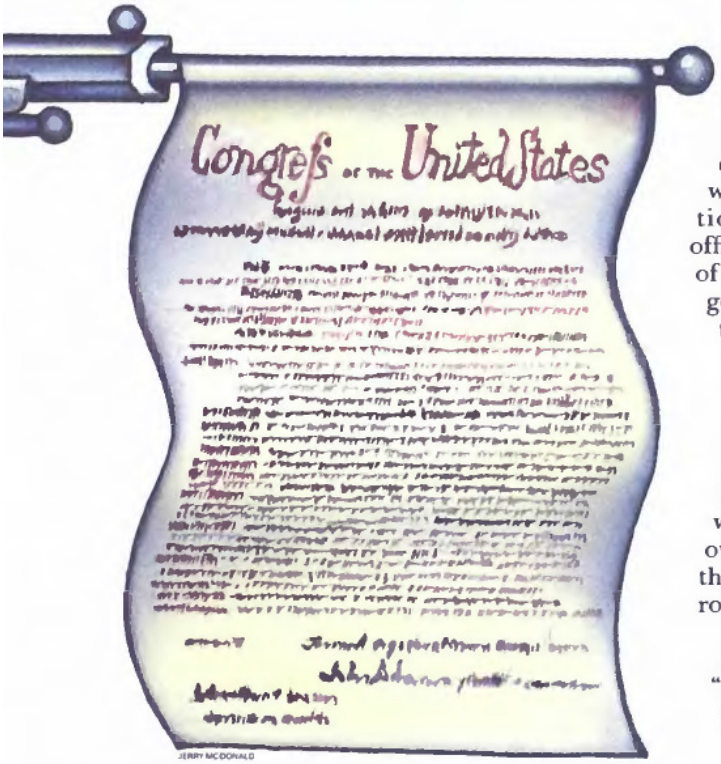
FATHERS SAID ABOUT GUNS

amendment really means?

advise the gun. While this gives moderate exercise to the body, it gives boldness, enterprise and independence to the mind. Games played with the ball and others of that nature are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind. Let your gun therefore be the constant companion of your walks."

Noah Webster, 1787:

"Before a standing army can rule, the people must be disarmed, as they are in almost every kingdom in Europe. The supreme power in America cannot enforce unjust laws by the sword, because the whole of the people are armed, and constitute a force superior to any band of regular troops."



ON THE ROLE OF A MILITIA

James Madison, "The Influence of the State and Federal Governments Compared," *46 Federalist New York Packet*, January 29, 1788:

"Besides the advantage of being armed, which the Americans possess over the people of almost every other nation, the existence of subordinate governments, to which the people are attached, and by which the militia officers are appointed, forms a barrier against the enterprises of ambition more insurmountable than any which a simple government of any form can admit of. Notwithstanding the military establishments in the several kingdoms of Europe, which are carried as far as the public resources will bear, the governments are afraid to trust the people with arms. And it is not certain that with this aid alone they would not be able to shake off their yokes. But were the people to possess the additional advantages of local governments chosen by themselves, that could collect the national will and direct the national force, and of officers appointed out of the militia, by these governments and attached both to them and to the militia, it may be affirmed with the greatest assurance that the throne of every tyranny in Europe would be speedily overturned in spite of the legions which surround it."

Alexander Hamilton, "Concerning the Militia," *29 Federalist Daily Advertiser*, January 10, 1788:

"There is something so far-fetched and so extravagant in the idea of danger to liberty from the militia that one is at a loss whether to treat it with gravity or raillery. Where, in the name of common sense, are our fears to end if we may not trust our sons, our brothers, our neighbors, our fellow citizens? What shadow of danger can there be from men who are daily mingling with the rest of their countrymen and who participate with them in the same feelings, sentiments, habits and interests? What reasonable cause of apprehension can be inferred from a power in the Union to prescribe regulations for the militia, and to command its services when necessary, while the particular states are to have the sole and exclusive appointment of the officers? If it were possible seriously to indulge a jealousy of the militia upon any conceivable establishment under the federal government, the circumstance of the officers being in the appointment of the states ought at once to extinguish it. There can be no doubt that this circumstance will always secure to them a preponderating influence over the militia."

Richard Henry Lee, *Additional Letters from the Federal Farmer*, 1788:

"Militias, when properly formed, are in fact the people themselves and include all men capable of bearing arms. To preserve liberty it is essential that the whole body of the people always possess arms and be taught alike, especially when young, how to use them."

Tench Coxe, writing as "the Pennsylvanian" in the Philadelphia *Federal Gazette*, 1788:

"The power of the sword, say the minority of Pennsylvania, is in the hands of Congress. My friends and countrymen, it is not so, for the powers of the sword are in the hands of the yeomanry of America from 16 to 60. The militia of these free commonwealths, entitled and accustomed to their arms, when compared with any possible army, must be tremendous and irresistible. Who are the militia? Are they not ourselves? Is it feared, then, that we shall turn our arms each man against his own bosom? Congress has no power to disarm the militia. Their swords, and every other terrible implement of the soldier, are the birthright of an American. The unlimited power

of the sword is not in the hands of either the federal or state governments, but where I trust in God it will ever remain, in the hands of the people."

ANTECEDENTS

Connecticut gun code of 1650:

"All persons shall bear arms, and every male person shall have in continual readiness a good muskitt or other gunn, fitt for service."

Article 3 of the West Virginia state constitution:

"A person has the right to keep and bear arms for the defense of self, family, home and state, and for lawful hunting and recreational use."

Virginia Declaration of Rights 13 (June 12, 1776), drafted by George Mason:

"That a well-regulated militia, composed of the body of the people, trained to arms, is the proper, natural and safe defense of a free state; that standing armies, in time of peace, should be avoided as dangerous to liberty; and that, in all cases, the military should be under strict subordination to, and governed by, the civil power."

A proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution, as passed by the Pennsylvania legislature:

"That the people have a right to bear arms for the defense of themselves and their own states or the United States, or for the purpose of killing game; and no law shall be passed for disarming the people or any of them, unless for crimes committed, or real danger of public injury from individuals."

ROUGH DRAFT

An amendment to the Constitution, proposed by James Madison:

"The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed, a well-armed and well-regulated militia being the best security of a free country; but no person religiously scrupulous of bearing arms shall be compelled to render military service in person."

THE FINAL DRAFT

The Second Amendment, as passed September 25, 1789:

"A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST

George Washington's address to the second session of the First U.S. Congress:

"Firearms stand next in importance to the Constitution itself. They are the American people's liberty, teeth and keystone under independence. The church, the plow, the prairie wagon and citizens' firearms are indelibly related. From the hour the pilgrims landed to the present day, events, occurrences and tendencies prove that, to ensure peace, security and happiness, the rifle and pistol are equally indispensable. Every corner of this land knows firearms, and more than 99 and 99⁹⁄₁₀₀ percent of them by their silence indicate that they are in safe and sane hands. The very atmosphere of firearms anywhere and everywhere restrains evil influence. They deserve a place of honor with all that's good. When firearms go, all goes. We need them every hour."

(Compiled by James R. Petersen)

NAME THAT ZEALOT

We have long been bothered by the term assigned by reporters and politicians to that relatively small group of Americans who, by virtue of a personal pipeline to God, know what's best for the U.S. and each of its citizens. They use weighty names such as the Christian Coalition, the Moral Majority, Focus on the Family and the American Family Association. Collectively, they're known as the religious right.

We're bothered by the term because we have never found its members to be particularly religious nor generally right. With its homophobic, narrow-minded, self-righteous and judgmental approach to the issues, the religious right has managed to give Christianity a bad name.

That's why, in the spirit of straight-shooting discourse you have come to expect from *The Playboy Forum*, we're launching an effort to coin a new name for the religious right. Once a more suitable moniker is chosen, we will inform each U.S. senator and representative, as well as members of the media, so they can immediately begin using it in their discussions, speeches and reporting.

What are we looking for? During a long Sunday morning meeting, *The Playboy Forum*'s editors compiled a dizzying list of suitable possibilities, including "So Right They're Wrong," "The Wacko Wing," "God's Little Yelpers" and "They Who Know an Intolerant God." None of the suggestions made anyone really want to stand up and sing, however, so we're asking PLAYBOY's readers for help.

We know what you're about to say: "What's in it for me?" Well, how's this for a prize: The author of the winning entry will receive a chaperoned date with a Playmate at a church social in the winner's hometown. For real. (Naturally, we will also print the most promising entries in *The Playboy Forum*.)

Each entry can be accompanied by a 100-word statement that explains why you selected it. This may help sway the judging panel, which will consist of Hef and three *Playboy Forum* editors. Some advice: Be prudent about using the words "Christian" or "religious," as not all Christians are wackos and not all religions are Christian. Also avoid profanity or other coarse language, for we want the new name to have widespread acceptance.

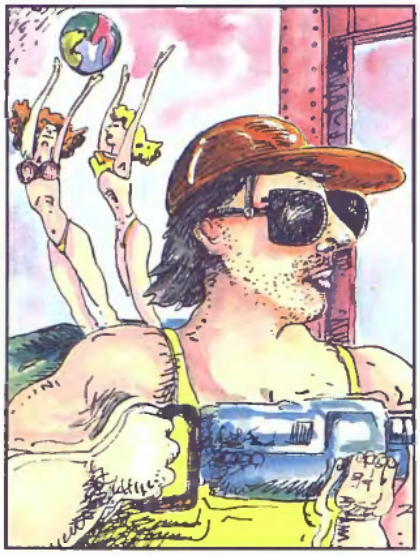
Entries must be postmarked by January 31, 1996. Mail your best stuff to Religious Right Name Game, *The Playboy Forum*, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. You can also fax entries to 312-951-2939 or e-mail them to forum@playboy.com.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE EYES HAVE IT

MINNEAPOLIS—*When a public works official circulated a memo instructing construction workers to keep their eyes on the*



road instead of on passing women, one paver endorsed the policy with enthusiasm: He festooned a downtown construction site with signs proclaiming it an "ogle-free" zone and drew a large pair of eyes on the back of his orange safety vest. Then he offered his own tongue-in-cheek interpretation of the city's new ban on "visual harassment": "Anything over nine seconds is considered ogling. Anything under nine seconds is just looking." His boss was not amused, noting that repeat offenders would be fired.

CYBERCENSORS

CINCINNATI—*Acting on complaints that a commercial computer bulletin board provided access to pornography, the sheriff's department seized $45,000 worth of hardware and threatened its owner with criminal prosecution. Board operator Bob Emerson has fired back with a lawsuit alleging violation of his First Amendment rights and claiming losses of $28,000 in monthly subscriber revenue. The suit notes that any sexually oriented material on the board was restricted to adult subscribers who first had to request access. In a surprise move, seven of the board's subscribers filed a precedent-setting class-action lawsuit against local authorities, contending that the seizure violated their rights to free speech and privacy, as well as the Electronic Communications Privacy Act. The plaintiffs state that only the allegedly obscene images should have been seized.*

TRASH TALK

DETROIT—*Michigan's court of appeals has ruled that a nun and an Operation Rescue spokeswoman who pulled documents out of an abortion clinic's garbage and then plastered the names of two teenage patients on posters during a protest in 1991 can be sued for invasion of privacy. Privacy laws do not always apply to garbage, but the appellate panel held that the teenagers had not consented to have their names made public. The court sent the case back to a lower court to decide if the protesters caused more than "mere insults, indignities, threats, annoyances or petty oppressions" to the girls, aged 14 and 18 at the time of the incident, who are seeking $350,000 in damages.*

RAP CAP

LOS ANGELES—*A new magazine, "Music Monitor," analyzes pop music for potentially offensive content. Founder Charlie Gilreath says he does not advocate censorship but hopes the publication will attract the support of parents' groups, religious organizations, educators and politicians by providing plot summaries of popular rock and rap songs. The tunes are graded by the amount of sex, violence and drug references they contain, and slang is translated (in case members of the older generation don't know that "bustin' a cap" means firing a gun).*

LOSER ALERT

OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE—*A small plane violated the airspace of a Department of Energy nuclear weapons plant with a low-level bombing run that showered the grounds with more than 100 sheets of pornographic photos of a female employee. The woman's ex-boyfriend was suspected in the attack.*

POOR RECEPTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that the FCC's efforts to prevent radio and TV stations from airing indecent programs during hours when children may be in the audience are constitutional. The decision came less than a month after the same court ordered the FCC to extend its ban from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M. The FCC can fine a station up to $10,000 for the transmission and up to $250,000 for continuing violations. Despite its ruling, the court said it found the FCC review process "troubling," especially because stations can receive notices about violations up to three years after a program airs. FCC Chairman Reed Hundt has also interpreted the ruling as a green light for his agency to regulate violent programming.*

SEX AND THE LAW

TORONTO—*The city council is pressing for the right to license street prostitutes and has asked the federal government for permission to do so, perhaps by creating a red-light district.*

FORT LAUDERDALE—*A federal judge has surprised a Florida hooker by agreeing to hear her legal challenge to state prostitution laws with arguments previously advanced in "Roe vs. Wade." In her suit, the woman argues that if the Constitution supports a woman's right to have an abortion, the same freedom should extend to other transactions involving her reproductive system. The woman, who calls herself Jane*

Roe II in court documents, argues that legally, prostitution compares favorably with abortion: It doesn't involve a fetus, the activity is pleasurable, and it is profitable for the woman.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

COMMON SENSE

I like Philip Howard's notions about cutting back on bureaucracy ("The Death of Common Sense," *The Playboy Forum*, September) by adding common sense to the process, but I find his vision somewhat naive. By suggesting that regulations governing small businesses can be reduced to a 12-page pamphlet, he seems to expect businesspeople, out of the goodness of their hearts, to look out for the safety and benefit of their workers and communities, even at the expense of profits. God tried that once (he called it the Ten Commandments) and look how well those guidelines are followed. To think that a vague regulation such as "Machinery and equipment shall be reasonably suited to the use intended in accord with industry standards" will eliminate red tape defies reason. It gives footholds for lawyers to spend many billable hours in court arguing what "reasonable" means or who sets "industry standards." My suspicion is that the federal books are thick with regulations (including the ridiculous few that everyone loves to note) because business owners, driven by greed, have shown they can't be trusted to do the right thing. Despite what Howard condones, there won't be any real change in this country until citizens start doing what they know is right instead of what they can get away with.

Richard Thompson
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A simple warning sticker on plastic buckets costs little and could alert parents of small children to a latent danger. Accusing the paralyzed bicyclist of stupidity misses the point: An owner's manual reinforces the fact that headlights prevent accidents, yet the bike is sold without one. Bicycle retailers now go over safety features and requirements before consummating a sale. Litigation creates an absurd and unsafe world? I think not. Petersen may lament the rules and regulations of modern society, but I doubt that he wants America to return to the days of maimed factory workers and polluted rivers. By holding reckless parties accountable for their behavior and forcing them to change their conduct, our civil justice system ensures a safer and healthier America.

Claude Wyle
New York, New York

The *Forum* interview with Philip Howard reminded me of another champion of everyday wisdom, Thomas Paine. In his 1776 pamphlet *Common Sense*, Paine argued that people shouldn't consider themselves to be the subject of laws but as citizens entitled to shape their own laws. Howard speaks of the power of simplicity, of how the Constitution and Bill of Rights proved flexible enough to sustain our democracy. But it was the Constitution's flexibility that created our bureaucratic republic and removed decision making from democratic common sense. He may rush to blame bureaucrats and regulators, but the rest of us who let decision drift away from us are equally to blame. Some people have proposed whittling the regulatory machine down by reverting rights back to smaller governing units, such as states or cities. Without an electorate willing to wrest control from bureaucratic experts, such plans will be doomed. When experts govern us, we revert to being subjects and not citizens. So, don't blame the regulators; we put them there.

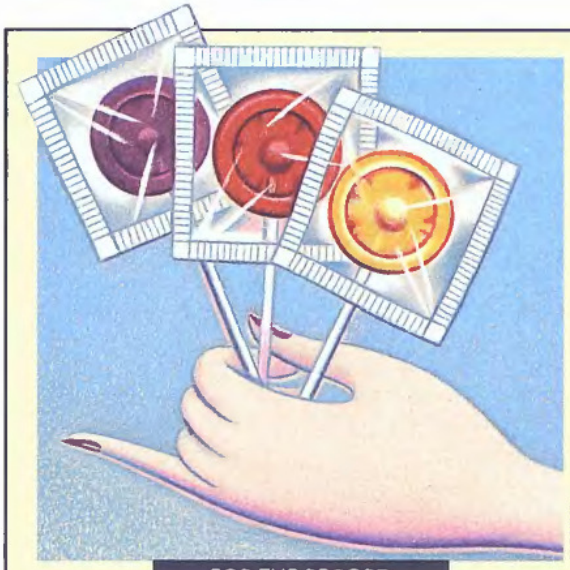
Tom Curtis
Chicago, Illinois

Philip Howard is dead on target in his analysis of bureaucratic entanglements and excess regulation. I especially like his ideas about the essential (nonintrusive) role government should play in assisting its citizens and encouraging common sense. I claim an especially seasoned perspective on this from the viewpoint of an armed services veteran. While I'm sure a lot of the red tape surrounding rules and regs for vets could be eliminated, until such time, some of your readers might want a little information in the interest of self-reliance. The National Veterans Legal Services Program publishes a *Self-Help Guide for Veterans of the Gulf War*. It's designed to be a working tool for the tens of thousands of Persian Gulf veterans suffering from illness as a result of their service. Topics covered are strategies for obtaining compensation and medical care, unique eligibility requirements, VA services and special self-help sections for active duty veterans. To receive a copy of the guide, send a $5 check or money order to NVLSP, Attn: PG1-ad, Drawer 17, Washington, D.C. 20055.

David Addlestone
Washington, D.C.

GENDER JUSTICE—PART II

In response to Armin A. Brott's "Be Gentle, Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, August): Our legal system is based on three derivatives: Roman law, English common law and—you guessed it—the



FOR THE RECORD

FRUIT OF THE LOIN

"Condoms don't belong to the taste buds."
—BISHOP JESUS VARELA, PROTESTING THE SALE OF STRAWBERRY-FLAVORED CONDOMS IN THE PHILIPPINES AFTER A GROUP CALLED COUPLES FOR CHRIST REQUESTED A BAN BY THE BUREAU OF FOOD AND DRUGS IN MANILA. UNDAUNTED BY THE RELIGIOUS OUTCRY, U.S.-BASED MANUFACTURER DKT INTERNATIONAL HAS PLANS FOR MINT AND CHOCOLATE MOCHA VARIETIES

RESPONSE

chivalric code. I suggest we take the chivalric code out of our legal system and give feminists real equality—not the selective equality that they currently enjoy.

Michael Peters
Redding, California

I have worked with families with abuse problems for years and nowhere do I see such an inequality of justice as in cases of domestic violence. Our office tends to deal with women and men in different ways, even though their problems are the same. Men who abuse their wives, girlfriends or children are kicked out, then prosecuted. Women who abuse their husbands, boyfriends or children are told that their spouses (or other extenuating circumstances) are responsible for their violent behavior, and they receive counseling. Our culture has a belief that motherhood is saintly and mothers can do little wrong. It would be helpful if leaders within the feminist movement would admit that women can be just as violent and uncontrollable as men. Then we could start dealing with the needs of an individual without regard to gender.

Tom Scott
Los Angeles, California

According to figures from the Bureau of Prisons and the Department of Education, the portion of our tax dollars that goes to support federal prisoners each year grows faster than any other federal expenditure. The Department of Justice's budget has grown 162 percent since the enactment of mandatory minimum sentences. Each day, we spend $3.4 million to guard, clothe, feed and house more than 60,000 drug-law violators. It costs more to send a person to prison for four years than it does to send them through a private university. Federal taxpayers spend more per year to incarcerate one inmate ($20,804) than we do to educate one child ($5,421). Can Armin Brott really be advocating more equality when it translates to more tax dollars skewed in the wrong direction?

Alicia Davis
Silver Spring, Maryland

OVERKILL

According to an article in *Roll Call*, the newsletter created for Congress by Congress, Representative Helen Chenoweth of Idaho recently distributed copies of "Overkill," James Bovard's account of the FBI assault on Idaho homesteader Randy Weaver (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Chenoweth stated that she had never read "a better, more compelling and utterly factual account" of the case, and urged fellow House members to read the magazine. Congratulations.

Bob Perry
Tempe, Arizona

First we learn the Supreme Court reads PLAYBOY *("What Sort of Judge," "The Playboy Forum," July). Now we find Congress reads the Forum. Our guess is Clinton looks at the pictures.*

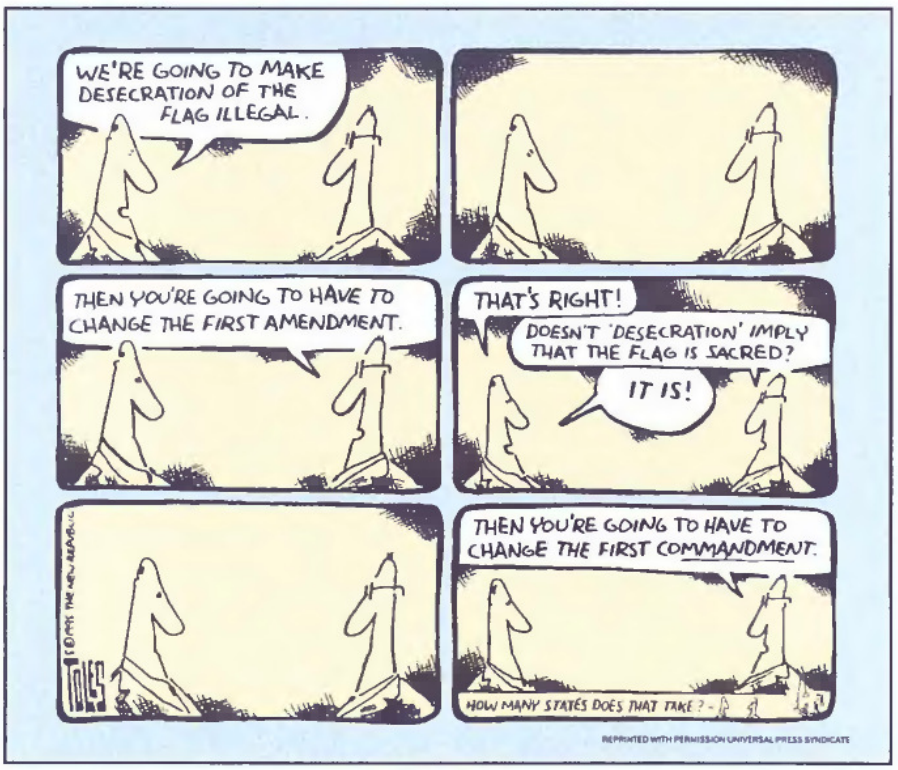
I'm sure you followed the Senate hearings on Ruby Ridge. Did you notice that the week sniper Lon Horiuchi was supposed to testify on his role in the killing of Vicki Weaver—and ended up taking the Fifth Amendment—the Justice Department announced it was investigating Calvin Klein for child pornography? Klein has used sex to attract our attention (and sell underwear). Now Janet Reno uses sex to distract our attention from a politically embarrassing moment. Both cases reflect government overkill. The feds disliked Weaver's politics and used snipers to take him out. Culture warlord Don Wildmon found the Calvin Klein ads offensive and used the Justice Department to employ character assassins. This was trial by press release, not law enforcement.

Nathaniel Bynner
Chicago, Illinois

Congratulations on scooping the world on the Ruby Ridge story. You might be interested in the media's explanation of why it had missed the story. *Washington Post* ombudsman Geneva Overholser wrote, "A number of callers have asked me: Why didn't the media make this picture of federal abuses clearer from the beginning? A big part of the answer is, the media couldn't. Law enforcement officials in this case, as in many, were virtually the only sources available." *Pravda*, anyone?

Deke Reynolds
Washington, D.C.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*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THE RIDICULOUS RIGHT

say it ain't so, barney

Where do they find these guys?

The Reverend Joseph Chambers, a Pentecostal minister from Charlotte, North Carolina, has decided that two beloved American figures are poster boys for depravity. We're speaking, of course, of Bert and Ernie.

"They're two grown men sharing a house—and a bedroom!" bellows Chambers, who has a radio ministry that broadcasts in four Southern states. "They share clothes. They eat and cook together. They vacation together and have effeminate characteristics. In one show, Bert teaches Ernie how to sew. In another they tend plants together. If this isn't meant to represent a homosexual union, I can't imagine what it's supposed to represent."

Chambers is also the author of *Barney: The Purple Messiah*—a tract that denounces the world's most insipid dinosaur as a tool of Satan and homosexuals. It's not just that Barney is purple (a clear sign of deviant sexuality); Chambers sees a greater threat: "Barney is much more than just a fun creature of kids' imaginations. He is a politically correct teacher of everything on the liberal left's agenda, from New Age evolution to radical ecology. To many children, Barney has become a guru of sorts. He teaches transcendental thought and mystical ideas. Nothing comes through Barney's teachings more clearly than the New Age idea of using our minds to create miracles. No one should deny that positive or negative thinking can tremendously affect our lives. But such powers are clearly physical and end with the normal experiences we enjoy. God alone is supernatural."

And here's the heavy stuff: "The idea of a séance is at the forefront of almost every *Barney* program. On one show Mother Goose talks to the children from one of her books. Led by Barney, the children commune with Mother Goose and conduct a séance to bring her to them. As they sing and dance their little ditty she—poof!—appears in their presence. The Bible calls that necromancy and says a person who participates in such behavior is an abomination unto the Lord. This kind of occult activity fills the *Barney* material. Conjuring someone up is certainly not kids' play."

It would all be funny if it weren't so fashionable among the religious right to attack PBS—home of Bert, Ernie and Barney—for sponsoring "anti-Christian" programming. They call it the culture war—Saturday morning cartoons versus Sunday morning sermons. Who will win the souls of our children? In Chambers' view, everything that happens outside of church is the work of Satan—including the antics of big puppets.

ROBERT MYERS

Chambers' most recent target is *The Lion King*, which he denounces as "the newest idolatry and witchcraft being pawned off on the children of America." Among other things, Chambers says, the animated movie promotes voodoo, necromancy (see *Barney*), astrology and ESP. Our other favorite religious dingbat, the Reverend Donald Wildmon, has joined the battle against Disney, claiming that two stars of *The Lion King*—Timon the meerkat and Pumbaa the warthog—are "the first homosexual Disney characters ever to come to the screen." Wildmon latched on to an interview with Ernie Sabella and Nathan Lane (the actors who provided voices for the cartoon characters) that ran in *The New York Times*. "Timon is a feisty little cheerful fellow," Lane says. "He and Pumbaa seem to have a very nice arrangement—though I couldn't say what the extent of their relationship is."

Sabella laughingly dismisses the suggestion, saying, "I know what Nathan says about them—these are the first homosexual Disney characters ever to come to the screen. You can call Timon a gay character. Just don't say he reminds you of Jackie Gleason."

And then there's the American Life League, a Virginia-based anti-abortion group. The league claims that clouds in *The Lion King* form the word sex over Simba's head, that the minister in *The Little Mermaid* has a hard-on and that a voice on the soundtrack of *Aladdin* urges, "Good teenagers, take off your clothes."

Finding Satan's hand in the world of entertainment is almost as old as religion. The Roman philosopher Tertullian condemned the "pleasures of the spectacle"—exhorting his fellow Christians to avoid wrestling, chariot racing, the circus, the theater and the show of gladiators. But our modern crusaders are fixated on art forms that are far less adult. That Chambers and Wildmon find deviance lurking behind a child's delight is not surprising. Their view of sexuality is a cartoon. We hear that Chambers' next target will be the incredibly decadent and morally mischevious Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. When will the ridiculous right grow up? —JAMES R. PETERSEN

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE FOREMAN

a candid conversation with the grand old man of heavyweight boxing—about aging and eating, punching and preaching, and still having the stuff of champions

No one—except George Foreman—reckoned he had a chance. In 1987 when he began his boxing comeback, Foreman said his mission was to recapture the heavyweight championship, which he had held between 1973 and 1974. Foreman was then 38 and weighed 315 pounds. If he wasn't joking about regaining the title, he certainly seemed to be kidding. Instead of appearing as the menacing mauler he had been during the early Seventies, Foreman came at the press—and his opponents—with a newly developed, self-deprecating sense of humor. He talked about his special seafood diet ("I eat everything I see"), confessed to an addiction to cheeseburgers and spoke fondly of his affinity for "roasts of beef, legs of lamb and porks of chop."

In the ring, his taste ran to a succession of tomato cans, fighters whose main talent was their ability to get knocked senseless. Foreman accommodated them, and in so doing proved that, though he had lost his waistline, he probably hadn't lost all of his punch. Unfortunately, he seemed to deliver his haymakers only slightly faster than the U.S. Postal Service delivers mail. Still, that didn't stop him from starching a nonstop series of stiffs. After four years on the comeback trail, Foreman had compiled a record of 24–0.

By then, big George had slimmed down to 267 pounds and had become master of what politicians consider the holy grail—the TV sound bite. To wit: After watching 210-pound heavyweight champ Evander Holyfield knock out an opponent, Foreman cracked, "My left foot weighs more than 210 pounds."

In a down period for boxing, with Mike Tyson in prison and with few other heavyweights of promise on the scene, Foreman had become boxing's biggest draw. In 1991 Holyfield gave him a shot at the heavyweight crown. The matchup appeared to be a mismatch, offering an easy victory for Holyfield. True, Holyfield clearly won on points—but Foreman rocked him in every round. When the decision was announced in Holyfield's favor, a packed crowd of more than 19,000 at Atlantic City's Convention Hall booed lustily. But Foreman had plenty to be thankful for: His cut of the pay-per-view bonanza came to a reported $12.5 million. To all appearances, Foreman's comeback had ended, and sportswriters waited for the announcement that he was hanging up his gloves for good.

Instead he resumed his odyssey, and stayed in the public eye. He became a boxing analyst for HBO, and ABC even gave him his own short-lived sitcom, "George."

Last November Foreman had another chance at the heavyweight crown. This time his opponent was Michael Moorer, a stylist who had wrested the title from Holyfield in April 1994. For nine rounds, Moorer peppered Foreman with jabs and an assortment of swift salvos. In the tenth, though, Foreman abruptly nailed Moorer with a right cross, and Moorer was down—and out. Foreman strode to his corner and fell to his knees in prayer. At 45—20 years after he had lost the title to Muhammad Ali—George Foreman had become the oldest heavyweight champion in boxing history. After Foreman's victory over Moorer, three heavyweight associations named Foreman champion: the International Boxing Federation, the World Boxing Association and the World Boxing Union. After controversies surrounding Foreman's choice of opponents, however, he now retains only the WBU championship belt.

Born in Marshall, Texas and reared in the toughest part of Houston, Foreman was one of four brothers and three sisters raised by their divorced mother. George was a tough kid who duked it out whenever the opportunity presented itself. At 16, he dropped out of high school and joined the Job Corps, where he was taught to be an electrician.

He also learned how to box. Less than two years after his first amateur bout, Foreman won a gold medal at the 1968 summer Olympics in Mexico City. He turned professional the next year, and in 1973 won the world heavyweight title by punching out Joe

"When I got back into boxing Don King thought I wanted a favor, and I told him, 'Listen, I made myself and I made you. Just stay out of my life.' He laughed and I told him, 'I will be champ of the world.'"

"Boxing's never been about who was the toughest. It's always been about: 'Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, see the bearded lady.' It's Barnum and Bailey—let's get under the tent. It's never been anything else."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM MURRAY

"Joe Frazier was the only guy I was afraid of. When I got into the ring with him, I was really scared. He would always keep coming. He had that look. When I beat him, I felt so proud. I thought, Man, I can beat anybody."

Frazier in round two of their Kingston, Jamaica clash. The following year Foreman was the odds-on favorite when he met Ali for their Rumble in the Jungle, a much-publicized face-off in Kinshasa, Zaire. For seven rounds, Ali employed his "rope-a-dope" defense, carefully covering up as Foreman trotted out every punch in his arsenal. But Ali's strategy won out: By the eighth round, Foreman was exhausted. Ali promptly knocked him out.

George Foreman was never the same after the Zaire defeat. In 1977, in his dressing room after dropping a decision to Jimmy Young, Foreman had a religious vision. He quit boxing that night and became an evangelist. For the next ten years he preached throughout the Southwest, as well as in the church he built in Houston. Convinced his fighting career had made him lose sight of important things—such as family—Foreman abandoned his boxing identity. He even changed his look, shaving his head and losing his trademark mustache.

But by 1987, money was running out. In an effort to earn enough to run the gym he had built for Houston youth, Foreman returned to the ring. This time, though, he acted as his own manager, which meant that every dollar he fought for ended up in his pocket. The decision paid off: In addition to regaining his title as champ, Foreman's ring earnings since coming out of retirement have totaled an estimated $75 million, making him the wealthiest boxer who ever lived.

To interview the world heavyweight champion, we dispatched **Lawrence Linderman** *to Foreman country in Houston. Linderman's 25-year history of interviews for* PLAYBOY *includes conversations with other boxing greats, among them Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. Here's Linderman's report.*

"George Foreman likes to laugh and loves to preach, and he can do the latter without sounding at all preachy. But that's his public facade. There's absolutely no way this 46-year-old (if you believe "Ring" magazine, Foreman is about to turn 48) could have climbed back into the heavyweight picture—let alone emerged with the title—without possessing the kind of overwhelmingly compulsive, competitive streak that's the mark of a champion.

"On TV, Foreman comes across as a sweet uncle, but in person he's a giant of a man. He is 6'3" tall and has long muscular arms and the biggest fists I've ever seen. I checked: They measure 13½" around.

"After we shook hands gently—every boxer I've ever met never forgets to protect his fingers—we retreated to an air-conditioned trailer parked close to the George Foreman Youth and Community Center. We spoke there for a short time before Foreman went into the gym to spar for a dozen rounds. Two days later we met again, 200 miles northeast in Marshall, Texas, where George had driven with his fifth wife, Mary, and several of his children (he has nine). He owns a brick house ten miles south of town, built atop a Texas-size spread—300 acres—where he raises Clydesdales and Tennessee walking horses, cows, chickens, ducks and geese.

"When I got there, Foreman, dressed in light warm-ups, was sitting on a swinging bench in front of the house. His youngest son, George V (the four other boys are also named George), came pedaling out from the garage on his tricycle, and zoomed up to us. Foreman introduced me to his boy, whom he calls Red. 'We call him Red for the stoplight—meaning no more children,' Foreman joked.

"When Red took off again, I sat down on a lawn chair and turned on my tape recorder, and we began our conversation."

PLAYBOY: When you began your boxing comeback eight years ago, you said you were tired of being known as the former heavyweight champion of the world. Now that you've regained the title, are you over your identity crisis?

FOREMAN: It's strange, but if you had traveled around with me from 1974 until last November, that's all you would have heard: "And here he is, ladies and gentlemen: the former heavyweight champion of the world, George Foreman." Now I'm introduced as the heavyweight champ, but that's almost frightening because I think, Is this a joke? I'm actually being called something other than the former champion? I keep expecting someone else to stand up. It's a pleasure, don't get me wrong, but it is kind of strange.

The first time I won the title I forgot about my family. I didn't care about anything but the title—I was married to it.

PLAYBOY: So you still haven't gotten used to it?

FOREMAN: Not this time around, no. The first time I became champ of the world, in 1973, I enjoyed it. As a youngster I figured I should have the title—that it belonged to me—so I took it, and nobody could keep it from me. But this time I tell myself, "Man, you sure got a blessing." I'm a little more humble.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FOREMAN: It's like, if you're in a race and you're leading the pack all the way and you win, it's no big deal; you're supposed to win. But if you come from behind—and I mean from way behind—and you get to the finish line first, you enjoy it a lot more. That's how I feel about winning the title again. I started from the back of the pack.

PLAYBOY: You left boxing in 1977. Did you miss the sport after you retired?

FOREMAN: Not at all. When I stopped I went into preaching—my evangelistic work—and I traveled. I didn't want to be a boxer anymore. I didn't even want to talk about boxing.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

FOREMAN: Because the first time I won the title I forgot about my family. I didn't care about anything but the title—I was married to it. But after I got out of that frame of mind, the fact that I had been a fighter actually became embarrassing to me. So I shaved off my mustache and the hair on my head, threw away all my flashy clothes—I got rid of everything. I didn't want to be known as an athlete, let alone a boxer. I found a new life, and for ten years I enjoyed it. I began to think I had wasted my time until then trying to achieve foolishness. All I could see in *that* George Foreman was a guy who was striving for some phantom thing that doesn't exist.

PLAYBOY: In a 1991 PLAYBOY *20 Questions*, you said you had returned to the ring not only to win the title but also to earn enough money to run the gym you had built for kids in Houston. Now that you've achieved your goals, tell us: Is there really any reason for you to continue fighting?

FOREMAN: My mother would put it this way: "The cat chases the rat. When he gets the rat, he plays with it a little bit."

PLAYBOY: In other words?

FOREMAN: In other words, I chased the title, I won it and I've played with it a little bit.

PLAYBOY: How much longer do you intend to keep playing, George?

FOREMAN: I will not box beyond this year.

PLAYBOY: You told us the same thing in 1991.

FOREMAN: It's true. I've said a lot of things like that before, but this time I really mean it. I'm just happy I was able to stretch out my boxing career this long and make it a long-term investment for what I could do the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: When you started your comeback, you certainly knew you had a chance to make money, but did you believe you would win the title again?

FOREMAN: I've said this throughout my life and I'll say it again: Every year in boxing, maybe a thousand heavyweights turn professional, but only one has it in his heart to be the champion. Some guys want a truck, a house, a car. When I made up my mind to get back into boxing, I said I wanted to become heavyweight champ of the world and make money. And I did it. I've always tried to pursue excellence.

I learned boxing early on from Dick Sadler, my original manager and trainer. He taught me how to fight and how to get in shape, and I've never forgotten that: Going to the gym, skipping rope, hitting the punching bags, sparring—I like all that. I never knew I appreciated

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it. After ten years, when I got back into the ring and started sparring again, I realized, "Hey, this is what I do. I like what I do."

PLAYBOY: When did you realize that you might be able to regain the title?

FOREMAN: First I had to look at myself. When I made my reentry into boxing, most people said, "Oh, he's old." But I never saw that. People also said, "Yeah, he's fat too." [*Laughs*] OK, that was true. But the point is, when I looked into the mirror I always saw a slim young man.

PLAYBOY: How did you swing that? Did you have trick mirrors installed in your training gym?

FOREMAN: I'm telling you that's all I could see—a slim young man. In the morning newspaper I'd read, "This guy should leave it alone, he's too old." But when I'd look in the mirror, I'd see a fresh youngster. And that would propel me to run ten miles, to go to the gym and hit the bags for an hour, skip rope, maybe box 17 rounds with four or five guys. I couldn't see the guy the reporters saw because I don't respond to anything negative. For instance, if someone says, "George, your jab is too slow," I can't hear that. But if someone says, "I'm going to show you how to make your jab faster"—great! I can't digest anything unless it's positive.

PLAYBOY: When you compare yourself now with the boxer you were in the Seventies, how do you rate?

FOREMAN: I'm a better fighter today than I was then.

PLAYBOY: Seriously? In what way?

FOREMAN: The first time around I was like a windup doll. I'd do whatever my trainers told me to do. I was a slugger. This time around I've perfected my profession. I've got the skills now, and I'm able to face opponents with waves that just keep coming, one after another. I know exactly what I'm doing. I know how to fight offensively and I know how to fight defensively. I know what I can do to whip the other guy, and what whips me. If a guy stays away from my right all night, great, I'm prepared for that. If he stays away from my left all night, I'm prepared for that, too.

PLAYBOY: You just said you know what beats you. Care to tell us?

FOREMAN: What gets me now is the pitiful look a guy gives me after I hit him a couple of times. Oh, man. And being in a ring with kids who are young enough to be my sons sometimes gets me to the point where I say, "Take it easy on the baby." That's a disadvantage for me, and I've fought only one boxer who really understood that.

PLAYBOY: Who was that?

FOREMAN: Tommy Morrison, who fought me on pay-per-view TV for the WBO title. Before that fight, every time we were together at a press conference, he called me Mr. Foreman. He never pouted or smarted off to me. When the bout started, he ran a little bit and I threw jabs. In the last round I finally hit him with a good right hand—boom!—and he fell on my chest. I told myself, "Now shake him off and finish him." Then I looked back in his corner and told myself, "I'm not going to do it. He's made it through 12 rounds, and I've got a decision won. I'm not going to go crazy and knock this kid out." And I didn't, but the judges gave him the decision.

Morrison's presence before the fight was what you would call a good tactical move: He totally respected me. He treated me like good old Uncle George. Now, how am I going to hurt a kid I like? Morrison was so nice to me that I let him off the hook. I really did. It wasn't so smart on my part—anybody who wants to be a champion has to win.

PLAYBOY: Nice story, Uncle George, but Morrison kept his distance from you throughout the fight. Even though you stalked him, you didn't seem too concerned about not catching up with him. How did that experience affect the way you fought Michael Moorer a year ago for the heavyweight title?

FOREMAN: I felt the same way when I fought Moorer. I had in my mind, "Oh, he's just a kid." I knew I wasn't going to hit Michael Moorer with five punches in a row—boom, boom, boom, boom, boom! I just wasn't going to do that. I had to be more precise with him: whop, pop and down!

PLAYBOY: You were able to do just that.

FOREMAN: Right, because I'm quicker today than I've ever been. After I beat him, I read an interview with Moorer in which he said, "I don't know what happened. George hit me, and just before I was going to hit him, he hit me again. He's a quick man." But who will ever read that? It's up to me to keep that camouflaged. I've got to keep it from the announcers.

PLAYBOY: Your secret is safe with us. One thing we've noticed is that you seem much more mellow in the ring than you used to be. Any particular reason?

FOREMAN: When I was young I wanted to intimidate guys. I'd stare them in the face and get them scared and all that stuff. But the old saying "It's not winning that counts but how you play the game" has meant a lot to me this time around. I didn't want to get back into this business to scare the whole world, to frighten guys, psych them out, all that stuff. I didn't want to act like a schizophrenic, with one personality in the ring and another outside it. I wanted to be one kind of guy: What you see is what you get.

So I don't try to scare guys; I'm their friend. I'm boxing them and trying to win, but there's never a punch thrown in anger. I'm natural and I'm relaxed, and I let the other guy get natural and relaxed, too. And may the best man win.

PLAYBOY: And you haven't seen any falloff in your abilities?

FOREMAN: No, I do everything better. There was a time when I would move in the ring and move and move. Now, I know why I'm moving, moving, moving. And I can wear out a fighter's sight.

PLAYBOY: Come again?

FOREMAN: When I move to a guy's right, it's not about moving, it's about getting his eyes and his brain to follow me in that direction. When I stop, his brain keeps going in that direction, and that's when I can get my shot in. See, I'm better now because I know why I'm doing certain things.

PLAYBOY: You were 38 when you began your comeback. Did you have a timetable as to how long you'd have to wait for that title fight to come your way?

FOREMAN: Yeah. When I first turned pro in 1969, Dick Sadler said, "Young man, it's going to take three and a half years before you're ready to fight for the title." Three and a half years later, I was ready for Joe Frazier. But when you get to be 39 or 40, people say, "You'd better hurry up and do it." Well, I never forgot what Sadler taught me, and I always thought that if I made the sacrifice and took the time to perfect my boxing, I could do it again. And three and a half years after I started my comeback, I got my shot at Evander Holyfield. Not only did I go 12 rounds in that fight, I also had Holyfield holding on in the last round. When that happened I thought, If they don't give me this decision, then I'll know that I should have gone for the knockout in the later rounds.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you?

FOREMAN: To be honest, it goes back to my knockout of Gerry Cooney. That had bugged me for a long time. People would show the knockout on film, and I didn't like that—it wasn't the way I wanted to be remembered.

PLAYBOY: What didn't you like about the Cooney KO—your ferocity?

FOREMAN: Yeah. I just went off on him. But Cooney had hurt me and I wanted to get it over with. He hit harder than any guy I'd fought since starting my comeback, and I realized I couldn't play around in there. I had to finish him.

PLAYBOY: But?

FOREMAN: But it didn't look right. So when I fought Holyfield, I was still under that Cooney influence. I wanted a clean knockout, and none of this hammering and hammering, with the guy crashing to the floor and all that. I hit Holyfield with a good right hand in the last round and staggered him, and then I tried to be real cool with it. I wasn't going to go after him with the bang-bang-bang anymore. I tried to knock him out with one shot and be done with it. But I wasn't able to do that. He almost went, and when he started holding on to me I should have pushed him away and gone crazy on him. But I'm not going to have film like that of me again. I didn't get

HUH?

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January 27 on espn2.

him with the clean stuff and I wasn't going to go after him with the raggedy stuff. If I couldn't drop him with one punch, I didn't want a knockout.

PLAYBOY: Even if that meant losing by a decision?

FOREMAN: Well, I have bad habits as a fighter, and probably the worst of them is that I relax in the ring and play around too much. I get satisfaction in beating a guy at certain things the crowd and the judges can't see, even though I know I got the guy whipped. I'll just play with him—I'll get in under his jab, jab him as soon as he tries to touch me, fake him, scare him off, make him look to his corner for help. That's my habit, but I lose fights on points.

I think jazz has found itself in the same predicament, because musicians sometimes play just to satisfy themselves and they forget all about the audience. After the Holyfield fight I told myself, "Look, you can go out there and enjoy yourself, but the next time you fight for the title you're going to have to get a knockout." And last November, I did that against Michael Moorer. I knew I'd need a knockout to beat him.

PLAYBOY: Most boxing observers believe that you are just hanging around waiting to fight Mike Tyson in a bout that could earn you a minimum of $20 million. True?

FOREMAN: Not really. Tyson would have been important to me when he was heavyweight champ of the world. Or when I was broke. I could have made some money and been the titleholder.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Tyson?

FOREMAN: He's a kid who has to get his life together. His sole purpose in life now should be to enjoy his freedom—to go down to the corner store and buy Fritos and have a refrigerator he can go to all night. If he wants to fight me he is welcome to do so. But he has to do it this year, because I will not box beyond 1995. And I will not say, "OK, Mike Tyson, wanna fight?" I won't do that. Not interested. He'll have to call me and say, "Look, George, I want to fight for the title. Work out the details." I'll say great. But if he calls me and says, "Work out the details with Don King," he won't get even a conversation out of me.

PLAYBOY: What do you have against Don King?

FOREMAN: In 1973 he came to me crying, "George, I need your help, man. They won't give me a chance to be a promoter—they're discriminating against me." He begged and pleaded, so I let him in boxing. I gave him the chance to promote the Muhammad Ali–George Foreman fight. After I lost the title, King worked with Muhammad, and when Muhammad dropped him I picked him up because he was still trying to do his best. I let him negotiate a big contract for me with ABC, and with that he was able to stage a championship tournament and then have a big-time career as a promoter. I gave him his chance. Then a couple of years later, when I was out of boxing, I tried to call him and he wouldn't even answer my calls. His secretary said, "Look, Don is busy. We have things to do." Not only did he not take my calls, he also offended me by having his secretary tell me not to call anymore. That's what I have against Don King.

When I got back into boxing, he thought I wanted a favor, and I told him, "Listen, I made myself the first time and I actually made you. I don't need you to repay any favors. Just stay out of my life." I said, "I'll be champ of the world again." He laughed at me and I told him, "I will be champ of the world." After that, King did nothing but try to take my name out of the ratings of heavyweight contenders. So what will he do to Mike Tyson? Tyson should leave him alone. When Tyson looks in the mirror, he should see me, George Foreman. I love Don King, but he's not a nice guy. He's strictly a creature of the flesh. Is that enough about Don King?

PLAYBOY: Let's stick with Tyson for a minute. What's your assessment of his skills?

FOREMAN: When Tyson won the title, he was young and had the style, size and energy to be champion of the world. But as you get older you lose a bit of this and that. When Tyson became less daring, he started getting whipped some. He'll never be able to get back what he had because he will never be 19 years old again. If Tyson wants to recapture any of what he had, he will have to get with his original trainer, Kevin Rooney, who furthered the Cus D'Amato style that Tyson used. If he doesn't get back with Rooney, it will take him three years to learn another style. He can do that and become champ again, but he won't be able to start on top. He'll have to start from the bottom. That's my assessment of his skills today.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted as saying that Tyson's day has come and gone. Do you really believe that?

FOREMAN: It has. When he lost to Buster Douglas, I said, "Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall. All Don King's horses and all Don King's men will never be able to put him back together again." That's Mike Tyson.

PLAYBOY: Tyson is smaller than most of the top heavyweights now fighting. Do you think that works against him?

FOREMAN: Boxing has never been about size; it has always been the art of self-defense. Heavyweights who might be a little smaller than their opponents are supposed to find a way to beat tougher, bigger men. To take the full effect of this sport, you're almost supposed to be a little smaller than the guy you're fighting. Boxing wasn't created so bears could

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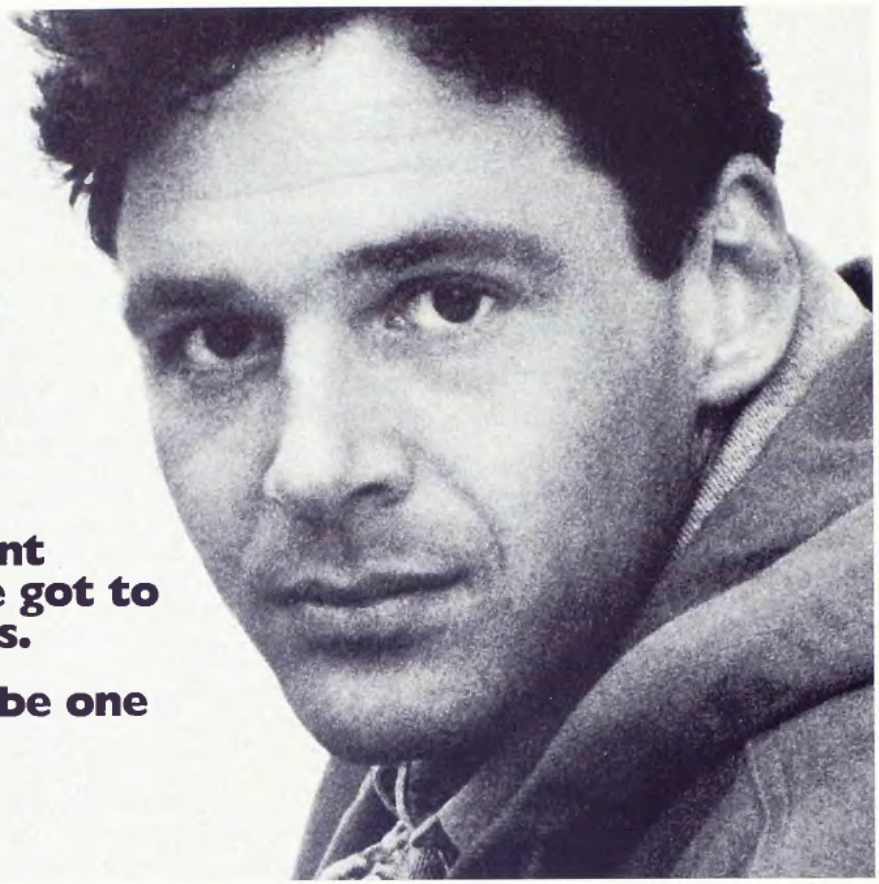

There comes a point in life when you've got to accept a few things.

Hair loss may not be one of them.

As you get older, there's a lot you've got to accept. But hair loss—why? With all the options available, you don't necessarily have to accept it anymore. But what if toupees, weaves or transplants aren't your style? What if only *regrowing* your own natural hair will do?

Find out about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%) right now. For male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair. And taking the first step couldn't be easier. Just call us. We'll have a free Information Kit in the mail to you within 24 hours.

How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage. Having even a little more hair might make a difference in how you wear and style your hair.

Best of all, if you respond to treatment with *Rogaine*, the change is gradual. Since natural hair grows slowly, over time, you won't get the immediate change in your appearance – or the unwanted attention – of a toupee or a hair weave.

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those on the placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

The facts are free. Plus we'll send you a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

So why act like there's nothing you can do about your hair loss? Call **1-800-531-1070** right now and ask for your confidential free Information Kit. We'll get it in the mail to you immediately. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine*,** we'll also include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a $10 incentive to visit a doctor soon. It's something you *can* accept... with our compliments.

Call now for your Free Information Kit and a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

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Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

See next page for important additional information.

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Rogaine TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 56% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. A temporary increase in hair shedding may occur 2 to 6 weeks after starting treatment with ROGAINE as some hair follicles shift from the resting phase to the growth phase (as new hair growth begins, old hairs are released). An increase in shedding should not last more than a few weeks. If it does, your physician will need to rule out other causes. Successful hair regrowth can only be evaluated after continuous, twice-daily treatment for 4 months or longer.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into those areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.
Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis – 7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis – 7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting – 4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness – 3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendonitis, aches and pains – 2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases – 1.93%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity – 1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain – 1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo – 1.11%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching – 0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis – 0.83%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms – 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue – 0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia – 0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema, hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth), local erythema (redness), pruritus (itching), dry skin/scalp flaking, sexual dysfunction, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity), increase in hair loss, and alopecia (hair loss).

Can ROGAINE Topical Solution cause unwanted hair growth?
Facial hair growth has been reported with the use of ROGAINE, particularly by women. The cause is unknown but may be related to continuous, unintentional exposure of the face to the medicine or to hair follicles on the face that are extremely sensitive to very low levels of medicine absorbed from the scalp. To minimize the chances of hair growth on the forehead or temples, wash your hands after applying ROGAINE and be careful not to transfer the medicine from your scalp to other parts of your body.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down, a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA C8-6-5

attack deer, if you know what I mean.

PLAYBOY: We take it you see yourself as a bear?

FOREMAN: That's true, but when I made my comeback I had to combine both animals. I mean, I had to be a bear, but I also had to have the temperament of a deer to make these guys attack me.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

FOREMAN: When I fought Michael Moorer for the title, I thought, How in the world, in my wildest imagination, can I convince him to stand in front of me? You look at Moorer, you look at George Foreman—how do I convince a kid like that to slug it out with me? I had to make him see a deer. Even more, I had to create the illusion that a deer could actually whip a bear. Finally, this foolish deer went out and attacked the bear. And the bear licked his chops. The media helped me by saying, "Foreman's old, he's fat, he's out of shape." So that was my illusion, and I tricked everybody.

PLAYBOY: How did you trick Moorer once the fight got under way?

FOREMAN: I jabbed him a lot and held back my power. You see, if I had hit him real hard and knocked him down and he got up, he was going to run. And if he ran for 12 rounds, they would have given him the decision—they did that with Holyfield. So in every picture of the Moorer fight, you'll notice I have my hands up to protect myself. But what do I have to protect myself from? Nothing. And there's nothing for me to hide from, either. I'm what people hide from. You understand?

But I had to give Moorer the illusion that he had nothing to worry about. That's what you have to do in the wild when you want to eat: You have to act tame, especially when you can't run and catch what you're hunting for.

PLAYBOY: So in other words, you were playing possum with Moorer?

FOREMAN: Yes, and he fell for it. It was like in my favorite poem, by Mary Howitt:

> "Would you walk into my parlor?"
> said the spider to the fly.
> "It's the prettiest little parlor that
> you ever did spy.
> "The way into my parlor is up a
> winding stair.
> "And I've got many curious things
> to show when you are there."
> "Oh no," said the fly. "To ask me
> is in vain
> "For who goes up your winding
> stairs will never come down again."

That means I have to try something else:

> "I'm sure you must be weary,
> dear, from soaring up so high.
> "Won't you rest upon my bed?"
> said the spider to the fly.

PLAYBOY: And this tells us?

FOREMAN: This tells us that you've got to keep it up until you get the fly inside—and then boom-boom! [*Foreman throws a left-right combination in the air.*] You got him! I've always had to do that, starting when I was a little kid.

PLAYBOY: You've always suckered guys into fights with you?

FOREMAN: No, that's not what I mean. I was a big baby and the other kids' parents didn't want them to play with me because they thought, Oh, he's going to hurt my child. But I needed to play and, of course, I needed kids to play with. So I did what I had to do. Other little kids would come around and I'd let them get me into wrestling holds, and I'd go, "Ahh!" and then fall down and say, "Don't hurt me anymore." You see, I needed to play the next day, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you really do that?

FOREMAN: Yeah. When I was a teenager I also wanted to play basketball, and I'd bump a lot of the kids I played against. I'd go in for a layup, and after a while they'd all move out of the way and let me have the shot. But soon I noticed that they no longer wanted me to play with them. So I began missing a lot of shots. Then most of the kids would say, "OK, let him play again."

I've had to pick my winning spots all through my life. I knew that when I got out there with Michael Moorer, I had to be old. I had to be everything the writers said I was before I could get him to stand in front of me.

PLAYBOY: Are you telling us that you actually planned to let Moorer pile up a commanding lead before you went for a knockout late in the fight?

FOREMAN: Well, before the bout my intentions were to knock Moorer down three times—quick—in the first or second round, and get a knockout through the three-knockdown rule. But just before the fight started, the referee came back to my dressing room and told me that the three-knockdown rule had been waived. I didn't know about that, because I hadn't gone to the rules meeting. And I was shocked.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FOREMAN: Because I don't want to hurt any of these young kids. If I couldn't get the three-knockdown rule, it meant I was going to have to hit him and hit him and hit him until I knocked him down and he stayed down. That was not an easy decision for me to make, because I like these young fellas.

Also, I knew that if I tried for an early knockout, he would run from me for the rest of the fight. So I had to keep jabbing. Finally, in the tenth round, he didn't have any juice left because I'd drained him with my jab. It was like he was thinking, I've got to stand here, what else can I do? That's when I caught him with a left and right combination and—boom!—that was it.

PLAYBOY: We know that before he came out for the tenth round, Moorer was told by his corner to stay away from you. Why didn't he?

FOREMAN: Once you're in the spider's web, you don't need anyone to tell you what to do, because it's too late. Moorer let me jab him for nine rounds, and those punches took their toll. It was too late for him to run. Too late.

PLAYBOY: Teddy Atlas, Moorer's trainer, warned him that you would be dangerous—he feels you never got over losing your title to Muhammad Ali. Atlas said you know you quit in that fight. Did you quit?

FOREMAN: It's hard to comment on what he's talking about, but I remember what happened in Zaire in 1974. Muhammad knocked me down, and I remember looking up and waiting for Dick Sadler to tell me to get up. When you get knocked down, your corner tells you when to get up—you're not supposed to do that yourself. But Sadler told me to stay down. Then, when he yelled, "Get up!" I jumped up right quick, but the referee told me the fight was over.

PLAYBOY: Were you crushed by that?

FOREMAN: Yes, but not because I believed I was going to jump up and win. I figured if I got up, I could get knocked down again—but I could live with being beat up. I could not live with the knowledge that I didn't get a chance to give my all. While the referee was counting, I was thinking that Ali was going to rush in and try to finish me. That was OK with me because every time I went after him, he covered up and made me throw myself away—he wouldn't mix it up. And I do believe that if Ali had tried to mix it up with me, I would have caught him, because I believe in my punch.

For months after the fight, I lived in agony and blamed myself. I said to myself, "You didn't even die. If you're going to lose, at least get killed." I couldn't live with myself because I hadn't given 100 percent. And 100 percent for me at that time would have been dying in the ring.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to get over the Ali fight?

FOREMAN: It wasn't until 1976, when I fought Ron Lyle at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. I made up my mind before that fight that the only way to count me out would be if I needed a stretcher, because I'd already used every excuse for losing the Ali fight. Well, Lyle hit me hard and knocked me down—you'd be surprised how quick you can think when you're knocked down and waiting to get up—and I remember thinking, Here I am on this canvas, and I'm not dead. I'm not going to wait for the count. I'm jumping up because I can't tell people about a short count this time. Even if he knocks me down again, he hasn't killed me. And I jumped up and got right back into it, thinking, Let him kill me. Before the

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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GUYS WON'T ASK "WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WEARING, HONEY?"

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fight was over, I had knocked Lyle down, and he had knocked me down again. We had each other rocking and rolling. In the sixth round Lyle just passed out and my life came back to me. I could live with myself again.

PLAYBOY: Ali had outfoxed you by using his rope-a-dope defense. If you could have changed the way you fought him, what would you have done differently?

FOREMAN: The biggest mistake I made was not recognizing that Ali was the most intelligent, pure boxer I'd ever fought. He knew, like I know now, that you have to fight not only with your physical strength but with your brainpower as well. And he was the only fighter I ran into who knew that.

I was going to be a puncher until I died. I exploded on guys, and not everybody could do that. Muhammad knew that about me. That's why he covered up, lay on the ropes and let the dope throw his explosives. But every guy I'd fought had tried to do the same thing—survive—and I'd been getting them all, so I wasn't worried. Before that, it was always me running after every guy I fought, just wasting my muscle power and my strength. I finally told myself, "Aha, I am explosive. I've got to find a way to distribute my explosiveness over 12 rounds." That's what I have now.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe, as most people do, that Ali's Parkinson's disease is in some way related to the many blows to the head he took over the years?

FOREMAN: No, I think Muhammad has always had something wrong with him. And his nonstop talking when he was younger was a symptom of it.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

FOREMAN: Ali would go on and on and on and on, and after maybe five hours of this, at about three in the morning, his friends and family would leave the room. They would come back a few hours later, and he would still be going. Muhammad could go on like that for nights and days. Ask some of the people who knew him then and they'll tell you: This guy would start talking at, say, ten o'clock at night, and it would be six in the morning before he'd stop. He had only a few faithful friends who would sit there and endure this. And he never had anything new to say. Same things over and over.

PLAYBOY: Was listening part of the duties of the people who worked for him?

FOREMAN: Yes, they sat there and listened. And nobody ever said, "Hey, there's something wrong with Muhammad." He wasn't crazy or anything. There was just something wrong with him that he couldn't control. Maybe if someone had paid attention and corrected it then, it wouldn't have gotten to where it is today. The way Muhammad can't function now was the way he overfunctioned back then. I see now that it was there all the time.

PLAYBOY: Are there moments when he's like the old Ali?

FOREMAN: Certainly, he's still sharp. And if you're real nice to him he'll even do that shuffle—and it'll still look like his feet aren't moving off the floor. He's still got it. He'll entertain you and he'll joke, but then the symptoms take over and he can't speak much. He's a beautiful guy and you love to be around him, but he hasn't just gotten sick. It has always been there.

PLAYBOY: Recently, superfeatherweight boxer Jimmy Garcia died of brain injuries sustained during a bout, and not long before that middleweight Gerald McClellan almost died after a bout in London. England is now debating whether it will ban boxing altogether, an idea that has also met with some favor in the U.S. Do you think boxing will eventually become a thing of the past?

FOREMAN: There will never—and everybody had better understand this—be an end to professional boxing. It's like saying, "We're going to outlaw earthquakes and hurricanes." It's not possible. I don't care what legislation is passed, there will always be earthquakes and hurricanes—they come with nature. Well, boxing

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comes with mankind—it's our nature. You can legislate all you want. You can stop it and knock it down, but you can't knock it out. Boxing is the granddaddy of all sports—including chess. A good chess player goes for the knockout; he goes for the finish. But he gets there from the actual boom-boom! of boxing. Man-to-man. That's it.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think boxing will come close to being abolished?

FOREMAN: You can try to fight it, but you can't erase it. What all the intellectuals and doctors don't understand is that, while they're bickering and trying to outlaw our sport, we're getting killed. Boxers are dying. Why don't they put their energy toward our safety? Give us headgear, mats, gloves—give us something. Since you can't outlaw us, make us safer. Or, until you outlaw us, are you going to let us die? Keep us alive, please.

But even if you outlaw it, men will still be boxing in the fields somewhere. And before you know it, the arenas will get bigger, and then you'll start paying the police to make sure they don't arrest the fighters. Then you'll pay the judges and pay the lawyers and even pay the doctors again. But before all that happens, give us some safety.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. Many fight fans feel that most of the current top heavyweights don't measure up to their Seventies predecessors—who include, among others, Ali, Joe Frazier, Larry Holmes, Ken Norton and the young George Foreman. Do you share that view?

FOREMAN: Well, that's nice to say, but basically it comes from old guys, and old guys always want to think that yesterday was better. That's one thing I've tried to refrain from: going back into the past. Let the past be where it is, and let today speak for itself. I like to compliment the past, of course, but the guys who were fighting then could not dance to the rhythms of today's boxers, and you can't compare the two. This is a whole other deal here, and you have to get in it to appreciate it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think any current heavyweights could have beaten you when you were in your 20s?

FOREMAN: Boxing has never been about who is the toughest. It's always been about: "Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the bearded lady." Or the fattest lady, or the tallest man. It's Barnum and Bailey—let's get in under the tent—and it's never been anything else. It's writers telling us things that will make us want to watch a fight. Muhammad was the Louisville Lip, Sonny Liston was the Bear—writers created these things and made them real for people.

PLAYBOY: How could writers have helped your comeback? Before your title fights with Holyfield and Moorer, sportswriters throughout the country all predicted

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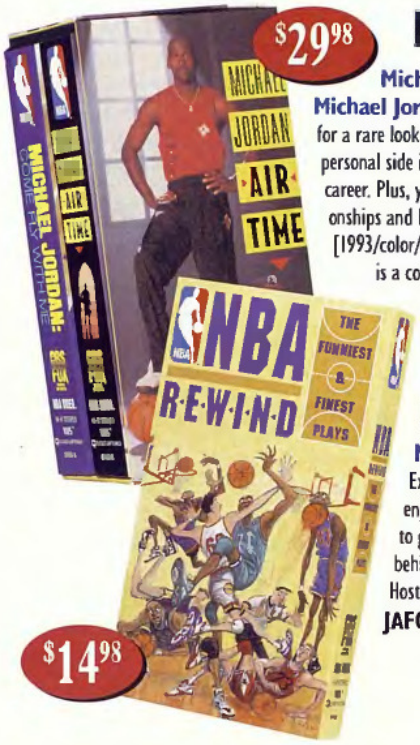

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GIRLS WILL ASK "WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WEARING, HONEY?"

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that the bouts would be travesties.

FOREMAN: There you go. You just said the magic word: all. There was so much stuff about me in the newspapers before the Holyfield fight. "It shouldn't take place," big articles, writers showing off their style, everybody reading every word of it. It made the fight. I even jumped on the bandwagon because, as I've learned, you never go against the writers. Ride the wave, and they'll take you there. I got the writers talking so much before the Holyfield fight that, do you know what happened? We broke the pay-per-view TV record.

PLAYBOY: Yet wasn't it a little painful for you to read that you were fat and over the hill?

FOREMAN: It's not painful if you have a family to feed. It's painful if you're living just on ego—but, hey, what if I came home with an ego and nothing else? What if I came home and my nine kids were sitting at the table, and all I had were two shotgun shells and an excuse: "It wasn't my fault we got nothing to eat. I had one shot at a rabbit, but it jumped out of the way." The kids are still going to sit there hungry. They can't eat excuses. I realized, "Hey, I have to feed these kids. I can't go out with just an ego. I've got to go out with an appetite and feed my family." So I've learned to ride with the media. Go with them and you can go a long way.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wonder why you weren't this popular the first time around?

FOREMAN: I know why: I hated it the first time around. I'm going to tell you how ignorant I was when I won my first heavyweight title. I remember seeing a group of boxing writers in Jamaica. Then I went to Tokyo to fight again, and then to Caracas for another fight, and these same guys were there to ask me questions. This may sound strange, but I thought they were following me around just to mess with me. I had no idea that they all had jobs. A certain amount of ignorance goes with being a young champion, because you dedicate everything to winning and don't look around and check everything out. If I had known these guys were newspapermen doing their jobs, I could have been as popular as Muhammad Ali.

PLAYBOY: It's certainly true that you've been known to charm the media better than any athlete since Ali.

FOREMAN: That's because I'm aware of how people do their jobs. Look, I will die knowing this: Writers create personalities, and then television and movies cash in on those personalities. When TV and movies get tired of them, it's back to the writers again. You watch. You'll see guys such as Eddie Murphy going to press luncheons again because the studios have told them, "Hey, man, you have to create some press."

PLAYBOY: You've not only created some press, you've also created a character: the cuddly heavyweight champ people love to love. Is there a time when the pixieish Foreman of television commercials isn't necessarily so cordial and accessible to everyone?

FOREMAN: Well, that's why you have to surround yourself with the right people. For example, after the Holyfield fight, I remember saying to my wife, Mary, "All I want now is pancakes with bacon and sausage from the International House of Pancakes." We found one on Westheimer Avenue in Houston, and when we were seated and I got ready to eat, some guys came over and asked for my autograph. I told them, "When I finish eating." My wife leaned over to me and said, "You know, you're always out there smiling and being nice to everybody. Now unless you don't mean it, don't put these people off." I told her, "I mean it." So I called the guys back to our table and started eating with one hand and signing autographs with the other. I am what I am, and I don't want people thinking I'm nice to them just to get them into the tent. I like people. I really get a kick out of them.

Liston treated people tough, and I thought that was the way you ought to act when you got to be a big-timer.

PLAYBOY: You obviously enjoy all the attention you get, but do you ever long for some privacy?

FOREMAN: No. Look, I had ten years when nobody knew who I was. Now when I sit on an airplane, the stewardess will tell me to come up front where there's a bigger seat. People will give me the bigger piece of meat at the butcher shop.

PLAYBOY: That's just what you need, George: a bigger piece of meat.

FOREMAN: Aha! [*Laughs*] But do you understand? For ten years I was out of boxing, and nobody knew who I was. One time I went to the Summit Arena to see [then Houston Rocket] Ralph Sampson play, and a guy spotted me and yelled, "Hey, man!" I was so happy. He said, "I know who you are—William 'the Refrigerator' Perry." That's as close as I came to getting some recognition. So now when people see me and want my autograph, I love it.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a change from the young George Foreman, who clearly wasn't interested in cozying up to the public.

FOREMAN: Well, I was kind of a crude guy, because my image of a boxer was Sonny Liston.

PLAYBOY: Why Liston?

FOREMAN: He was my stablemate and role model. Before the Olympics in 1968, I needed someone to spar with, and Dick Sadler—who I met through Doc Broadus, my trainer in the Job Corps—was training Sonny Liston. Liston needed a sparring partner, too, so I sparred with him. He treated people tough, and I thought that was the way you ought to act when you got to be a big-timer. I didn't know any better.

My other role model was [football player] Jim Brown, who was known to sling people out of windows. I wanted to be like my heroes. I didn't want to go around giggling all the time. I figured I was going to be a tough cookie.

PLAYBOY: Did you get along well with Sonny Liston?

FOREMAN: He became one of my best friends. The main thing I discovered about Liston was that he was illiterate, and a lot of his problems—and a lot of the airs he put on—were just his attempt to conceal that. One day I wanted him to read something, not knowing that he couldn't, and he told me to get that blankety-blank book out of his face. Sadler came up to me and said, "The big man didn't mean any harm. He just can't read." At first I was on the outs with Liston because of that, but then we got closer.

PLAYBOY: Boxing insiders have always believed that Liston tanked his two title fights with Ali. Did he ever level with you about what really happened?

FOREMAN: One day I took a walk with him and he explained what happened. He said, "You know, George, when I got to be heavyweight champ of the world, everybody looked at me funny, like, 'What are you doing with the title?' Like I was trash. So when I fought Cassius Clay and they said, 'Why didn't you win? You should have won,' I knew I should have won." Liston wanted to be champ of the world so much—he thought it would give him something. Yet when he won the title, so many people said, "What are you doing here?" that it hurt him. So he figured, "Hey, forget it. I'm not gonna fight for them, I'm not gonna win nothing. So I get knocked down—what am I going to get up for?"

The average person would never understand how a big boxer could be that sensitive. He didn't enjoy being the champ and he was looking for a way to get out of it. And he took it.

PLAYBOY: By way of those two strange losses at the hands of Ali?

FOREMAN: Yeah. And he didn't do it for the Mob or to make more money. Liston

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was hurting. But when he realized how much money was involved, he made a comeback. One day he said, "George, you want to be champ of the world, huh?" I was in the dressing room, before sparring, and I said, "Yeah, man. What do you think?" I thought I was going to get some magnificent advice, but Liston said, "When you get to be champ of the world, if you spit on the sidewalk they'll write about it in the newspaper. So all I care about is the dough-re-mi."

But he lied, because when he lost to Leotis Martin, I caught him crying. He cared. He wanted the title back again, but he never got it. Sonny Liston was the only man ever to stand up to me in the ring. Even Muhammad covered up. One guy tried—Ron Lyle—but he backed off before I knocked him out.

PLAYBOY: What about Joe Frazier?

FOREMAN: Frazier was the only guy I was afraid of. When I got into the ring with him, I was really scared. In his fights he'd always keep coming, keep coming. And he had that look: Of all the looks from all the kids I grew up with, Frazier had the one you'd get from the guys you don't mess with. Muhammad had the look of a guy who fights but who always had some sort of backup—the kind of guy who was popular and would fight only if he had to. Frazier had the look of a guy who didn't need a gang. There were no loopholes with Frazier. I had to fight him, and I was afraid of him. When I beat him, I felt so proud of myself. I thought, Man, I can beat anybody.

PLAYBOY: Why? Because you felt he was the toughest guy in the world?

FOREMAN: Yeah, I really whipped somebody when I whipped Frazier. I kept knocking him down and he kept getting up. All I remember about the fight was thinking, Man, I got to get this over or this guy's going to get me. He kept smoking, though. That was one of my most famous fights, and it was the only time I was intimidated by a guy I fought. Nobody else, before or after.

PLAYBOY: You compared Frazier and Ali to kids you grew up with. Was the Houston neighborhood where you were raised all that dangerous?

FOREMAN: Yeah, it was. There were two roads to travel when I grew up. There was the respectable road, where kids, parents and instructors told you to go to school, get a good education, go to college and be a teacher or something. Then there was the other road, where the guys wanted to be nothing but thugs. I grew up near Lyons Avenue, in the Fifth Ward. At times they called it the Bloody Fifth because someone was always being cut, stabbed or beaten to death. For some reason I was attracted to the wrong side of the road, and to get on that side, I had to start from maybe three blocks away, working my way bit by bit to Lyons Avenue.

PLAYBOY: And how did you work your way up?

FOREMAN: By little fights here and there. I started when I was about 13, and by the time I was 16 I'd made it to Lyons Avenue. I remember the first day I went to E.O. Smith Junior High School. I had heard so many rumors about this school and the kids being so bad that the first year I walked there on the back roads, just to avoid all the tough kids. And I kept wondering, "Why do I have to live like this?" The next year in E.O. Smith, I knew why: It was because of guys like me. Everybody had better get the hell out of the way, because I came down that street with thunder, looking like a terror. And I would see other kids walking down the back street just like I used to do. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: So the tough guys you hung out with were Frazier and Ali types?

FOREMAN: Yeah, guys like Frazier, with that look, hard as steel. And the Ali type, who had flash and flare. Then there was the guy like me, who lifted weights and said, "I'm going to work my way up, block by block, to be the toughest guy in the Fifth Ward." I was that guy.

I was a juvenile delinquent, but I didn't concentrate on being a criminal. I wanted to be the tough guy who beat up every other tough guy.

PLAYBOY: Did that guy get into any serious trouble?

FOREMAN: I stayed in trouble. I never served time in prison, but my biggest problems were drinking and mugging. I was strictly a juvenile delinquent, but I didn't really concentrate on being a criminal. I wanted to be the tough guy who beat up every other tough guy.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to take up boxing?

FOREMAN: When I dropped out of high school in 1965, I could no longer be pursued as a truant. There was no hiding for me anymore, and that's when my mother saw me for what I was. It was like, "Uh-oh, you really are a bad boy." Someone in an employment office told me about the Job Corps, and I also heard a commercial with Jim Brown saying that if you joined you could get a second chance in life.

So I joined the Job Corps and went to Grants Pass, Oregon, where they taught us basic education and vocational skills. I stayed there for six months, and then I was transferred to another center in Pleasanton, California. I wanted to be an amateur boxer and I knew they had a boxing program there. Doc Broadus was the coach, and when I told him I wanted to box, he told me to come down to the gym. That's how I got started.

PLAYBOY: Was it then a clear track to the Olympics?

FOREMAN: I had a total of 24 amateur boxing matches, and the 24th was my Olympic gold medal fight. I had my first organized boxing match in February 1967. In October of 1968, I had an Olympic gold medal around my neck.

PLAYBOY: When your gold-medal bout was over, you skipped around the ring holding a tiny American flag above your head—a gesture that resulted in a mountain of publicity for you. Were you surprised by that?

FOREMAN: Oh boy, it was the most amazing thing in my life. That has been the core of my being cool. The Olympic victory was such a big deal, and about six months after that I turned pro. I fought on the undercard for Joe Frazier versus Jerry Quarry. I got $5000 for that fight and I was rich. Five thousand dollars! When I became champion in 1973 I was accustomed to publicity, because the Olympics had prepared me for that. Same thing after I came back and won the title again last year: It was the most natural thing for me to do.

PLAYBOY: But your hype is bigger now than it was then.

FOREMAN: To your readers maybe, but to me it's the same old shtick.

PLAYBOY: And you insist that you're still the man you were 20 years ago?

FOREMAN: If you mean physically, I'm a better man than I was then. When I fought Joe Frazier at the peak of my conditioning, I was running three, three and a half miles. When I got ready for my reentry into boxing, my wife would drop me off ten miles from home, and I'd run back. Then I got to the point where she would drop me off 17 miles from home—and I'd run back. There's no way I could have done that or would have done that in my earlier career. Back then I would hire sparring partners and go maybe six rounds with two or three different guys. Now if I hire five guys, I'll take them for 17 rounds, and we'll stop only because they can't take it anymore.

PLAYBOY: So reports of your old age are greatly exaggerated?

FOREMAN: Look, I'm older, and I'm happy to be older. But my age has nothing to do with what I want to accomplish. Old age is not something that happens to you; it's a decision that you make. And I wasn't going to allow anyone to make that decision for me.

I never decided to fight only for money and not for the title. If I had done

(continued on page 175)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He defies stereotypes, especially the myth that men hate to shop. Whether it's a new appliance or an antique lamp, he knows what she likes. He likes reading in bed—PLAYBOY, of course. It's the magazine that gives him great ideas for gifts. PLAYBOY men charge almost $20 billion—that's right, $20 *billion*—on credit cards annually. That's more credit dollars than the readers of *GQ* and *Esquire* combined. At Christmastime or any time, PLAYBOY is the smart buy. (Source: 1995 Spring MRI.)

VERY WEIRD SCIENCE

the religious right wants to smite darwin and teach schoolchildren that snakes used to talk, the theory of evolution is evil and the world was made entire in six days. leapin' lizards!

article by COLIN CAMPBELL and DEBORAH SCROGGINS

THE OFFICE of Professor Kurt Wise could be a set in an Indiana Jones movie. Tall bookshelves, exotic fossils and stuffed birds jostle for space with heaps of esoteric journals in fields ranging from geomorphology to the Hebrew scriptures. Wise—a slight, pale paleontologist in his mid-30s—is courteous, absentminded and given to laughing at his own slightly obscure jokes. He and his office, in fact, wouldn't seem odd at Harvard, where Wise got his Ph.D. What sets him apart from most scientists is his view on how life, humankind and the physical world came into being. Wise believes in the literal truth of the biblical tale of creation. Every word of it.

He doesn't agree, as nearly all other scientists do, that the earth is roughly 4.5 billion years old and that complex organisms evolved from simpler ones over time. He believes instead that God created the world several thousand years ago in six days, that a serpent talked to the first woman in Eden, that early lions weren't carnivores and lay down with the lambs, that patriarchs fathered children when they were hundreds of years old, that Noah's flood caused most of the fossils we see excavated from the earth, and that, until original sin entered the picture, humans and animals never died.

Wise and his students at tiny Bryan College in Dayton, Tennessee belong to a new generation of Christian fundamentalists trying to overturn the scientific theory of evolution.

Dayton, of course, was the site of the notorious Monkey Trial of 1925, in which a local high school teacher named John Scopes was convicted of violating Tennessee law by telling his students that humans were descended from apes. Today's creationists (as people who dispute the theory of evolution are called) still think Scopes was wrong. They mostly share the beliefs of Bryan College's namesake, William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic politician who helped prosecute the teacher. And today's creationists are more politically ambitious than ever.

The modern creationist movement aims, as part of a larger agenda of the religious right, to supplant the teaching of evolution with scenarios more compatible with divine creation. The movement bristles with scientific pretensions, but it's essentially

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

political. Its most effective backers aren't scientists but right-wing groups such as the Christian Coalition. Confronted in recent years with court rulings that find so-called creation science in the schools to be an illegal mixture of religion and government, creationists have resorted to new political tactics. They have removed references to God and the Bible from their literature and replaced them with secular-sounding explanations of life's origins such as "intelligent design theory" and "abrupt appearance theory."

The movement is sufficiently well organized to attract money to fight its battles in court, win occasional school board elections, add creationist planks to the platforms of state Republican parties and even gain quiet support from Republicans of national stature. Clearly, creationism draws strength from today's conservative mood and from politicians who don't care about pandering to a notion that has no basis in fact.

Creationists today are better educated, better financed and better organized than they used to be. In Louisville, Ohio, for example, a retired teacher has called in the American Civil Liberties Union to try to block a flashy new textbook that creationists want in the school science curriculum. Raymond Vasvari, one of the ACLU's lawyers in the Ohio case, sounds nervous about its outcome. "Suddenly," he says, "you have an organized group of 80 people descending on school board meetings."

Creationists know the Christian Coalition has reported that a full third of those who cast their ballots in the great Republican rout of 1994 identified themselves as Evangelicals or religious conservatives. The Christian Coalition claims its national office doesn't measure elected officials on their evolutionist or creationist stands. Nevertheless, a coalition spokesman, Mike Russell, says creationism should get "fair and equal" treatment alongside evolution. The coalition's state chapters often press creationist views on politicians and school boards.

The Republican National Committee doesn't take a position on creationism. But last spring Oklahoma's GOP announced that it supported "the two-model approach to teaching origins in the public schools, giving balanced treatment to the views of evolutionists and creationists." Fundamentalists in Texas, Washington, Oregon, Iowa and other states have forced similar declarations into state Republican Party platforms.

Even seemingly secular Republicans are reluctant to alienate the creationists. Republican Governor George W. Bush of Texas—who most likely received an excellent scientific education at Andover and Yale—is on record as favoring local choice in the matter of teaching creationism. ("Choice"—the word used for the right to an abortion—is the term used by creationists to stress their right to teach an alternative to science.)

Another Republican, former history professor Newt Gingrich (who once dreamed of becoming a zoologist), refused to say if he agrees with the Christian Coalition that public schools should give "equal time" to creationism. One of Gingrich's spokesmen, Allan Lipsett, told us amiably that he had posed our question to the speaker, but that Gingrich felt he could only get in trouble by answering. "No matter what he says on creationism," Lipsett reported back to us, "it is a path he didn't want to go down."

Officials in the presidential campaigns of Senator Phil Gramm of Texas, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, Representative Bob Dornan of California, former Education Secretary Lamar Alexander and Pat Buchanan all failed to respond to repeated queries about the candidates' stands on teaching evolution in public schools. A spokesman for California Governor Pete Wilson said his man had not taken a position. The only GOP candidate who endorsed evolution was Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania.

The Democrats haven't been radically different. Many of them at the state and local levels backed creationist legislation during the Eighties, especially in the South. Bill Clinton, as a candidate for governor of Arkansas, opposed his state's 1981 law mandating equal time for creationism in science classes. But as president he has suggested that prayer, proselytizing and religious literature in public schools may all be accommodated.

American political leaders have long been willing to make monkeys out of our children to advance their own political ambitions. Although most scientists have treated evolution as essentially correct since the mid-19th century, teachers could not legally teach evolution in some states until the Sixties. It took the Cold War, and especially the success of Sputnik in 1957, to force complacent politicians to see that scientific education was patriotic, and that a religious minority was keeping students ignorant.

If creationism can bully its way into the schools, anything can. "It sets a terrible precedent," says Kenneth Miller, a biologist at Brown University who frequently lectures on creationism and its errors. "There are a lot of things science comes up with that are opposed for political reasons by the right and by the left. It opens the curriculum to astrology, belief in mystic powers, any kind of New Age thing. It basically says that if you can get enough votes, you can have your views taught as facts."

•

Most believers—Christians, Jews, Hindus, Muslims and Buddhists—manage to reconcile evolution with faith. But the creationists are different. They agree with parts of modern science but believe that to accept evolution is to deny God. They think that how humans first appeared must fit their religious concept of how people ought to live today. Thus, to accept that man evolved from natural selection, they say, means that there are no rules apart from those devised by man; for them, evolution renders human existence meaningless, even bestial.

The creationists come from a Protestant tradition that stresses man's sinfulness and the need for personal salvation through obedience to God and the Scriptures. They also link evolution with what they call naturalism, in which nature is all, and in which man is subject only to laws that are discoverable by man.

A cartoon featured at a creationist conference in Roseville, Minnesota in 1992 nicely summarizes their odd mix of philosophy and moral alarm. It shows a Christian soldier chopping down a tree. The breeze behind his ax is labeled "creation science message." The tree's trunk reads "evolution"—and the branches being nourished by that trunk are labeled "paganism," "abortion," "sexual perversion," "New Age religions," "radical-feminist movement," "humanism," "racism," "pornography," "Nazism," "communism" and "euthanasia."

"Creationists believe evolution is the first step down the slippery slope to secular humanism," says Raymond Eve, a sociologist at the University of Texas at Arlington and co-author of *The Creationist Movement in Modern America*. "What they really mean by secular humanism is humans deciding what is moral and what is not. These people tend to think human nature is generally bad and wicked, that humans will make the wrong decisions without the guidance of the Bible. For example, people might decide that it's all right for unmarried women to have babies. So evolution is for them the catalyst that encourages all the great social problems of the 20th century. And, the way they see it, if the schools teach evolution, you lose control of the socialization of your own child. They feel they

(continued on page 86)

"All right! It's about time we put the X back in Xmas!"

PAMELA ANDERSON
Bikini bride

SEX STARS 1995

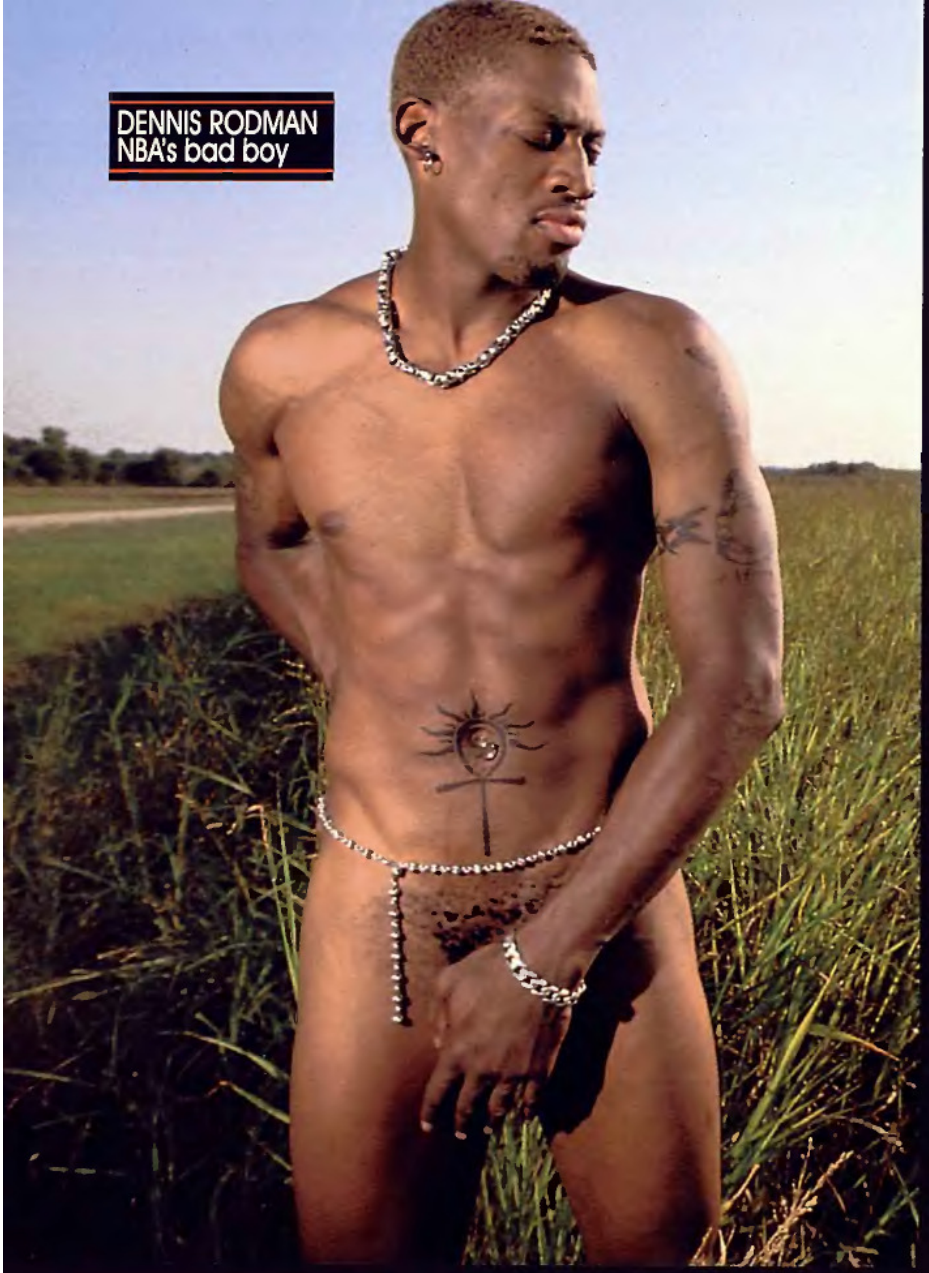
they surprised us from everywhere: television, tabloids, the internet. some of them even made movies

text by GRETCHEN EDGREN Time was, you knew where to find sex stars. They were bigger than life, up on the screen of a darkened movie theater. Hollywood's then powerful movie studios turned out mile-high heaps of autographed publicity stills, sent for the asking to adoring fans. Those studios are gone, but some stars still shine on celluloid. Nowadays, though, they're just as likely to enter your consciousness via TV—syndicated TV, at that—or the information superhighway. Last year's sex stars strutted off fashion-show runways and onto PLAYBOY's pages. This year, they're being downloaded hot off the Internet. Take Pamela Anderson. As Conan O'Brien quipped on *Late Night*: "A survey asking men who they would want to be stranded with on a deserted island has Pamela Anderson tied with Sharon Stone. Of course, that's the number one choice: Pamela Anderson tied to Sharon Stone." When Pam married Motley Crue drummer Tommy Lee in a seaside ceremony, the bride wore white—a white bikini. Pictures of the nuptials landed in all the tabloids, and more intimate wedding-night shots soon surfaced online. Pam's syndicated TV show, *Baywatch*, is the most watched on earth; this year she also did *Baywatch the Movie: Forbidden Paradise*, a made-for-TV Mike Hammer movie (*Come Die With Me*) and a PLAYBOY video, *The Best of Pamela Anderson*. At this year's Cannes *(text continued on page 202)*

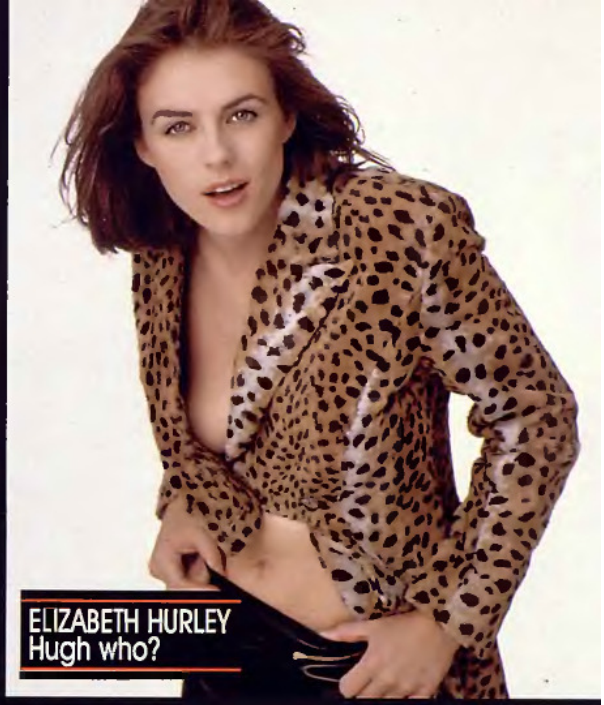
AMERICA'S MOST WANTED Playmate Pam Anderson, star of the world's most watched television series, surprised *Baywatch* fans (and former beau Jon Peters) by marrying Heather Locklear's ex, drummer Tommy Lee. Megamodel Cindy Crawford, Madison Avenue's favorite spokeswoman, was the cover girl for *Esquire*'s annual "Women We Love" issue and made her first movie, *Fair Game*. And *People* proclaimed Brad Pitt "the sexiest man alive."

CINDY CRAWFORD
Free again

BRAD PITT
People's choice



DENNIS RODMAN
NBA's bad boy



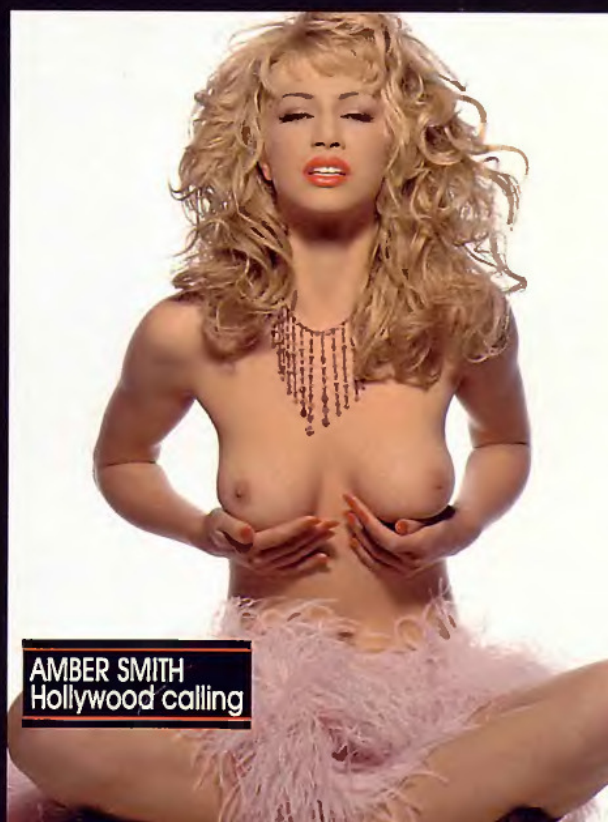
ELIZABETH HURLEY
Hugh who?

NATASHA HENSTRIDGE
Creature feature

SHOOT TO THRILL

The camera loves the likes of San Antonio Spurs forward Dennis Rodman, who set basketball aside to pose for sexy photos and a *Sports Illustrated* cover; also erstwhile Hugh Grant squeeze Elizabeth Hurley, who is now enjoying a fat contract with Estée Lauder; ex-model Natasha Henstridge, the creature in *Species*; onetime Guess girl Drew Barrymore, who flashed Letterman and told *Movieline* that she likes girls, too; and supermodel Amber Smith, out in *Faithful*.

DREW BARRYMORE
Two-way stretch



AMBER SMITH
Hollywood calling

JOANNA LUMLEY
Brit with wit

PIERCE BROSNAN
Bonds have more fun

SOPHIE MARCEAU
Oui, oui!

ANTONIO BANDERAS
Son of the Sheik

COMING ACROSS Transatlantic traffic is mostly westward-bound. Joanna Lumley's performance on *Absolutely Fabulous* made such a hit with U.S. viewers that Roseanne bought the rights for a remake. Spain's Antonio Banderas, a Valentino for the Nineties, has won roles in a half-dozen films (along with Melanie Griffith's love). Irish-born Pierce Brosnan, stymied by earlier contract commitments, finally gets to be James Bond, and France's Sophie Marceau endeared herself to *Braveheart*'s Mel Gibson.

JULIE CIALINI
The prize is right

KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER
Model mom

AMY LYNN BAXTER and TEMPEST
Making waves

ELLE MACPHERSON
She'll love *Lucy*

NANCY SINATRA
Back in boots

SANDRA TAYLOR
Besieged

PAGED BY PLAYBOY Since the days of Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield, an appearance in PLAYBOY has conferred its own kind of stardom. The tradition continues with 1995 Playmate of the Year Julie Cialini, a presenter on the nighttime version of *The Price Is Right*; Kimberley Conrad Hefner, the Playmate for a Lifetime, whose latest pictorial demonstrates that marriage and motherhood have only enhanced her charms; supermodel Elle Macpherson, who signed to make *If Lucy Fell*; May cover girl Nancy Sinatra, who shed those boots and everything else to prove that she's still something at 54; Sandra Taylor, who appears with Steven Seagal in *Under Siege 2;* and Amy Lynn Baxter and Tempest, from August's *Girls of Radio* pictorial.

PAULA BARBIERI
O.J.'s squeeze

KATO KAELIN
Guest who?

TRACI ADELL
Phone-call phenom

TABLOID CELEBRITY Popular media—from *Hard Copy* to *The National Enquirer*—create their own cadre of sex stars. From O.J. Simpson's trial coverage came his former girlfriend Paula Barbieri, houseguest Kato Kaelin and Playmate and phone-call recipient Traci Adell. Courtney Love vaulted from one scrape to another, while Hugh Grant's candid confession of guilt in his tryst with a hooker seemed to salvage his career (if not his relationship with Elizabeth Hurley). Cameras flashed as amply proportioned model (and 1993 Playmate of the Year) Anna Nicole Smith, dressed in white décolleté, bade a tearful farewell to her elderly spouse.

COURTNEY LOVE
Here comes trouble

HUGH GRANT
Divine intervention

ANNA NICOLE SMITH
Widow's peek

Christmas

We sent two atheists into the heart of darkness—and they had a really good time

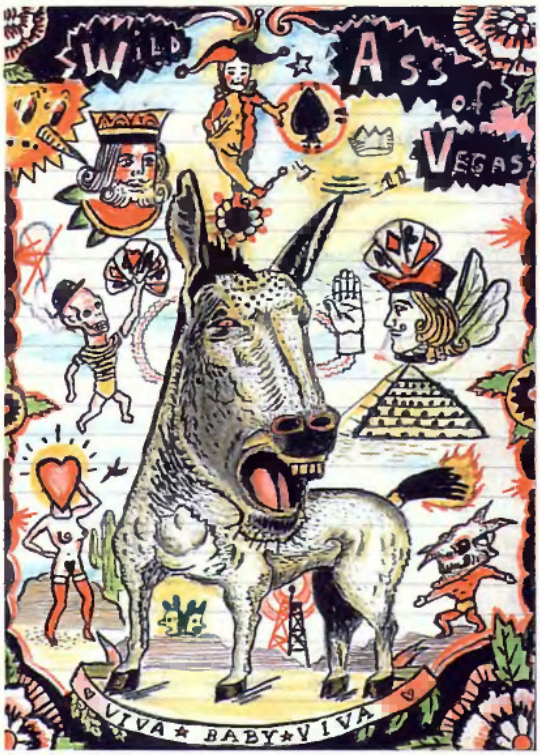
I'VE LIVED in Vegas about a year. I still own an apartment a rifle shot from Times Square, but I'm mostly here now. It doesn't matter—Disney is filing dull the razor edge of New Jack as quickly as Walt wanna-bes build "family hotels" in Sin City.

Treasure Island and Excaliber are just Pirates of the Caribbean and Sleeping Beauty's Castle, respectively. I don't care how much money it makes, it's just wrong. Deeply, artistically wrong. Kids don't belong here—scorpions belong here.

Not having a stinger on my tail, there's only one reason that I'm here: showgirls. I'm 6'6", and the prettiest words in the English language are "Ooh, I could wear heels with you."

"That's right, baby, I could eat off your head." I'm a smooth-talking bastard, but I don't need to be. If a six-foot-tall dancer wants to get decked out with makeup and heels for a night on the town without looking like a drag queen towering over a soon-to-be-stunned john, well, she needs a guy like me. I'm just 263 pounds of public service.

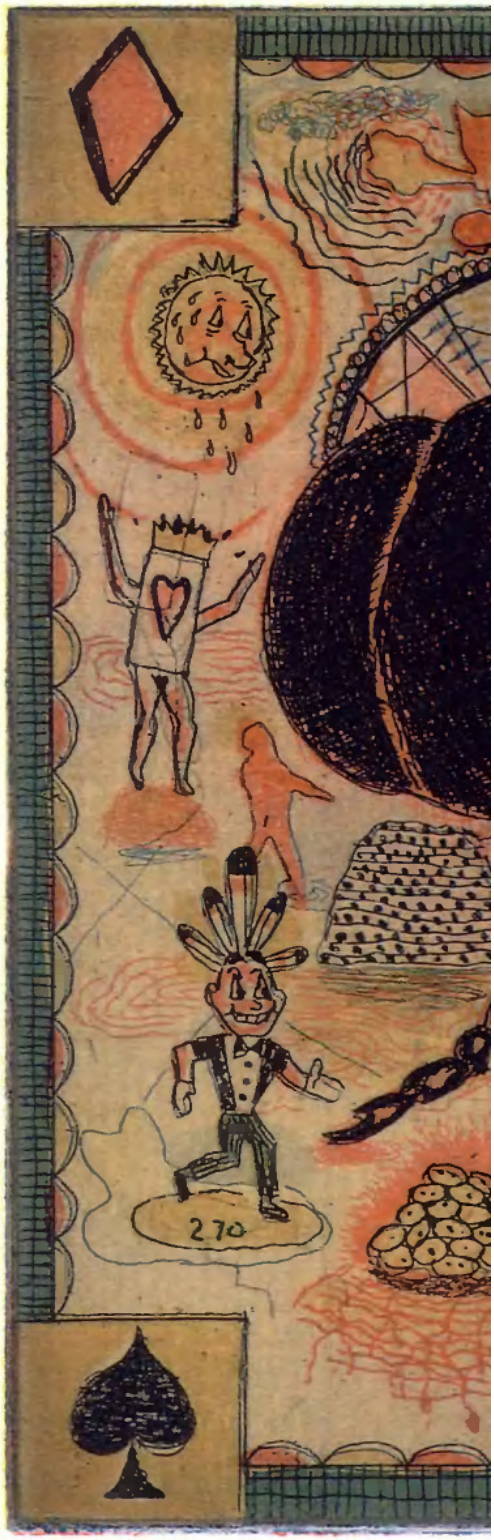
Tony Fitzpatrick is over 263. Tony is the best artist who ever lived, and if you don't believe me, take a long look at these pictures. If you still don't believe me, don't you ever say it in front of me, motherfucker, or we'll have trouble. Tony is from Chicago and looks it. PLAYBOY editors told Tone they wanted an Xmas in Las Vegas feature to be written by me and drawn by Tony.



Tony was down for it. It didn't bother him that the deadline was before Xmas and that neither one of us had ever been in Vegas at Xmas.

Tony, as I said, is from Chicago, and he wanted to dick around in some dry heat. Research.

I picked up Tony in my truck, Pink Death. It's a big stab-your-wife-and-a-homo Bronco, painted inner-labia pink, with 50 CD changers, a kachillion watts of power, purple pimp ground neon, pinstripes and the license plate 6SIX6. I'm not fucking around, I live in Vegas. Tony hadn't been to Vegas since he boxed here in 1981. It has changed a lot. We had to drive by the stupid giant MGM fairy lion, but I didn't take Tony in. I wanted him to love Vegas, and there was no need to bum him out with the attempts at making a perfect evil paradise into a cheesy family



in Las Vegas

trap. We walk through the casino at Ballys to do research. Two atheists looking for Xmas in July. "I'm sketching a wild burro, a desert donkey, an ass—a wild ass, a crazy ass, stubborn, mean, dangerous. That's all Vegas is, man, ass." He shows me a sketch. "They live in the desert, man. I saw them in this book. Wild ass, look at it." He points to a poster on the wall

article by Penn Jillette
art by Tony Fitzpatrick

for the show *Jubilee*. It features a showgirl showing a lot of A with her spangled Ts. "You see, man, wild ass. It's all just ass here."

Tony had been in Vegas a couple of hours. He had started the sketch on the airplane. Tony doesn't even need to see Vegas to draw its soul.

We walk by a croupier who recognizes me and calls me over.

They all know me here. The Penn & Teller show plays Ballys ten weeks a year, and my picture is on one side of the five-dollar chip.

All day long, dealers watch half-dollar-size pictures of me move from patron to patron until they end up back in the till, ready for the next sucker. Of course, if someone wants to keep one as a souvenir, then the house just sold a small piece of wood and a print job for five bucks. With chip collecting getting to be a big thing, the casino's license to print money becomes literal.

Tony can't believe that people are really gambling with "my" chips. "Do you like seeing yourself on chips? Huh? You should be dead to be on money. You've become like Washington or something."

I start our research with the croupier: "Hey, listen, we're doing this article for PLAYBOY on Xmas in Vegas. This is my brother, Tony, from Chicago. He's an artist. We're doing this article and we've never been to Vegas at Xmas. What's it like?"

He shrugs, but one of the other craps workers starts to talk.

She's a tall, dark woman. She's wearing her dealer's tux shirt.

She has a bone-deep awareness of all the ways two positive integers can sum to seven. "It's like July 18th, it's like September 3rd, it's like February 21st. It's always the same here, no change.

"You can't tell that it's Xmas here. There's a few more decorations on the streets, even more lights. But in here, nothing.

"Nothing changes in here, ever."

"Maybe some drunken hillbilly with a mistletoe belt?"

Tony is rolling.

"Maybe," she says, and then decides to hang tough. "No, not even that. It's always the same in here."

"It's like a wild donkey, a wild burro, wild ass. It's like that, isn't it?" They don't know what Tony is talking about. I don't know what Tony is talking about.

I'm being a reporter. "All the games are open? The shows are on?"

"24, 7, 365."

"That's great, Tony. It's always the same, always the same."

Time can't get in here. I'm quoting the Doc Pomus classic: "Viva Las Vegas . . . turning day into nighttime, turning night into daytime." Vegas turns day into nighttime, night into daytime, and after a week, no one notices. You've accomplished nothing.

No, Vegas has done more than that. Doc wrote *Viva* 28 years before he even set wheelchair in Vegas. Time doesn't matter. Dates don't matter. No wimpy Xtian solstice rip-off can get through those doors. Is that what you mean, time and dates mean nothing to a crazy desert ass?

We're back in Pink Death. We're playing *Viva Las Vegas* and we're playing it stupid loud. Really stupid loud. A kind of stupid loud that only middle-aged, slightly deaf guys can tolerate stone-cold sober. Kids need to be fucked up for this volume. It's Elvis singing. We don't like Elvis, but both of us love Vegas. Then it's ZZ Top rocking *Viva Las Vegas*.

Then the Residents interpreting *Viva Las Vegas*. Then the Dead Kennedys ripping *Viva Las Vegas*. Did I mention that I have five ten-CD changers stacked in the back of Pink Death?

I drive Tony up and down the strip. All that technology, all that pure human thought in light-wave-particle form. Nature gives you jack shit out here, so we did it ourselves. Hoover Dam is pumping power into walls and ceilings of little man-made stars.

It's not sloppy, fractal nature; it's a pure, orderly beauty that only little kids and middle-aged geeks really love. It puts Apollo 13 tears in my eyes that humans have created this kind of pure beauty. It's like the pyramids. Hell, it is the pyramids!

We have our own Vegas pyramid, the Luxor, with a light shining out of the top that the shuttle astronauts can read by when they pass over. It's the brightest light in the goddamn world. Vegas does not fuck around. Vegas is flashing, chasing, dancing, atheist Xmas lights hung on the desert-dried bones of Georgia O'Keeffe.

Xmas in Vegas would be stupid. Xmas isn't cool enough to dare set its superstitious foot here. Its God-loving, human-hating original sin is not welcome here. Lose 200 clams gambling on the spin of a wheel if you must, but don't waste your life gambling on a fairy-tale heaven and hell. We don't want a crèche. We have a volcano. It's there, spewing fire. Pirate boats are fighting safely on man-made seas. Lights everywhere in the middle of nowhere. It may be stupid, it may be decadent, it may be overdone—the whole goddamn city may be built on the stupid, weak, bad math of gambling—but boy is it built.

Vegas is beautiful. Viva.

Tony is riding and going nuts. He has a Polaroid he scammed off some friends. He has never used a camera before. I load the film while steering Pink Death with my knee and snap a picture of his bald hoodlum head. He starts snapping, first me in my TEAM SATAN 666 T-shirt and then through the windshield with a flash. ELVIS SLEPT HERE says one sign. JOAN COLLINS WAS MARRIED HERE says another. Tony is taking pictures of a flash reflecting in the windshield. Tony doesn't know, he's not looking at the pictures. Tony doesn't care. He doesn't need to draw from pictures. He'll draw from his heart.

"What is it you say about the Siegfried and Roy show?"

"I say it's a glitzy tractor pull."

"Yeah, I'm going over there tomorrow to see the tigers. Can you see the tigers without seeing the show?"

"Yup."

"I'm going to draw mutant white tigers. . . ."

"They're all mutant. White tigers don't exist in the wild. They have to be fucked with to come out like that."

"They're all cross-eyed, yeah. I'm going to draw the tigers but no Germans, no S&R. Maybe a little bit of Siegfried meat hanging out of one tiger's mouth. Some plastic-surgery-altered flesh just hanging out of the mouth. Are you going to write about Siegfried and Roy?"

"I'll write about you talking about them. I don't have much to say about them, myself. They've always been fine to me."

I call Georgie on the cell phone. She's one of the principal dancers in *Jubilee* and she's a buddy. I want Tony to see a little of *Jubilee*. It's a real Vegas show. Variety acts and the Titanic being sunk to music with topless women running around. Naval disasters and tits—Vegas!

There are all types of showbiz women working in Vegas, from the over-six-foot-tall, classy, no-kidding-ballet-trained-and-everything women of the take-your-mother-to-titty-shows-because-they-have-singing-and-sets-and-plate-spinners-and-stuff like Georgie to friction dancers with denim burns on their asses and wet stoner eyes like a house cat with a head cold. Lots of show folk in this burg. We'll start with *Jubilee*. Georgie sends out a friend to sneak us in halfway through the show.

I'm giving Tony the show folk POV. "It's great to be backstage right before the curtain goes up. They all have to get their nipples hard, and it's great. I mean Georgie just thinks chilly and it

(continued on page 189)

"If you're going to give me a present, Santa, wrap it!"

VERY WEIRD SCIENCE *(continued from page 72)*

"The layers of beauty on all sides are the grim reminder of sin, judgment and destruction."

can't pass along their own traditional values to their children."

Bryan College's Kurt Wise and the members of the Institute for Creation Research near San Diego belong to a group of hard-line creationists called Young Earthers. In general, Young Earthers go along with the "flood geology" of George McCready Price, a Seventh-Day Adventist bookseller who tried in the early decades of the 20th century to prove that Noah's flood had reshaped the earth and buried fossils. Young Earthers generally maintain that our planet is less than 10,000 years old and that the extensive fossil evidence of slow, continuous development is an illusion. *Grand Canyon: Monument to Catastrophe*, a slick creationist book published by the ICR, argues that the earth is only a few thousand years old and that Noah's flood carved formations such as the Grand Canyon.

"Each time a scientist or guide teaches that the Grand Canyon is the result of millions of years of slow and continuous processes, that person is questioning the past judgment by God," the book asserts. "The evolutionary philosophy leads to the notion that each person owns himself, and is the master of his own destiny. This is contrary to the Bible teaching that mankind is in rebellion against God." The real battle, claims ICR, "is founded not just upon creation and Noah's flood versus evolution, but upon Christianity versus humanism." Even stone has its religious meaning: "The layers of beauty on all sides are, in all likelihood, the grim reminder of sin, judgment and destruction."

Another group of creationists, sometimes called Old Earthers, acknowledge the evidence for an older planet, but they stick to a fairly literal and anti-evolutionary interpretation of Genesis. They argue, for example, that a "day" for God might mean thousands of years by human reckoning. Like Young Earthers, however, they reject the idea that all species evolved from a few lifeforms by means of natural selection.

A third, more recent bunch of creationists doesn't even like to be called creationist. They call themselves intelligent design theorists, and they avoid religious language. They use the secular language of science to attack evolution and to argue for ideas that creationists of all stripes find congenial.

Each variety of creationism has its own organizations, publishes its own literature and conducts its own anti-evolutionary campaign. The book *Grand Canyon*, for example, is only one of a torrent of books, journals and videos put out by the ICR that purport to prove the validity of "flood geology." Intelligent design theorists, meanwhile, look for support to the Foundation for Thought and Ethics in Richardson, Texas. And if a citizen phones Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition to ask how to stop a public school from teaching evolution, a coalition staffer may suggest that the caller contact one or another full-time creationist group. "We are concerned about that issue," a helpful woman at the Christian Coalition's national headquarters told one recent caller, "but for real specific things about what you can do, let me see if I can refer you to someone else." She quickly provided the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the ICR and the Bible-Science Association, a Minneapolis-based organization that publishes a range of creationist views.

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Creationism has nearly always been more about politics and religion than about science. Most scientists quickly accepted Darwin's evolutionary thesis after *On the Origin of Species* was published in 1859. And by the end of the 19th century, notes Ronald Numbers, a historian at the University of Wisconsin, "belief in special creation seemed destined to go the way of the dinosaur."

The backlash occurred in America around the turn of the century, and it sharpened after World War One. Many Americans began to question the social influence of what they thought of as Darwinism. They wondered if ideas such as "survival of the fittest" and "descendants of apes" had helped spark a savage war. As William Jennings Bryan, one of the first big anti-evolutionary crusaders, remarked: "The same science that manufactured poisonous gases to suffocate soldiers is preaching that man has a brute ancestry and is eliminating the miraculous and supernatural from the Bible."

After the Monkey Trial, evolution was downplayed in American textbooks—a suppression that continued for decades. Even in 1963, six years after Sputnik and three years after a Hollywood movie, *Inherit the Wind*, portrayed Scopes and his evolutionist defenders as cultural heroes, two university professors were reprimanded in Memphis for daring to discuss evolution in a college class. That same year, though, American scientists managed to put evolution back in public schools. In the wake of Sputnik, Congress voted to spend millions on scientific research and education. Some of that money was funneled through the National Science Foundation to the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, an academic organization that produced a new series of textbooks in 1963. These books defined evolution as absolutely basic to modern biology.

Meanwhile, the country had entered an era of liberal activism in the courts, including decisions that circumscribed religion in public schools. In 1968 the Supreme Court ruled in *Epperson vs. Arkansas* that laws against teaching evolution were unconstitutional because they were based on religion. *Epperson* set the stage for creation science, pleas for equal time and other creationist strategies that weren't always overtly religious.

By 1980 there were enough votes among creationists that Ronald Reagan was questioning evolution on the campaign trail. "Well, it is a theory, it is a scientific theory only," Reagan said. "It has in recent years been challenged in the world of science—that is, not believed in the scientific community to be as infallible as it once was believed. But if it's going to be taught in the schools, then I think that also the biblical story of creation, which is not a theory but the biblical story of creation, should be taught."

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Creationists see evolution as a threat to morality, but they can't legislate their views without bumping into the wall between church and state. So they've grown more deceptive.

They use the paraphernalia of the scientific method to mask their agenda. They've also stolen a page from modernism by appealing to the values of tolerance and openness that they've condemned for years as "moral relativism." They accuse scientists who oppose "equal time" of dogmatism and censorship. And in their lectures and publications, they attack all sorts of technical-sounding weaknesses they claim to have found in evolution.

The pseudoscientific documentation is telling. *Grand Canyon*, for example, isn't just a Calvinist sermon. It's filled with tables, graphs and footnotes. It has maps, equations, color photographs

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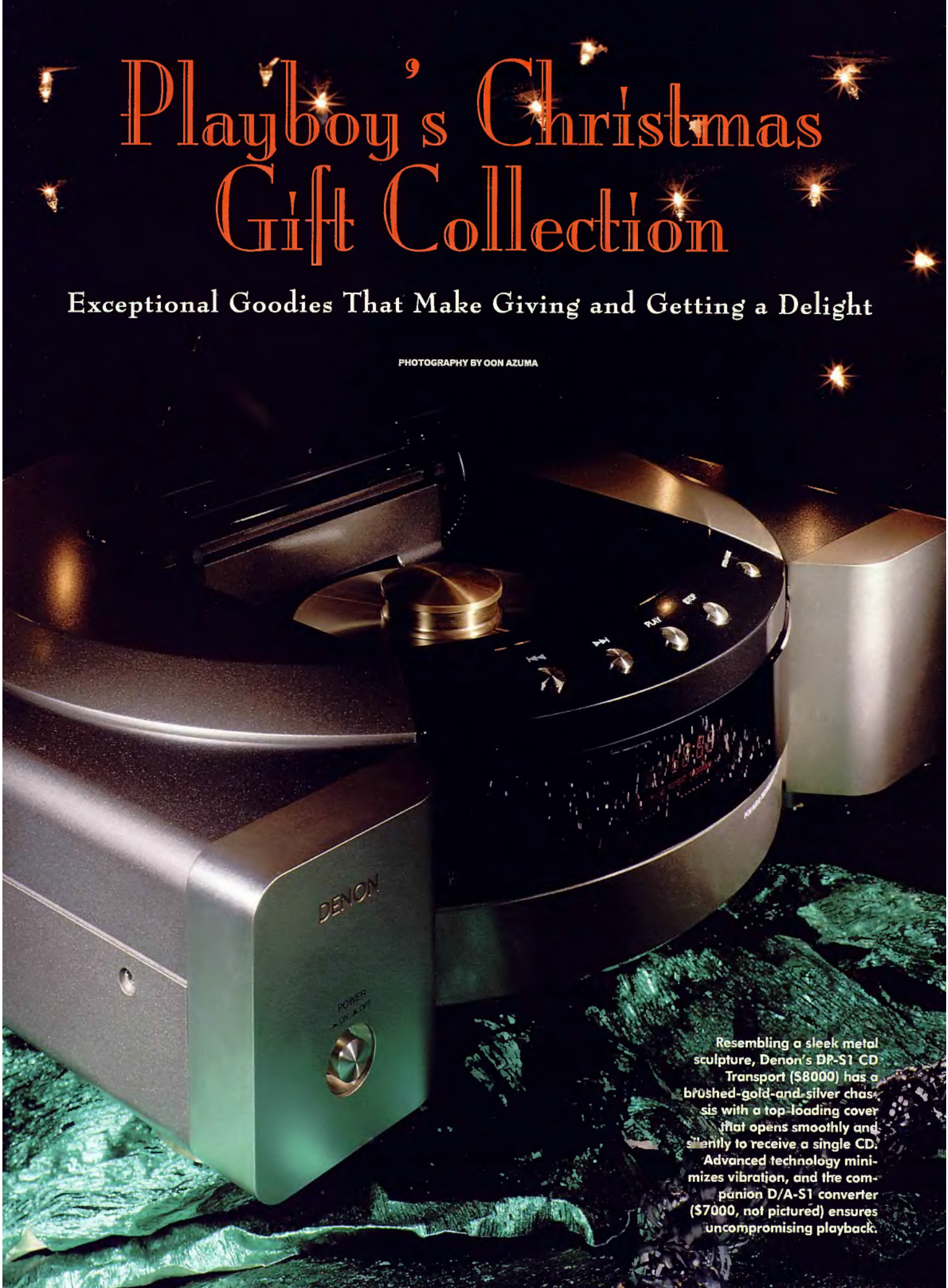
Playboy's Christmas Gift Collection

Exceptional Goodies That Make Giving and Getting a Delight

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA



Resembling a sleek metal sculpture, Denon's DP-S1 CD Transport ($8000) has a brushed-gold-and-silver chassis with a top-loading cover that opens smoothly and silently to receive a single CD. Advanced technology minimizes vibration, and the companion D/A-S1 converter ($7000, not pictured) ensures uncompromising playback.

Playboy's Christmas Gift Collection

To celebrate its 100th anniversary, Schwinn is taking a ride dawn memory lane by rereleasing its classic 1949 Black Phantom bicycle. Available in a limited-edition quantity of 5000, the Black Phantom reproduction has a handcrafted frame and the same wide leather saddle and Typhoon balloon tires as the original madel, plus a brake system that has been updated for the Nineties. The price: $3000.

Top right: Sony's new 32-inch KV-32XBR100 Trinitron TV is wedge-shaped for perfect corner placement. It boasts an eight-speaker sound system, side-by-side picture in picture (for watching two programs simultaneously), on-screen programming and a motion-activated control panel that lights up as you approach. The price: about $3200, including the stand. Center: Home video enters the digital age with Panasonic's PV-DV1000 camcorder. Priced around $3500, the compact model records better-than-broadcast-quality footage onto pocket-size, 30- and 60-minute digital cassettes. Bottom: High on any music lover's wish list is Pioneer's Elite PDR-99 recordable compact disc player. This $2000 rack component connects to any standard audio component, allowing you to record up to 60 minutes of digital audio onto blank CDs that cost about $20.

Named in memory of Formula One race car driver Aryton Senna, TAG-Heuer's 6000 Senna limited-edition stainless-steel sports watch is waterproof to 200 meters and features Swiss quartz movement and specially curved links that mold to the shape of your wrist, about $3000.

Above: Dom Perignon serves up romance with its *Le Dejeuner* picnic hamper. Handwoven of English golden willow with full-grain-leather straps, hinges and shield, it holds a bottle of 1988 cuvee Dom Perignon, a champagne chiller, a damask picnic cloth and napkins, a cheese knife, and china, flatware and flutes for two. Price: $599. Below: Nintendo's Virtual 8ay provides a wild 3-D gaming experience thanks to a powerful 32-bit processor, a double-grip controller and a tabletop virtual reality–type headset that displays red images against a black background. The price is about $180, including the game Mario's Tennis. Other hot titles include Galactic Pinball (which features five futuristic arcade-style pinball tables), Red Alarm (an outer-space shooter) and Teleboxer. Each costs about $50.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 203.

Playboy's Christmas Gift Collection
SENNA
professional
200 METERS

The Witch Door

fiction by Ray Bradbury

under the stairwell of the old house lies a secret kept hidden for centuries—why is it suddenly, frighteningly coming to light?

It was a pounding on a door, a furious, frantic, insistent pounding, born of hysteria and fear and a great desire to be heard, to be freed, to be let loose, to escape. It was a wrenching at hidden paneling, it was a hollow knocking, a rapping, a testing, a clawing. It was a scratching at hollow boards, a ripping at bedded nails. It was a muffled shouting, demanding, a call to be noticed, followed by silence.

The silence was the most empty and terrible of all.

Robert and Martha Webb sat up in their bed.

"Did you hear it?"

"Yes, again."

"Downstairs."

Now, whatever it was that had pounded and rapped and wrenched and clawed had drawn into silence. Listening to hear if the cries and drumming had summoned help.

The winter night lay through the house, silence snowing into every room, drifting over tables and floors, banking up the stairwell.

Then the pounding started again. And then a sound of soft crying.

"Downstairs."

"Someone's in the house."

"Lotte, do you think? The front door's unlocked."

"She would have knocked."

"She's the only one it could be. She phoned."

They both glanced at the phone. It was dead. All the phones had died days ago with the riots in the towns and cities. Now in the receiver you heard only your own heartbeat. "Can you put me up?" Lotte had cried, from 600 miles away in the last phone call. "Just overnight?"

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

But before they could answer her, the phone had filled itself with long miles of silence.

"That might be her," said Martha Webb.

"No," said Robert Webb. "Dear God."

They lay in their cold room in this farmhouse in the Massachusetts wilderness, back from the main roads, away from the towns, near a bleak river and a black forest. It was the frozen middle of December. The white smell of snow cut the air.

They arose. With an oil lamp lit they sat on the edge of the bed as if dangling their legs over a precipice.

"Whoever it is sounds frightened."

"We're all frightened, damn it. That's why we came out here, to be away from cities, riots, all that damned foolishness. Now when we find peace at last, people call and upset us. And tonight, this. Christ!" He glanced at his wife. "You afraid?"

"I don't know. I don't believe in ghosts. I'm sane. Or like to think I am. Where's your gun?"

"We won't need it. Don't ask me why, but we won't."

They picked up the oil lamp. In another month the small power plant in the white barn behind the house would be finished and there would be power to spare. But now they came and went with dim lamps or candles.

They stood at the stairwell. The crying, the sadness and the plea came from below.

"She sounds so damned sad," said Robert. "God, I'm sorry for her, whoever she is. Come on."

They went downstairs.

As if someone had heard their footsteps, the crying grew louder. There was a dull thudding against a panel somewhere.

"The witch door," said Martha, at last.

"Can't be."

"Is."

They stood in the long hall looking at the place under the stairs where the panels trembled faintly. But now the cries faded, as if the crier were exhausted, or as if something had diverted her. Or perhaps their voices had startled her and she was listening for them to speak again. Now the house was silent and the man and woman waited, with the oil lamp quietly fuming in their hands.

Robert stepped to the witch door and touched it, probing for the hidden button, the secret spring. "There can't be anyone in there," he said. "My God, we've been here six months, and that's just a cubby. Isn't that what the real estate agent said? No one could hide in there and we'd not know it. We——"

"Listen!"

They listened.

Nothing.

"She's gone, it's gone, whatever it was, hell, that door hasn't been opened in our lifetimes. Everyone's forgotten where the spring is that unlocks it. I don't think there is a door, only a loose panel and rats' nests, that's all. The walls, scratching. Why not?" He turned to look at his wife, who was staring at the panel.

"Rats don't cry," she said. "That was a voice, asking to be saved. Lotte, I thought. Now I know it wasn't Lotte, but someone else in trouble."

Martha reached out and trembled her fingertips along the beveled edge of ancient maple. "Can't we open it?"

"With a crowbar and hammer, first thing tomorrow."

"Oh Robert."

"Don't 'Oh Robert' me, I'm tired."

"You can't leave her in there to——"

"She's quiet now. Christ, I'm exhausted. I'll come down at the crack of dawn and knock the damned thing apart, OK?"

"All right," she said, and tears came to her eyes.

"Women," said Robert. "Oh my God, you and Lotte, Lotte and you. If she gets here, if she makes it, I'll have a houseful of lunatics."

"Lotte's fine!"

"Sure, but she should keep her mouth shut. It doesn't pay now to say you're socialist, Democrat, libertarian, pro-life, abortionist, Sinn Fein, fascist, Commie, any damn thing. The towns are bombed out. People are looking for scapegoats and Lotte shoots from the hip, gets herself smeared and now, hell, she's on the run."

"They'll jail her if they catch her. Or kill her, yes, kill her. We're lucky to be here with food. Thank God we planned ahead, we saw it coming, the starvation, the massacres. We helped ourselves. Now we'll help Lotte if she makes it through."

He turned to the stairs. "I'm dead on my feet. I'm tired of saving anyone. Even Lotte. But, hell, if she gets through the front door, she's saved."

•

They went up the stairs, the lamp advancing in an aura of a trembling white glow. The house was as silent as snow falling. "God," he whispered to himself. "Damn, I don't like women crying like that."

It had sounded like the whole world crying, he thought. The whole world dying, needing help and lonely. But what can you do? Live like this? Far off the main highway, away from all the stupidity and death? What can you do?

They left the lamp lit and drew the covers over their bodies and lay listening to the wind hit the house and creak the beams and parquetry.

A moment later there was a cry from downstairs, a splintering crash, the sound of a door flung wide, a bursting out of air, footsteps echoing in all the rooms, sobbing almost in exultation. Then the front door banged open, the winter wind blowing wildly in, while footsteps rapped across the front porch and were gone.

With the lamp, they ran downstairs. Wind smothered their faces as they turned toward the witch door, open wide, still on its hinges, then toward the front door where they held the lamp out upon a snowing white and darkness, with no moon. Snowflakes fell from the sky to the mattressed yard.

"Gone," she whispered.

"Who?"

"We'll never know, unless she comes back."

"She won't. Look."

They moved the lamplight toward the white earth and the tiny footprints going off, across the softness, toward the dark forest.

"It was a woman, then. But why?"

"God knows. Why anything?"

They stood looking at the footprints a long while until, shivering, they moved back through the hall to the open witch door. They poked the lamp into the hollow under the stairs.

"Lord, it's just a cell, hardly a closet, and look——"

Inside were a small rocking chair, a braided rug, a used candle in a copper holder and an old, worn Bible. The place smelled of must and moss and dead flowers.

"Is this where they used to hide people?"

"Yes. A long time back they hid the women people called witches. Trials, witch trials. They hanged or burned some of them."

"Yes, yes," they both murmured, staring into the tiny cell.

"And the witches hid here while the hunters searched the house and gave up and left?"

"Yes, oh my God, yes," he whispered.

"Rob?"

"Yes?"

She bent forward. Her face was pale as she stared at the small worn rocking chair and the faded Bible.

"Rob? How old? This house, how old?"

"Maybe 300 years."

"That old?"

"Why?"

"Crazy. Stupid."

"Crazy?"

"Houses, old like this. All the years.

(continued on page 195)

We always celebrate those who live on the sexual frontier. Few, however, challenged PLAYBOY in quite the style of Caroline Cossey, known in modeling circles as Tula. The Divine Miss C lived life as a male until 20, when transsexual surgery freed her to become a woman. She has appeared on many magazine covers, in the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only* and in an ad campaign for Sauza tequila. This picture is from our own landmark September 1991 pictorial. *Salud*, Tula!

DEAR SANTA

before they were celebrities, they were kids. but little billy gates, jerry seinfeld, newtie gingrich and others knew exactly what they wanted

Dear Santa:

I know I should start off by telling you what a good boy I've been, minding my mom and doing good deeds and so on, but kids have been telling you that for years, and where has it gotten us? There are as many bad kids as ever. The system isn't working. Obviously, words don't matter. So let's get to the point.

I'm writing this letter in January for next Christmas, because I like to think way ahead. I mainly want the same things I ask for every Christmas, which are more history books. Especially war history books. Books about generals and conquerors and great battles and winning strategies and so on. Those history books that the kids who play sports and have lots of friends never want? Bring them to me.

Also, more toy soldiers would be nice. I know, I always ask for that too, and I have hundreds of them already, but the way I see it, you can't have too many toy soldiers. It's like Jonathan Swift wrote, "Every creature lives in a state of war by nature."

Other than that, I don't care, except for two things: (1) I want fancy mechanical toys, the kind that plug in or need batteries and come with instructions. Real advanced toys. And (2) I want more presents than other kids, especially the kids who laugh at you for wearing glasses and call you Fruity Newtie or Lizard and pants you at recess.

Now, you're probably asking, "Why should I bring Newtie more and neater presents than the other kids get?" A fair question, and I'll answer it. Because I have a plan. But for that plan to work, we both have to agree on how the Christmas system should go.

The way I see it, the more good you are, the more presents you should get, no matter who you are. It should be a merit system. The problem is, too many kids want presents but don't want to do anything to earn them. So my idea is that every kid has to send you a Contract With Santa, a ten-point goodness program, and if they do all ten things, they get whatever they want. (My Contract is enclosed.)

If you're with me on this, I think we can work together. I think it is good for me, good for you and good for Christmas.

Thank you for your support.

Yours truly,

Newtie Gingrich

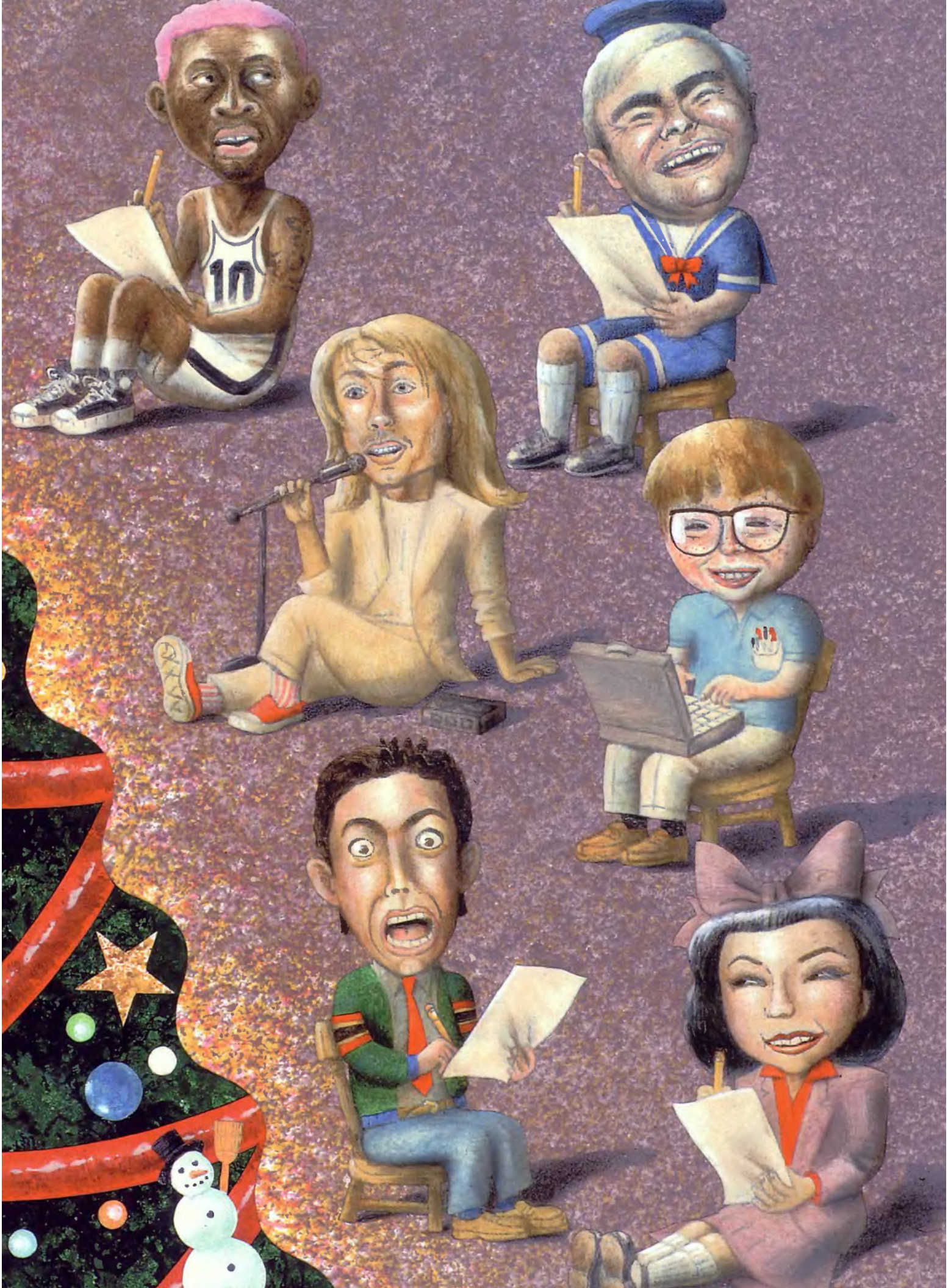
P.S. I should ask for something for my little sister, Candy, but I don't know what. The Barbie doll didn't work out at all. She kept dressing it in my G.I. Joe's uniform. (Girl soldiers, that's crazy!) Maybe a toy truck, I don't know.

Dear Mr. Claus:

Can I call you Santa? You can call me Connie. I want us to be best friends. I think you're wonderful. I'm your biggest fan, and I love your darling elves. They work so hard, all those little people. Do you pay them? How much? Do any of them deliver presents? It's hard to see how you could really visit every boy and girl on *(continued on page 172)*

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON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The Great
Pinup Reveals
Why She Vanished
And How She
Came To Star
In Every Man's
Fantasy
olivia
1993

The Real Bettie Page

By KAREN ESSEX
and JAMES SWANSON

SHE COULDN'T imagine why we wanted to write a book about her. The "modeling days," as she called them, ended decades ago. "Who wants to read about me? I'm not important. All I did was pose for some pictures."

Was she kidding? In the Fifties those pictures rocked America. They violated sexual taboos, provoked the wrath of a congressional committee and made Bettie Page the greatest American pinup before she vanished in 1957 at the height of her fame. Today, because of those pictures, she is a legend, influencing contemporary style, fashion and photography from Soho to Paris. She inspires artists worldwide—not to mention fans from her heyday and those young enough to be her grandchildren. With more magazine covers than Marilyn Monroe or Cindy Crawford, she is the model of the century, yet she remains one of its best-kept secrets. Like James Dean and Monroe, she left us early; like all the great ones, she left us a look and a mystique that have endured the test of time.

Bettie at age 17. Co-editor of her high school paper and yearbook, she was voted "most likely to succeed" by classmates.

Bettie Page embodied the stereotypical wholesomeness of the Fifties and the hidden sexuality straining beneath the surface. She was the ultimate model of the postwar pinup era—the girl next door, naughty and nice. Bettie was one of the first centerfolds for a fledgling men's magazine called PLAYBOY. More daring yet, she posed for fetish and bondage scenarios, which earned her a loyal underground following. As America grappled with the duality of its sexual longings, she ripped through layers of repression and served as a harbinger to a more liberated time just around the corner.

The real Bettie Page never understood that she had done something important. During her 38-year self-imposed exile she became a worldwide phenomenon. For decades, Page cultists, as well as journalists, publishers, photographers and the curious, tried to lure her out of seclusion. When bondage apparel became fashion, she was right back in the mainstream along with the garments she used to wear. Bettie glorified fetish, seduction and voyeurism long before Versace, Gaultier, Dolce & Gabbana and other top designers. She is the dark Monroe and the precursor to Madonna, the third member of a triptych of American style and sexuality.

Modeling for camera club members in New York in 1955: "My glory days," she says.

She was always elusive, even before she vanished. She inspired Hugh Hefner, but he had never met her. An infatuated Howard Hughes summoned her, but she would not go. Gay Talese sought her for his book about the sexual revolution, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, but he couldn't find her. Willie Morris pined for her in one of *Esquire*'s "Women We Love" issues. Through the decades, public and private appeals for Bettie Page went unanswered.

Then, in 1991, an article appeared in *USA Today* about the missing pinup queen and the growing Page phenomenon—posters, T-shirts, buttons, model kits, a comic book and a motion picture—surrounding a woman no one had seen for decades.

In late 1992 *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* aired a segment with a man who said he was Bettie Page's brother. It included an audiotape of a woman insisting she was the real Bettie Page—alive and well, amazed at her popularity and refusing to be seen. Immediately, Karen Essex contacted Bettie's brother, only to be told he had engaged James Swanson, an attorney and writer who represents artists, models and photographers. Inundated with requests from merchandisers, producers, fans, cranks and opportunists, the family hired James to protect Bettie from the consequences of her fame.

It became clear that someone was going to write a book about Bettie, with or without her cooperation. She remained uninterested because she believed people wouldn't care about her story. But James began sending Bettie recent newspaper and magazine clippings about her.

Finally, Bettie agreed to talk, but she didn't want to see us (meaning she didn't want us to see her). She said she was old now and no longer beautiful. And wouldn't we be wasting our time traveling across the country to write a book about a woman no one remembered?

We let her know that others were searching for her and planning to write about her. If there were a book to be written, shouldn't it be based on her recollections? Reluctantly, she told us to come—without cameras.

As we drove into the California desert for our rendezvous, giddy with

Bettie with a boyfriend in Miami, April 1955 (above). "He was a great kisser," she says. Right: in a Florida amusement park.

Bettie clowns at home in Tennessee with sister Joyce, circa 1954 (above, center). Bettie frequently visited her family in Nashville during her modeling days in the Fifties. Bettie's sisters Joyce and Goldie modeled professionally with her several times. Above: Bettie promotes the Irving Klaw film *Teaserama* during an interview with WABC Radio in New York, 1955. Left and opposite: Two sides of Bettie from photographer Bunny Yeager.

the idea that we would be the first writers to meet her, we asked many questions. Was she a feisty sexual renegade or a broken and bitter recluse? Did she see herself as a victim? What was the source of her magic? How was it that for the past four decades, she had become more famous? Most important, how could we be sure it was her?

In the end, we didn't need identification; we knew it was her the moment we saw her. She opened the door and we felt the thrill of recognition. The same eyes, the same smile and even the same long hair, though now gray. The spirit in the old photos still radiated from the sporty 72-year-old woman standing before us.

The real Bettie Page is a soft-spoken, unpretentious woman who has retained her Southern accent and manners. During our week with her she spoke candidly about her life and demonstrated an uncanny recall of past events. As she reviewed photos she hadn't seen in more than 40 years, she identified the dresses she had made, the names of the streets she had walked down, her first bikini and what she was thinking as she sat on her grandmother's stoop as a small child. She seemed shy at first. But once she relaxed, she was chatty and funny—and keenly interested in whether a picture of her was good or bad.

The real Bettie Page is a lot like the Bettie Page in the photographs. She communicates many of the same characteristics: authenticity, sweetness, a sense of fun, lack of guile, openness, accessibility, jauntiness. She is an intelligent woman with a great interest in books and films, an avid reader mostly of history and biography. She does not seem like the kind of person who would hide herself away for decades.

Nothing about Bettie Page's background suggests she was destined to be a star. She was born in Nashville in 1923 to Roy and Edna Page, neither of whom advanced beyond the third grade. The family was so poor that, according to Bettie, the six children were lucky to get oranges in their Christmas stockings. Roy's philandering—the source of constant family arguments—resulted in the impregnation of a 15-year-old neighbor girl, and Edna threw him out. However, she received no child support and had to put her daughters into an orphanage for one year during the Depression. Bettie honed her modeling skills by playing glamour games with her sisters and

The Rocketeer rescues Bettie Page from her captors (left). In 1982 artist Dave Stevens set the Bettie Page revival in motion with the publication of his comic book, *The Rocketeer*. Combining nostalgia, adventure, a hero with a rocket pack and a raven-haired girl named Bettie, *The Rocketeer* was an unexpected sensation. The *Village Voice* voted it "the greatest comic book in the world." The *Rocketeer* phenomenon climaxed in 1991 with the release of the Disney motion picture. Bettie Page had no idea she was a comic-book heroine or that the comic had inspired a movie. She saw the film for the first time—and loved it—at a screening at the Playboy Mansion for her, Stevens and a small group of friends. Stevens' follow-up, *Bettie Page Comics*, will be published late this fall.

other girls in the orphanage.

When she returned home from the orphanage, Bettie was confronted with a new problem. Edna allowed Roy, who was now finished with the 15-year-old, to rent a room in the family home. By the time Bettie was 13, Roy had begun to sexually abuse her, which she endured for the better part of a year. He bribed her with dimes to go to the movies, that he knew were her passion, in exchange for sexual favors. Bettie submitted to her father's wishes and told no one—for 59 years.

Given the problems at home, Bettie decided that an education would be her ticket out of poverty. As a teenager, she spent afternoons and evenings at a community center, where she spent long hours reading and doing schoolwork. "I was never the smartest," she says now, "but I studied all the time." She entered Hume-Fogg High School in 1937, coveting the full scholarship to Vanderbilt that came with the honor of being valedictorian. Always a straight-A student despite her many extracurricular activities, Bettie skipped an art class to rehearse for a play and got her first B. The scholarship was lost, and she was devastated.

Still, Bettie persevered. She worked her way through George Peabody College for Teachers as secretary to the professor of education Alfred Leland Crabb. After the breakup of her first

Bettie by Bunny Yeager (above and top opposite). Olivia De Berardinis, a longtime PLAYBOY contributor, has painted Bettie Page for more than ten years and has featured her in books, calendars, prints and paintings. Her *Crackers in Bed* (opposite) was based on an Irving Klaw photo. "I see breathtaking women all the time," says De Berardinis of her favorite subject, "but they can't get across this kind of magic. Bettie could. She paraded around in impossible high heels. She could play dominant or submissive roles and look as if she were having a ball. She was remarkable."

marriage and a stint at teaching, she drifted from San Francisco to Haiti to Miami to Washington, D.C., eventually settling in New York in 1950. There she was discovered on the beach at Coney Island.

Page spent seven years modeling. She worked for camera clubs on weekends, and on weekdays Irving "Pinup King" Klaw and his sister Paula photographed her in a variety of poses, including the legendary bondage tableaux. She posed for dozens of men's magazines. In the evenings she worked for studios that rented models and space to photographers by the hour. She did her own makeup, set her own hair, booked her own appointments. She never had a publicist, agency, manager or lawyer. She worked with Bunny Yeager and other

Florida photographers who immortalized her in series of postcards still sold widely today. But she never solicited work. She just let it all happen. The closest she came to a mentor was her acting teacher, Herbert Berghof, who encouraged her to audition for Broadway plays. She never took his advice. "He believed in me, but I didn't believe I could do it. I really lacked ambition in those days," she says wistfully. "I did nothing to promote myself."

During her modeling career, Bettie had admirers, but she maintains that she had fewer dates during those days than at any other time in her life. "I think most men were afraid of models who had any kind of name."

Nonetheless, she did have relationships with a few lucky men, though she never dated *(continued on page 198)*

livin' on reds, vitamin c and cocaine.... the grateful dead's road manager takes us on a wild ride with jerry garcia

article by ROCK SCULLY WITH DAVID DALTON

It's the beginning of December 1965, the night I first see the Grateful Dead. I'm promoting a Family Dog concert at San Francisco's lovely old California Hall. The group's members live in a big house in Haight-Ashbury where we hold parties on weekends. When the parties overflow to the sidewalk we move them to the old union halls. In our hapless way we have graduated to promoting concerts. If this works out we figure we can start booking acts like the Lovin' Spoonful and Frank Zappa. Then maybe the Beatles, the Stones, Dylan. Well, it could happen.

Around 11 o'clock the inscrutable Owsley Stanley, the acid king, shows up at California Hall. I knew him from various scenes in the Haight, where he would turn up, a mysterious presence in cloak and operatic hat, dispensing samples of his latest batch of acid to those he deemed worthy. Apparently, I am one of the elect, because he is handing me a tiny, misshapen orange barrel of LSD.

"Rock, come on over to the Fillmore later. There's something I want you to see," he says. Everything is enigmatic with Owsley. He's not going to tell the whole story right away. He first wants to zap a little of the *misterioso amigo* on me. I tell him I'll try to make it. "Be there," he says darkly.

By midnight I can't curb my curiosity any longer, so I jump on one of the shuttle buses. At the Fillmore, a scruffy group of musicians ambles about the stage, involved in what will become a trademark of its concerts: the interminable setting up and tuning of instruments. "Formerly the Warlocks of Palo Alto," the MC announces in his Don Pardo voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Grateful Dead!"

The what? A light plays over their name. G-R-A-T-E-F-U-L D-E-A-D. They are a bad-looking bunch. The most conspicuous member of the group is Pigpen, a greasy, overweight biker type in a headband, playing a Vox electric piano, standing up and wailing an old Howlin' Wolf song. Little hippie chicks in tie-dyed saris shrink back from the stage. There is something unnerving about the lot of them, but it's hard to say what. Apart from the Hell's Angels dude, they aren't really all that mean looking—but, man, are they weird. My eye darts from one to the other. Just how did such oddities get together in the first place?

But an hour or so into the set, something strange starts to happen. The room is breathing deeply, like a great sonic lung from which all sounds originate and which demands all the oxygen in the world. We are all under the hypnotic spell of this ghostly pulse. Whoever these guys are, they are uncannily tuned into the wavelength of the room. They hover over the vibe like dragonflies.

As I'm leaving the Fillmore, Owsley grabs me by the arm. He wants to know what I think of the group. Who's kidding whom? I can't even speak! I'm the highest I've ever been, and on Owsley's own acid. "Groovy," I say, beaming the rest of the information directly through his third eye. I figure that should cover it.

The next night Owsley and I are driving to one of Ken Kesey's famous acid tests.

"You're going to hear a band," he says. "The Dead. The Grateful Dead. The guys you saw at the Fillmore last night."

"Those guys," I say. "They're the world's ugliest band."

"Forget about how they look."

"But that's a big part of rock and roll. Look at the Beatles."

"Forget the Beatles," Owsley says. "All you have to know is that the Grateful Dead are going to be the greatest band in the history of the world."

Poor deluded man. How can I tell him? I promise to hire them for a few shows.

"No, no, no! You don't want to become a promoter. They all end up ripping people off."

"So?"

"So you manage them," he says. "Find gigs for them."

For the next two decades, that's what I did.

•

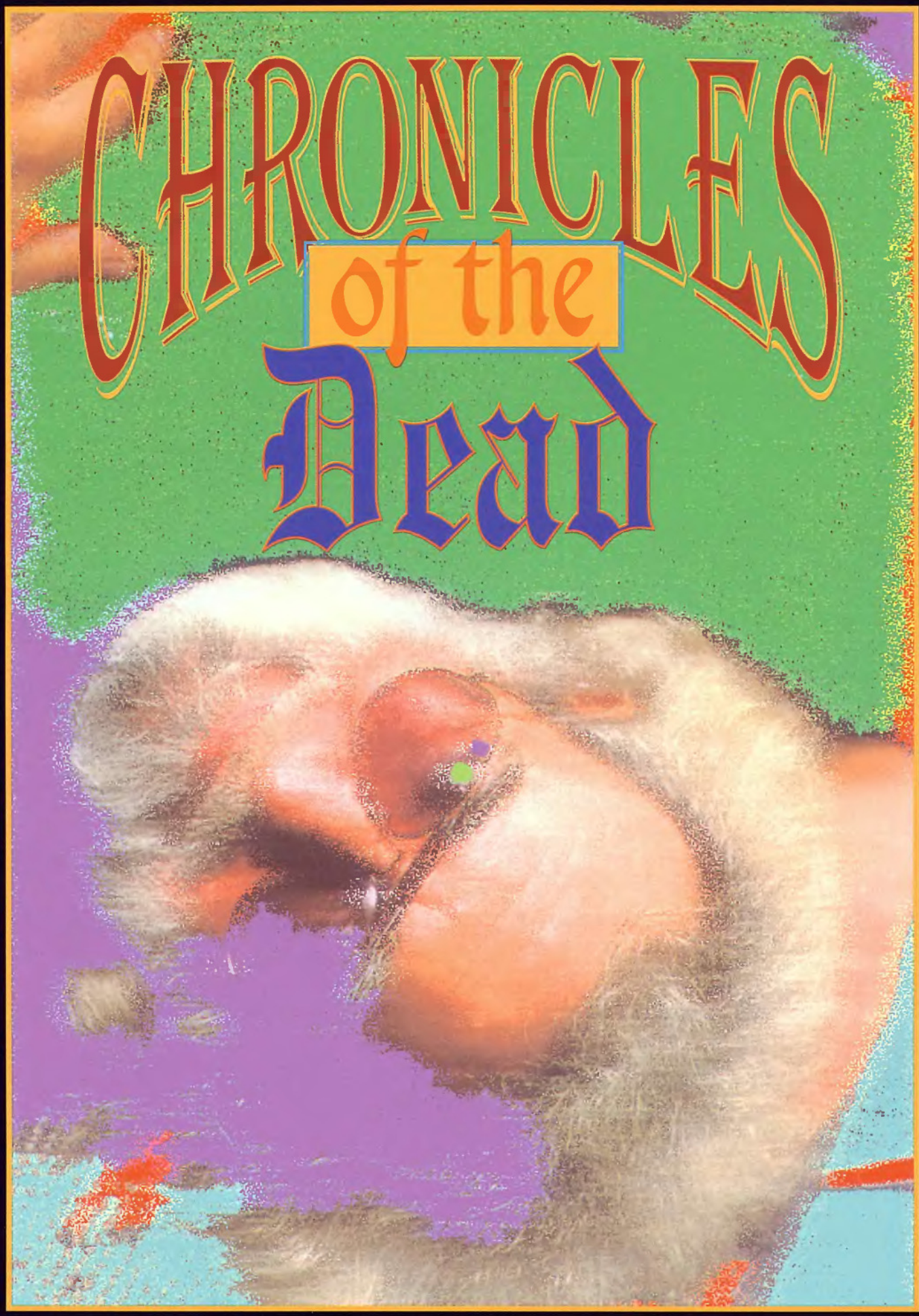
Despite himself, Jerry Garcia becomes the leader of the band. Not that this causes any great friction. The Dead has always been a band without a leader and without a plan. Jerry does everything humanly possible to live down this role, but sooner or later he is thrust into that position. And he is a natural leader. He grew up with it. His dad, who was the leader of a Dixieland band, knew what it took to hold anywhere from ten to 15 instruments together. And when the Grateful Dead turns into the Hippie Buffalo Bill Show, Jerry is the obvious focal point. He's the innovator. The symbol. There will be no ice cream flavors named after Phil Lesh.

The Grateful Dead's manner of writing songs is a haphazard, hit-or-miss business. Nothing is nailed down. First the guys try out their songs in front of an audience. For most groups a song is written and arranged, then is put out on record. The tracks get played on the radio. Only then does the band go out on the road and back up the record. It basically lip-synchs its own songs. But Dead sets are four-hour exercises in "let's see what happens." Never have a playlist, never write it down.

There is no such thing as a finished Dead song. It always changes. You never know what will pop up at a Dead concert, or in what form it will appear. The main thing is the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY BENSON

Chronicles of the Dead



freedom to fuck up. This is something we took to heart from all those acid tests. Bobby Weir will often forget a new song in front of 15,000 people. The crowd loves it.

What is that? It's a new song. And the Dead don't make announcements. They don't say, "This is from our new album, it's called *New Potato Caboose*." If they can't remember it, they just stumble through it, make a mistake and get back to the groove. If they start out tentatively because someone in the band can't remember the changes, then it just becomes a hiccup of a song and they slide into something else.

Sometimes it takes two or three years of performing a song before it gets a personality. It's only through playing these tunes to a live audience that you would ever get such a radical transformation of *Good Lovin'*, which began life as a funky boogaloo and then after years of being played and leaned on turned into a reggae island hip-hop number. But despite all the fiddling with songs and procrastination, the Dead eventually develop a big book of songs. In the Seventies we played a five-night stand in San Francisco and repeated only four songs. At the closing of Winterland in San Francisco some fans hung a huge banner that said: 1335TH NIGHT SINCE YOU LAST PLAYED "DARK STAR." Now, that's devotion.

•

The Monterey International Pop Festival rolls for June 16, 17 and 18, 1967. I get to the fairgrounds early to help take care of all the stuff the promoters forgot about. We know that people will be coming in from communities up and down the coast: Big Sur, Shasta, the communes in Oregon. Two days before the festival opens, the buses begin arriving, filled with people who want to know where they can pitch their tents and tepees. We realize we'll have to look after them, because the Los Angeles contingent certainly isn't going to. The kind of people who come to see the Grateful Dead want to camp out. We get Monterey Peninsula College to provide free camping on the football field and to open up the showers and turn on hot water and all that good stuff. We make arrangements to use a pavilion to accommodate the overflow of people who have nowhere to stay.

When you walk through the fairgrounds at twilight with the tepees painted with Sioux symbols, people playing guitars and children and dogs running around the tents, it's worth all the hassles in the world. We've infiltrated the enemy camp, turned it into our own event. We have our peyote tents set up just as you walk in the gate. There are bonfires going, and smoke coming out of tepees.

Soon we dream up a new piece of folly. It starts, like so many great ideas, with a simple desideratum. Jerry says, "A jam or something might be nice. Yeah, a jam might be real nice." Stop the presses! The great Garcia has spoken (I think). We'll undercut the greedy promoters by giving music away for free.

"Well," say I, "what about the pavilion? Or even the football field? It's full of all those people who couldn't get into the shows."

Garcia is up for it, so is Pigpen (Ron McKernan). The plot hatches at the Jokers Club (where the musicians hang out, behind the main stage). And as soon as it's been conjured up, Jimi Hendrix says, "Hey, now that sounds like serious fun." Pigpen, Hendrix, Jerry Garcia. They're all into it. And as soon as the other musicians hear about it they're going, "Yes, yes, yes—count us in, too."

At one end of the pavilion we set up the public address system on a little platform. The hippies skank the electricity and get juice into the hall, and we borrow some amplifiers off the stage and move them in. All this is done furtively as people fall asleep, so nobody will twig. The lights are off, so the setting up is done with flashlights. We get everything ready, and then Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady from Jefferson Airplane, Garcia and Hendrix come out to the stage.

With the first chord the lights go on and the projectors flash their amoeba-like images. People wake up to bubbles moving across the ceiling (one of the light companies has installed a liquid light projector), and here's the Airplane, the Grateful Dead and Jimi Hendrix cranking through *Walking the Dog*. The Dead are like grease. Take another tab, and everybody knows *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*, right?

The best part of it for me is seeing the faces when the lights come on. Some of these people have never even been to San Francisco. Most of them have never seen a Haight show with all the lights and bubbles. It is stoned psychedelic.

The last day of the festival comes and—surprise—the promoters tell us that all the money has mysteriously disappeared. They claim that someone ran off to Mexico with it. The amount of the embezzlement is estimated at $50,000, but it's a lot more than that since $35,000 of it is later recovered. And then there is the money from the film and the TV rights and the double albums, none of which we will see a penny of.

The forces of darkness have ripped us off. They have stolen our music, stolen the San Francisco vibe, for Christ's sake. So we figure that the best way to respond is to show how little we care about this stuff by giving it away. We plan a little prank. A big prank, actually.

Fender has lent all this equipment to the festival in return for advertising—"Used exclusively at the world famous Monterey Pop Festival." It is the most beautiful gear we have ever seen. We commandeer a T-shirt van, back it up to the stage and load what we need.

All the way back to San Francisco we're still high. Jerry, Phil and Pig, who headed home before the heist, come out of our place there. Their eyes are big as saucers. Now what are we going to do? Let the wild rumpus start! The question becomes, who would you like to hear play if you could choose any lineup from Monterey?

Jerry peruses the list. "Well, I'd have the Who and the Animals. Otis Redding, natch. And Jimi Hendrix definitely has to come. What more could you ask for?"

We set up the borrowed equipment in a city park and bootleg the electricity. We park the Hell's Angels on top of the amps. Everyone gets to play a set.

We get a bit of a tongue-lashing in the press, but the *San Francisco Chronicle* makes us out to be Robin Hoods who steal from the rich to give our music away to the milling throngs. We get more press for stealing equipment that we actually return (we even replace the bulbs) than the promoters do for stealing our money.

•

It's easy to spot Jerry's special fans. The guy who's nodding off in his coffee has downers, the guy with big burns around his nostrils like he's been eating doughnuts is obviously the coke freak. Usually I don't even have to look, they come up to me.

"Scully, hey Scully, can you get me backstage?"

"You got any?"

"Hell, yeah! A solid eight ball, man."

"How is it?"

"Best you ever had, I swear, man."

"Sure, sure. OK, come with me."

I loop a plastic pass on him and it's full speed ahead and don't spare the horses.

"This is Jerry Garcia," I say, opening the door to his dressing room, but Jerry doesn't have time to socialize.

He goes, "Break it out!"

Scronnnk, ah-ha-ha. And that is the end of the audience.

I go, "Say goodbye to Jerry." The

(continued on page 190)

"Is this heartwarming or what? Each of them searching for something to gladden the heart of a loved one."

beckerman can dream up masterpieces out of thin air, but never has he had the same dream twice. not even at gunpoint

THE SECOND SHIELD

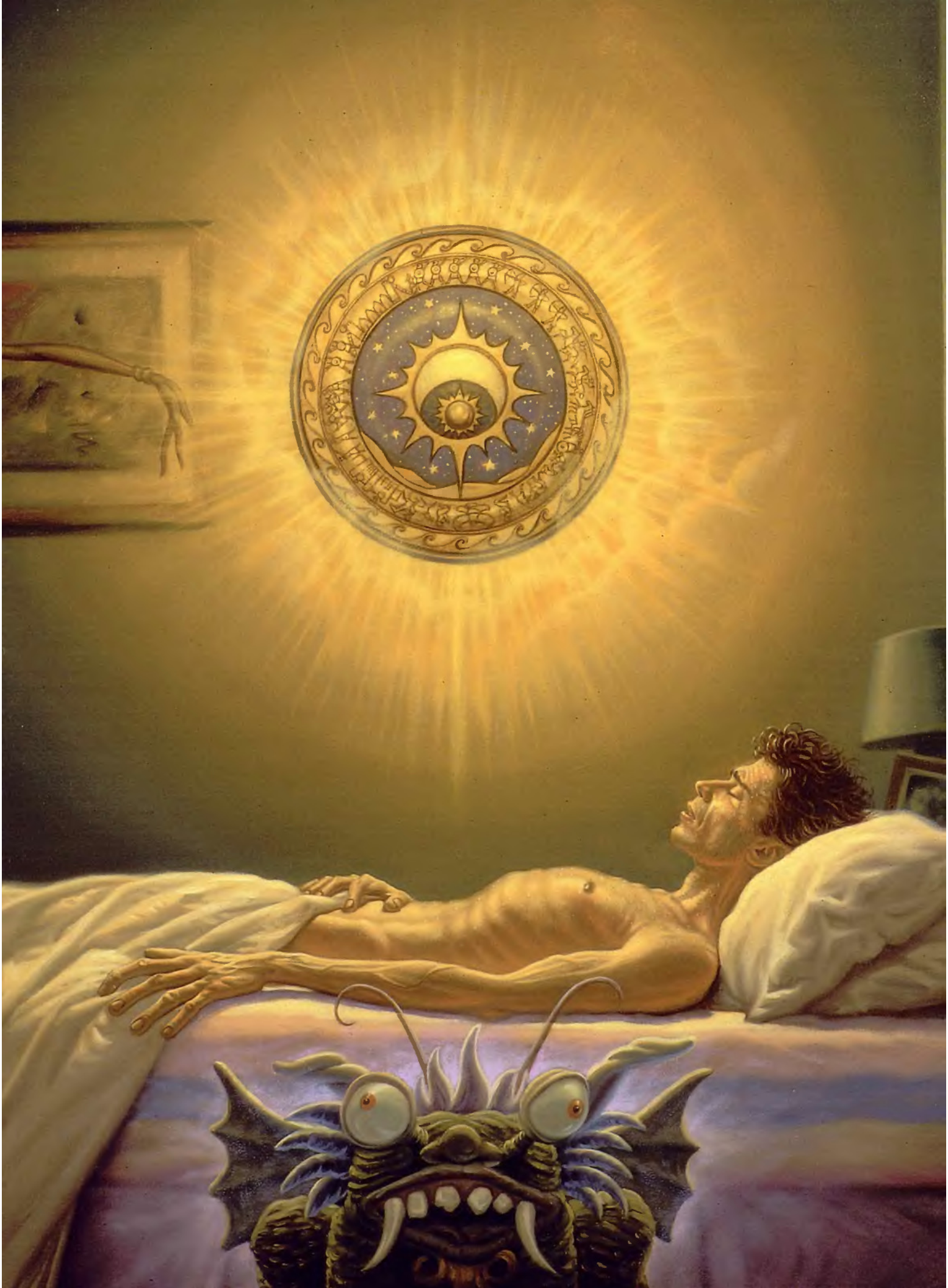
fiction by ROBERT SILVERBERG

IN THE NIGHT, despite the unsettling trouble brewing with the client from Miami, the blustering and importuning and the implied or even outright threats, Beckerman managed to dream satisfactorily after all. He dreamed a little freestanding staircase of alabaster and malachite that pivoted in the middle and went back down itself through another dimension like something out of an Escher print; he dreamed an attenuated, one-legged bronze statuette with three skinny arms and a funny spiral topknot, Giacometti meets Dr. Seuss, so to speak. He dreamed a squat, puckery-skinned, cast-iron froggy thing with bulging ivory eyeballs that periodically opened its huge mouth and emitted little soprano squeaks. Everything was a bit on the bizarre side, even for Beckerman; he had a tendency to go over the edge a little when things got tense. The three pieces were arrayed in a neat row by the side of his bed when he woke, just before noon. It was, he thought, a fine batch of work.

He didn't take the time just yet to give the latest products a close inspection. His shower came first, and then breakfast—a whole grapefruit and half of another one, nearly a dozen sausages, a platter of scrambled eggs, half a loaf of bread, a couple of bottles of beer. He had woken drenched with sweat, as he always was these mornings: stinking acrid sweat, clammy and thick, the sweat of an artisan who has been going at it full throttle for many hours. Beckerman's work took a lot out of him. He worked every bit as hard as any sculptor who hammered away at marble slabs or one who wrestled with heavy iron struts, except that he worked lying down with his eyes closed, and no actual physical labor was involved. Good productive dreams like these could burn up five or six pounds' worth of energy in a single night. It was all Beckerman could do to keep his weight up, despite a constantly ravenous appetite. At best he was a slender man, but a busy season of work would reduce him to skin and bones, and his clothes would hang from his gaunt limbs like rags flapping in the wind.

After he washed and dressed and *(continued on page 162)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES WARHOLA



TORRID TORRES

miss december is spain's hottest export since salsa

A WICKED squall bursts across South Beach, Miami's mecca for models, and it's headed straight for Samantha Torres. "Doesn't that figure," says Miss December, eyeing the approaching storm. "I wear sheer white, and it pours." The rain is now seconds away from drenching her teeny halter top and microskirt and rendering them all but transparent. Shrugging off a suggestion that she take cover, Samantha presses on, as fast as her three-inch platform shoes will allow. As if startled by the audacity of this 22-year-old blonde, the storm suddenly turns to a drizzle. Still dry, Samantha continues her march up Ocean Drive, finally settling in for cappuccino at trendy Caffe Milano. "You have to seize the moment," she says, laughing at her luck with the weather.

That philosophy drives almost everything Samantha does. Take the way she fell into modeling. Two years ago, as a goof, some friends entered her in a beauty contest on Ibiza, the Spanish island where Samantha grew up. She won that

"I have a lot of different looks when I model, which will be good if I become an actress. Usually, though, I get assignments that call for someone who's sensuous and strong. I could never be one of those flat-chested Armani types."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

pageant and went on to be crowned Miss Spain and then become one of Europe's hottest models. "I do well as a model," she concedes, "but I think of it only as a stepping-stone to acting, which is my true love. I don't have a master plan, but I know what I want to do: become a sexy, sensual actress like Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks*."

Samantha has never been shy about getting what she wants.

Some of her first words as a child were a command to the family cook: "Harold, beans on toast." It's still a favorite meal. As a toddler, she once commandeered a lift in a hotel and wouldn't give up the controls until the staff gave her chocolates. Samantha speaks English like a native Brit, having spent

Samantha learned to swim at age 18 months and studied gymnastics for seven years. Here, she practices both skills as she kicks up her high heels in an exotic version of underwater ballet.

When Samantha was a teenager, she wrecked her motorbike on Ibiza and spent nearly a year on crutches. "I still ride, though," she says, restating her personal motto: "I'm not afraid of anything."

three years at a boarding school in London. The accent vanishes when she speaks Spanish or Ibicenco, the dialect of Ibiza.

Now that she keeps an apartment in Miami, Samantha rarely gets back home, but it's definitely where her heart is. "It's magical. I water-ski, swim, scuba dive, play squash, ride my horse to the beach. I never sit still. And Spanish men are so special because they're strong and never boring."

Samantha admits some men are put off by her independence and stubborn streak, but she's not about to change. "I'm happy with who I am, how I look and what I'm doing. This is me, like it or lump it." —TOM WOTHERSPOON

"I'm shy in a way, and hard to figure out," claims Samantha, "but when I'm onstage or in front of a camera, I bring out what I don't show in public."

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Samantha Torres

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 53 kilos

BIRTH DATE: 6-OCT-73 BIRTHPLACE: IBIZA, SPAIN

AMBITIONS: To be considered one of the most sexy actresses.

TURN-ONS: Reenacting scenes from "9½ weeks" with my boyfriend.

TURNOFFS: Moody people, bad tempers, guys on steroids and guys in elastic-tight jeans, white socks and black shoes.

I'LL NEVER: Quit until I'm good and ready.

NOBODY KNOWS: That I'm embarrassed by my laugh. I sound like a donkey. So please don't ever tickle me.

CALL ME CRAZY, BUT: I eat baked beans on toast and banana sandwiches.

I MAY LOOK INNOCENT: But I'm wild at heart.

Sexy eyes

Lover girl

The Bacall look

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man ordered four expensive 30-year-old single malts and had the bartender line them up in front of him. Then, without pausing, he downed each one.

"Whew," the barkeep remarked, "you seem to be in a hurry."

"You would be too if you had what I have."

"What do you have?" the bartender sympathetically asked.

"Fifty cents."

How do prostitutes go to college? On the Hugh Grant, of course.

While scavenging behind a toaster, a mouse bumped into an old acquaintance. "It's been a long time," the first said. "How's everything?"

"Great," the other replied. "I have three brothers in pharmaceutical testing and a sister in heart research."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: After a heavy necking session ended short of consummation, the young man's date told him he would be welcome to come over the following Sunday when her parents would be at church. "Only this time," she said with a grin, "bring condoms."

In anticipation, the fellow stopped at the local drugstore on his way home and asked the pharmacist to give him the best condoms on the market.

Sunday, he headed to the girl's house and rang the bell. Her father opened the door and glared long and hard before admitting him.

When the time came for the parents to leave for church, the young man asked if he could join them. His surprised girlfriend whispered, "Since when are you a churchgoer?"

"Since when is your dad a pharmacist?"

What do you call 100 lawyers skydiving out of an airplane? Skeet.

The Irishman was always getting into brawls. His wife decided to put a stop to it the night he came home with a black eye, a swollen lip and a few missing teeth.

"All right, who was it this time?" she asked.

"Oh, me and O'Leary had a few words, that's all."

"O'Leary?" she shrieked. "You mean to stand there and tell me a weak, sniveling little pipsqueak like O'Leary did all that to you?"

"Now, now, love," he said. "'Tain't nice to speak ill of the dead."

While at dinner, a man struck up a conversation with a woman in the dining car of a cross-country train. Both, it turned out, were married and both were traveling on business.

Following several after-dinner drinks, the woman confessed that she was sure her skirt-chasing husband would be unfaithful while she was away. The man admitted he had a similar fear about his wife. "Since we are in the same situation," the man suggested with an eager gleam in his eye, "perhaps we could exact revenge together."

Without another word, the two made their way to his sleeping compartment, where their partners' adultery was passionately avenged.

The two lay still for several minutes afterward. Then, as her lover turned over to sleep, the woman whispered, "How about one more act of revenge?"

"Sorry," he yawned, "I've already forgiven my wife."

Why do men love cars more than women? Because there's a better chance that their cars will turn over in the morning.

A middle-aged fellow was approached by a hooker on a downtown street. "How about a blow job for 50 bucks, honey?" she asked.

"No way," the man said. "I'm married."

"So?"

"So," he replied, "my wife will do it for 40."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do you call 100 heavily armed lesbians? Militia Etheridge.

A Wall Street broker came home unexpectedly one afternoon and found his wife in bed with a handsome young man. The husband's face reddened. "How are you going to explain this?" he exploded.

"It's simple," his wife calmly replied. "I've gone public."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Quite frankly, I've had enough of good little boys and girls for one night."

TERRORISM? SAYS WHO?

los angeles' former top cop says jittery feds grabbed broad new powers in the wake of oklahoma city that could handcuff our best line of defense: the police

ON THE MORNING of February 22, a man parked a truck containing 2000 pounds of explosives across the street from a six-story office building. The building was filled with people just starting their workday, including the people on the fifth floor, who worked for the IRS.

The city was Los Angeles. The time: 1990—five years before the Oklahoma City bombing.

The man had already made two trial runs at this building, which was owned by City National Bank and situated on busy Olympic Boulevard on Los Angeles' fashionable West Side. In September 1988 he had placed a pipe bomb in a car inside the building's garage. The bomb exploded, causing minor damage to cars and to the garage. Not satisfied, he returned the following year and planted three pipe bombs near the building, but none detonated. He had also tried to blow up a building in nearby Culver City that houses IRS offices, and two buildings in Laguna Niguel in Orange County, using pipe bombs and mortars. Like the Unabomber, he decided we weren't paying enough attention, so he sent two letters. Both were signed "Up the IRS, Inc." and declared that future bombings of IRS facilities, of greater magnitude, would be forthcoming.

We got the picture.

I was chief of police in Los Angeles at the time, and the thought that someone—or some group—was running around the *(continued on page 128)*

ARTICLE BY DARYL F. GATES

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

Looking for a gift that will make your lady's eyes sparkle brighter than the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center? With the help of six of our favorite Playmates, we offer these suggestions. Left to right: Barbora Moore with Rolph Lauren's Safari parfum in a cut-crystal bottle ($300). Lisa Marie Scott in a black lace teddy by Aubade Paris ($160). De Beers diamonds are a girl's best friend, and Kelly Gallagher wears nearly three carats' worth in the form of Cartier's Panther 1925 watch featuring an 18-karat-gold panther design ($33,000). Carrie Westcott looks great in a 17-carat diamond necklace set in 18-karat gold with a South Sea cultured pearl ($46,500) and four-carat diamond and pearl earrings ($10,000), both from Harry Winston Inc. Julie Cialini cuddles a Siberian husky puppy from Artik Sno Siberian Huskies (about $500). And Anna-Marie Goddard, in a terrycloth robe from the Golden Door spa, revels in the royal treatment: a weeklong trip of pampering, fitness and relaxation at California's preeminent health spa ($4250).

MAKEUP BY BARBARA FARMAN
FOR CLOUTIER AND BY ALEXIS VOGEL

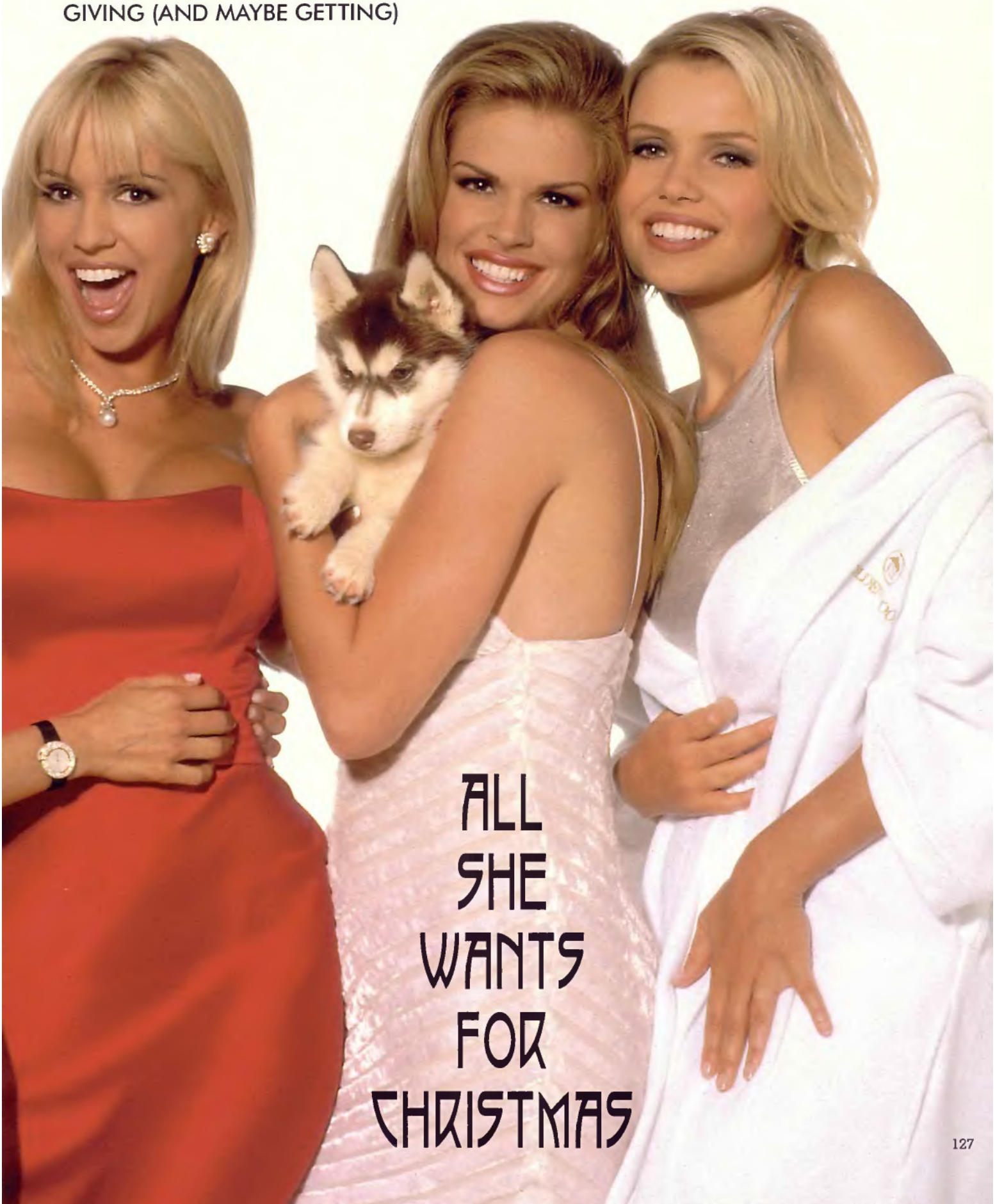
HAIR BY SERENA RADAELLI FOR CLOUTIER/YUKI SHARONI
AND BY VICTOR VIDAL FOR CLOUTIER

STYLING BY JENNIFER ROONEY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 203.

FROM PERFUME TO A PUP TO DIAMONDS, HERE ARE SEVEN DAZZLING PRESENTS FOR GIVING (AND MAYBE GETTING)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERT STERN



ALL SHE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS

TERRORISM? SAYS WHO? (continued from page 124)

The bomb would have leveled the six-story building and damaged eight square blocks of Los Angeles.

city detonating explosives scared me to death. So far, no one had been injured, but in time, maybe he would construct a big bomb, big enough to grab the attention he wasn't getting from the little bombs. I had assigned our Antiterrorist Division to the case, and this task force was later joined by the FBI, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the IRS and several other local police departments. But we got nowhere.

After the attempts on City National Bank in 1988 and 1989, one of our detectives took it upon himself to swing by the building each day on his way to work.

On the morning of February 22, 1990 he noticed a yellow truck parked across the street. It was a pickup draped with canvas. As he slowed to take a closer look, he noticed smoke drifting out from under the canvas. The detective called the fire department. The fire department took one look at the truck and called the LAPD bomb squad. The squad confirmed the presence of a bomb.

I immediately sent a uniformed task force of several hundred police officers to the scene. They evacuated the building and the blocks surrounding it. Then, loading the yellow truck onto a larger flatbed, they transported the bomb to the desert. When the bomb squad detonated it, they were stunned. Made with 2000 pounds of ammonia nitrate and fuel oil, it would have leveled the six-story building and damaged a good eight square blocks of West Los Angeles.

Now I was really scared. I called in our detectives practically every day to check on their progress. Still, it took another year—and two more failed attempts in Fresno—before we finally arrested the "mad" bomber.

Dean Harvey Hicks was not a member of a militia group or any political organization that we were aware of. Rather, he was an electrical engineer with a good job, a kindly demeanor and a hobby as a bicyclist. When another rider's bike broke down, Hicks was always the first to offer assistance. He had no criminal record. What he had was a tax problem. According to his story, when he called the IRS to resolve his tax concerns, whomever he spoke with had laughed at him. Apparently, this did not sit well with Hicks. He's now serving time in federal prison.

I relate this story for two reasons. One, Los Angeles could have been Oklahoma City. But because the bombs didn't kill people, there was no attention paid to the danger by either the media or federal politicians. No one bothered to look at our situation and say, Wait a minute, maybe we need to find out what is going on. Two, I want to raise the question of domestic terrorism.

Did Hicks, the kindly electrical engineer with a tax problem, fit the classic profile of a terrorist? Or was he a kook, fueled beyond reason by the anger and frustration many of us feel when trying to deal with the federal government? Few of us, even those of us who have worked in government, can even begin to comprehend this amorphous, faceless entity that operates out of Washington. When you reach out to touch it, it is vapor.

TERRORISM . . . NOT

Although the Oklahoma City bombing has been labeled an act of domestic terrorism, it was not. It was a violent act by some kooks—I can't think of another word—who wanted to get revenge specifically for—and I'm speculating on this, but all indicators support it—the Waco standoff and the resulting carnage.

Terrorism is not a violent act by a disaffected soul; in its truest sense it is a way to wage war. It is a political strategy used by people who do not have the capability to wage conventional war to influence a political situation. So they set out to engage in war, either within their own country or outside of it, by using terrorist acts in attempts to destroy the people's will and to achieve their goals of overthrowing a government or a political process.

This is not, from all appearances, what took place in Oklahoma City. More than 150 people were killed in that disaster, and it was indescribable in terms of its tragedy. But if you look at what's been happening on the streets of our cities, it's comparable to one street gang fighting another gang and indiscriminately shooting people. Los Angeles has well over 200 gang-related killings every year. If you want to add up body bags and look at old people, young people and children who become victims, you have exactly the same kind of human toll that resulted from Oklahoma City. Except that the street crime occurs day after day after day.

The point I'm making is that while there is terror on the streets of Los Angeles and certainly terror in Oklahoma City, it is not traditional terrorism in terms of people wanting to destroy the federal government. In the case of street gangs, their issue is territory. As for militia groups, I doubt they understand the workings of the federal government well enough (who does?) to know how to change it. Angry and frustrated because government defies their understanding, they choose a recourse.

They kill the messenger.

The messenger takes the form of the most visible people in government—the IRS, Secret Service, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and, of course, the local police. But these visible people aren't the government. They are plain, ordinary folks trying to do their jobs as these have been enacted into law by politicians. These folks enforce the law, they don't make it.

The irony is that many of the targets in law enforcement share conservative views and values with their attackers. They even share the kooks' frustration with government—they don't like paying taxes, either. If you were to sit down with people in law enforcement, you would probably find their fundamental values are basically the same as those of civilians who decry Waco and the so-called tyranny of government.

In looking at the government's response to Oklahoma City as a deplorable act of domestic terrorism, I recognize that no such national anger surged forth after the 1992 riots in Los Angeles. At least not anger toward the perpetrators. No one has excused what happened in Oklahoma City. But how many times has it been said that the riots, which killed 52 people, practically destroyed the cohesiveness of Los Angeles and caused far more property damage than occurred in Oklahoma City, were nothing more than a "rebellion"?

Why was this "rebellion"—which struck terror in the hearts of all Angelenos—something to be explained, and perhaps even excused? If the Oklahoma City bombing was an act against government, what were the riots? They broke out as a result of a jury decision based on the actions of four police officers. Aren't the courts, and the police, once again, representatives of government?

Yet in the wake of the terror of the riots, there was no legislation, no beefing

(continued on page 178)

"I <u>knew</u> I heard caroling last night!"

Left: Our 007 look-olike hangs tough in a wool glen plaid two-button single-breasted suit (about $1500), a cotton shirt with French cuffs ($185), a silk tie ($85) and leather monk-strap shoes (about $400), all by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, plus a silk crepe pocket square ($20) and gold cuff links with mother-of-pearl inlays ($80), both by Tino Cosmo, and socks by Polo Rolph Lauren (about $20).

FASHION BY
HOLLIS WAYNE

BONDING YOUR WARDROBE

"GOLDENEYE" SHOWS OFF THE NEW PLAYBOY LOOK AS SUITS TRIM DOWN AND POWER UP FOR 1996

Above: In *Goldeneye*, Bond goes block-tie in this wool three-piece tuxedo by Brioni ($3150). We've poired it with a cotton tuxedo shirt by Luigi Borrelli ($275), o silk foille bow tie by Sulko ($50) and o silk pocket squore by Robert Tolbott (obout $30), plus gold Ployboy Robbit Head cuff links by Butler & Wilson (obout $60) ond o wotch by Cortier ($6000).

James Bond is back in *Goldeneye*, and Pierce Brosnan comes off as the suavest 007 yet—thanks to his clothes. Whereas Timothy Dalton's 007 looked "soft" in the slouchy styles of the Eighties (when the previous Bond film was released), Brosnan's wardrobe is elegant and refined—exactly what you might expect of a modern playboy. Of course, we're not surprised that this "playboy look," as it was christened by *The New York Times* in a fall fashion review, is hot. As evidenced by the outfits on our Bond wanna-be, suits and sports jackets with strong shoulders and trim silhouettes create an air of confidence and success. We like the latest two- and three-button single-breasted styles as well as three-piece models with high-button vests. We're also glad to see that the navy blazer with gold metal buttons has returned. Try it, as we have, with an ascot. And for black-tie occasions, combine a dinner jacket and vest with a traditional tuxedo shirt and bow tie.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Opposite: Look familiar? Pierce Brosnan wore this wool bird's-eye three-piece suit with double-pleated trousers by Brioni ($2950) in *Goldeneye*, too. We've paired it with a cotton piqué shirt with French cuffs, by Sulka ($225), a woven silk tie from Best of Class by Robert Talbott (about $100), a silk faille pocket square by Tino Cosma ($25) and leather wing-tip shoes by Kenneth Cole ($140), plus 18-kt.-gold oval cuff links by Cartier ($3800) and a stainless-steel Sea Master Professional Diver watch by Omega ($1750). Right: The nautically inspired navy blazer with gold buttons is back. This worsted-wool double-breasted model by Hart Schaffner & Marx ($325) is teamed with wool double-pleated trousers by Dimitri Couture ($295), a cotton shirt by Ike Behar ($165), a silk ascot by Robert Talbott ($90) and a stainless-steel Pasha Chronoreflex watch by Cartier ($6000).

HAIR & MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS
WOMAN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 203.

Babe OF THE YEAR

COURTENEY COX OF "FRIENDS" IS TV'S MOST ADORABLE FEMALE STAR SINCE MARY TYLER MOORE

BY MICHAEL ANGELI

PLAYBOY PROFILE

I MET Courteney Cox about a year and a half ago, before she charmed her way past Roseanne, Grace, Ellen and Helen to become belle of the sitcom ball on the hit NBC series *Friends*. She was shooting a film at an abandoned hospital in Los Angeles, and she was the talk of our set—not for her acting ability, charm, beauty or her potential to become the 1995 Babe of the Year, but for the $80,000 silver Porsche Carrera crouched behind her dressing trailer.

As the writer of the film—a Showtime weeper called *Sketch Artist II: Hands That See*—I ate lunch with the crew and respectfully averted my eyes when an actor would pass. So I was surprised when Cox took the empty seat next to me. More important, I was thankful: I had had a dark premonition about the spaghetti (which is never easy to eat among strangers) and chosen the fish instead. I noticed her incredible eyes flashing in the direction of my plate. She had the fish too, so I took it as a sign to engage, as Picard would say.

"How fast have you gone in it?" I said, pointing to the Porsche. Everyone stopped chewing to listen. When she answered "90" the entire table roundly booed her. Playing along, Cox hung her head in shame, the sin of forbearance conflicting with a body, as the saying goes, built for speed. Her disfavor lasted about as long as it takes for Steven Seagal to snap off someone's arm at the elbow. Three people hugged her in quick succession while a fourth gave her a comforting peck on the top of her head. Even back then Cox was playing Monica—vulnerable, open, cuddly and self-conscious. Sure, Monica would never drive a Porsche, especially one the color of Johnny Carson's hair. But like Cox, Monica would certainly have no qualms about eating with the help.

•

Eighteen months and 24 *Friends* episodes later, we meet in a Brentwood deli for breakfast. I am prepared to accept that Courteney Cox and Monica are one and the same, like Clint and Dirty Harry, Melanie Griffith and Minnie Mouse. She may be just a shade over 5'5", but as she approaches my booth she has the shamble of a tall woman, that clunky blitheness of models who get up late and never stay in one place long. Because most of the action in *Friends* involves walking into a room full of people and sitting down, she's had plenty of practice. It shows as she slides into the booth with the grace of a trapeze artist. After ordering a breakfast of grand-slam proportions, Courteney plucks my sunglasses from the table and slips them on. One wall of the deli is mirrors (we are in Brentwood, after all), and she checks herself out.

"Oh, see, these are way too cool for me," she insists, bobbing from side to side to catch her profile.

"Here," she remarks as she returns the

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

sunglasses. "For my taste, I have to go simple."

"But you're wearing three earrings in each ear," I point out.

"Hmmm," she considers, touching her earlobe, "maybe I'm a little hipper than I thought."

She's certainly hipper than Monica, den mother to an ensemble of young turks engaged in a weekly marathon of crises management. Monica makes the fewest gaffes, rights the most wrongs and serves up more fat pitches (in the form of straight lines) than a batting practice pitcher. But Courteney's dark side is at worst partly cloudy—what you see is what you get: niceness. She sits before me devouring an appetizer of bagel chips and ranch dressing, hair still damp from the shower, peasant shirt so baggy it could conceal a shoplifted rump roast. Is this really Monica I see or, to borrow a phrase from one of Cox' dance partners, just a brilliant disguise?

"I'm more complex than Monica," she says, "but it would be more interesting for you to come up with the reasons than for me to tell you them."

As she builds a big, sloppy sandwich out of her bacon, eggs, potatoes and toast, she finds time between bites to talk about growing up in a tony suburb of Birmingham, Alabama.

Her father owned a construction company, her mother maintained the household and raised four children. Cox' parents divorced when she was ten, and they both remarried partners with children, providing her with nine new siblings. Through the magic of marital mitosis, Cox and former Police drummer Stewart Copeland are cousins. She got her first job when she was 15, as a salesperson in a swimming pool store. When I ask her if there's anybody back in Birmingham she would like to see again, she carefully sets down her jumbo sandwich.

"If I wanted to see them, I would have," she says, grinning and extracting a poppy seed from between her front teeth with a swipe of her tongue. "I'll say this about Los Angeles: I don't like it that much and I feel a little empty being here. But it's so spread out that, in a way, you can't really become a regular. Not everybody knows you when you walk into a place. Obviously, it's totally different where I'm from. If you walk into a grocery store there, forget it. Everybody knows you, and I can't stand that. 'C.C., I'm so proud of ya,'" she says, laying on a thick Southern accent. "'Why, dawlin, you're no bigger than a minute, but you're so . . . big. Tell us how you doin'. What's goin' on with y'all?'"

I compliment her on her accent, and she cocks an eyebrow. "I got my poise from cotillions. Acting, now that's another story. In Birmingham acting is not a viable option, believe me."

•

Cox started modeling in New York the year after high school, dropping her plans for a career in architecture. Like Fabio, she posed for book covers and illustrations. There were print ads for Noxema and Maybelline that aptly branded her as having "scrubbed good looks." Nynex cast her in one of its commercials—her first television appearance. With the money she earned, she hired a speech coach. Those of us who turn into sweet potato pie when any woman (other than Brett Butler) drawls have Madison Avenue to blame for the absence of Southern accents. Once Cox successfully eliminated her drawl she began to acquire speaking roles.

"You look really . . . hot," she announces, and I feel my posture (and prospects) radically improving. Then she adds, "That was my first real speaking line, when I was on *As the World Turns*. I think I was 19. I played a debutante, and I had to say it to this guy. 'You look really . . . sizzling.' That was it. Sizzling. Whatever it was, it was pretty embarrassing."

If there was a defining moment in the early part of Cox' career, it was when Bruce Springsteen reached out and touched her. Director Brian De Palma picked her to play the adoring fan whom Springsteen beckons onstage for a little New Jersey two-step in his *Dancing in the Dark* video. "We did the shoot over two days," says Cox, who describes herself as anything but a dancer. "We did the close-ups the first day—all that stuff with my eyes widening, my speechless look—then we shot it live, in concert. I thought we had it, but Bruce grabbed the microphone and yelled to the audience, 'What do you do if you like something a lot? You do it again!' So we shot it twice. Same song."

Although she was 20 at the time, Cox looked much younger. "I had that little-boy haircut, and my sleeveless T-shirt helped. I think I got paid less than $500. It was a buyout. That video has been on for more than ten years, and I don't get residuals."

Nonetheless, the exposure she got for doing an uncredited rump shake with the Boss enabled her to enter the marathon dance contest of sitcoms. Her first effort, NBC's *Misfits of Science*, got the hook after less than one season. Fortunately, though, the producers of *Family Ties* liked her enough to cast her as Michael J. Fox' girlfriend for the show's last two seasons. "When I started acting, I didn't know what I was doing," Cox admits. "I studied, but no matter how much you study acting, you still don't know until you do it."

After *Family Ties*, Cox took on work with the abandon of a dog-track bettor. Features included *Mr. Destiny*, *Blue Desert*, *The Opposite Sex*, *Shaking the Tree* and the TV movie *If It's Tuesday, This Still Must Be Belgium*. That's Cox as a marine biologist in *Cocoon: The Return*, and that's her playing Roxanne Pulitzer's best friend, Jackie Kimberly, in NBC's *Prize Pulitzer*. There were spots on *Murder, She Wrote* and *Dream On* and a TV pilot, *Topper*, with John Landis.

"The idea back then was if I was doing it and it was OK, then I was doing the right thing," Cox explains, referring to her prodigious (and sometimes lackluster) output. "You see, it's easy for me to live in denial. I forget my problems. I'm a putterer. I keep busy. I can get the worst news in the world and not even think about it. Maybe it'll all come down on me one day. But I'm good at keeping in motion.

"Oh my God, you're bored!" she suddenly blurts out. "I saw you look over my shoulder. You're bored." I am instead imagining that somewhere, buzzing across the horizon of her life, a little plane is towing a sign that reads: SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE. DO NOT BACK UP. She accepts my explanation with cordial skepticism and then adds, "I'm very perceptive, and I see a lot. By watching people I learn a lot about them."

•

Cox' success playing straight man for the flurry of one-liners on *Friends* can probably be traced to her part in a film for which Warner Bros. expected modest acceptance at best. *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* went on to gross well over $100 million and transformed Jim Carrey into an offshore bank (Carrey was paid $350,000 for *Ace Ventura*; Columbia will pay him $20 million to star in *The Cable Guy*). Capitalizing on both the success of *Ace Ventura* and the likability of Cox' character, CBS promptly offered her a starring role (her first in a sitcom) in *The Trouble With Larry*, with Bronson Pinchot. Larry's problems never had a chance to be aired, let alone resolved; the network pulled the show after six episodes.

"*The Trouble With Larry* was not a success by any means," says Cox, "but I liked the character, and playing that part is what got the producers of *Friends* interested in me."

Warner Bros. Television had this sitcom concept about six close friends who gather at a coffeehouse called

(continued on page 196)

"Isn't it unfortunate that business took us away from our families this Christmas?"

THE Sex FRIENDLY APARTMENT

some astute advice about how to make your bachelor pad more conducive to romance

article by CHIP ROWE

YOU'VE REACHED that point where you feel at peace with your place. The light from your bay windows blankets what can be called the spoils of independence. The remote sits within reach, the posters have been framed, the carpet is clean and the bed is made. Your corner of the world has found its voice, inviting guests to put up their feet and stay awhile. Everything stands out, but nothing stands out of place.

You're ready for the next step: making your place sex-friendly. You're old enough to know that any spot on earth can be sex-friendly if you're adventurous enough—even the backseat of a Volvo or the rest room in an airplane—but what you're after is sex-friendly and comfortable. The men from the boys, as they say.

You may have a girlfriend, you may be looking for a girlfriend or you may be looking for another girlfriend. No matter. At some point, your living quarters will be put on trial. Your guy friends have already given it a once-over, and because you have a comfortable couch and two varieties of beer in the fridge, you passed with flying colors. A woman won't let you slide so easily. Whether she's on her way over for that crucial third date or your place has become her home away from home, making your pad female-friendly has distinct benefits. Done right, the feeling that great sex must happen here will settle over every room. The change will be subtle, a shift in style but not lifestyle. After all, you don't want to change so much that it becomes her place. You simply will adjust the balance and color, much like you sharpen and brighten the image on your television. Your home will become a place where a woman can kick off her heels, where she feels comfortable inviting you over to her side of your couch, a place to which she'll return but also a place where she knows she can't stay. A guy needs his space, but his space needs a woman. Just not all the time.

We're not even going to bother telling you to take down the Pam Anderson posters, recycle the empty beer bottles, vacuum all the pizza crumbs off the floor and pick up anything that might be tripped over. You've already done all that, sensing that the unpredictable nature of a certain someone means she could pop in at any time. More important, a woman other than your mother might visit unexpectedly. Plus, you're a working stiff now; you like to come home to something more than a bunk bed and cable television.

Let's begin with the main room. Give it a little extra attention. A leather reading chair can be a nice fixture; it says you're durable yet pliable. It also announces MAN. A woman usually doesn't dream of owning expensive leather furniture, but unless she's a member of PETA, she won't mind sinking into it. (To soften the appearance of a full leather couch, drape a Mexican blanket over the back.) If you don't own leather, have one piece of furniture that cost entirely too much, or one that comes with an entertaining story that takes more than 30 seconds but less than five minutes to tell. This could be a coffee table made from the ceiling panel of a monastery in Thailand, an heirloom mantel clock or a bookshelf built and handpainted by a blind carpenter you met on a road trip.

Speaking of books, show variety rather than precision in your library. Reference books are fine, but make sure you have some great fiction (including a mystery on your bedside table) and some offbeat volumes salvaged at a garage sale. She'll peruse them as you prepare dinner. You should provide enough titles that she'll find one to slip off the shelf, turn over in her hands and say, "I loved this book." (It's a good idea to have read the dust jacket—if not the book—so you can make small talk.) Choose coffee-table books by Annie Leibovitz or *(continued on page 179)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

FATALITY

he has hurt your daughter, insulted your wife and ignored your warnings. now it's time for action

fiction by RICHARD BAUSCH

SHORTLY AFTER her marriage to Delbert Chase, the Kaufmans' daughter and only child broke off all contact with them. The newlyweds lived on the other side of town, on Delany Street, above a retired farmer's garage. Driving by in the mornings on his way to work at the real estate office, Frank Kaufman would see their new Ford parked out front. It was a demo: Delbert had landed a job selling cars at Tom Nixx New & Used Cars. Some days, the car was still there when Kaufman came back past, on his way home for lunch.

"Lazy good-for-nothing——" he muttered, talking with his wife about it. "How can he get away with that? Nixx ought to have his head examined."

"Is she any better?" his wife said. "Mrs. Mertock said she saw her at Rite-Aid in overalls and a T-shirt, buying beer and cigarettes at nine in the morning. Nine in the morning."

Frank shook his head. "Ungrateful little. . . ." He didn't finish the sentence. He had spoken merely to punctuate his wife's anger. "Well," he went on, "I wish her the best. It's her life now. If that's the way she wants it, so be it. Maybe she'll come back when she grows up a little."

"This door is locked, if she does. That's the way I feel about it. This door is locked."

"Caroline—you don't mean that."

But her mouth was set in a straight, determined line.

With a roiling stomach, he headed back to work. When he passed the little garage, if the new Ford was gone, he would think of stopping. But then the fact of her neglect, of her heartless treatment of her mother, would go through him, a poison in his blood.

They had opposed the marriage vigorously, it was true, having found it almost more than they could stand to watch the girl simply throw herself away in that starry-eyed fashion—quitting the university, discarding the opportunities they had labored so hard to provide for her—for someone like Delbert Chase. Delbert Chase. Delbert Chase. Kaufman kept saying the name, unable to believe any of it—this ex-sailor who had a tattoo of an anchor and chain on his upper arm and who had actually made several passing innuendos about whores in foreign ports, joking about it in that cavalier manner, as though his listeners would be impressed with the dissipated life he had led out in the world. And you could see how proud he was of it all.

His arrival in their lives had been a trouble that came upon the Kaufmans from the blind side. But they had made every effort after the marriage was a fact to smooth things over, and to get beyond all the fuss, as Caroline had said to the girl once,

PAINTING BY KEN WARNEKE

talking on the telephone—more than six weeks ago, now.

"Why don't you just call her?" Kaufman suggested one early afternoon. "Just say hello."

"I was the last one to call," Caroline told him. "Remember? She was positively rude. 'I have to go, Mother.'" Kaufman's wife drew her small mouth into a sour, downturning frown, mimicking her daughter's voice. "And she hung up before I could manage to say goodbye."

"What if I called her?" Kaufman said. "What if I just dialed the number and asked to speak to her? I could do that, couldn't I? 'Hello, Fay. Hello, darling—this is your old father. How's married life?'"

"You go right ahead. As far as I'm concerned, it's up to her now."

They went through the spring and into the hot weather this way. He hated what it was doing to his wife and didn't like what he felt in his own heart. Things were getting away from them both. Each passing day made them feel all the more at a loss, filled them with helpless frustration, a strange combination of petulance and sorrow. Yet when he tried to talk about it, Caroline's mouth drew into that determined line.

"I showed concern for her welfare," she said. "I gave a damn what happened to her. And that's what I'm being punished for."

He went back and forth to work, drove past the garage with the new Ford parked out front. He thought about Delbert Chase being in there with her.

Every morning. Every afternoon.

•

In early August, Mrs. Mertock said she'd seen Fay at the Rite-Aid again, and that there were large bruises on her arms. Mrs. Mertock had tried to engage her in conversation, but Fay only seemed anxious to be gone. "I took hold of her hand and she just slipped out of my grip, just went away from me as if I had tried to get ahold of smoke. I couldn't get her to stand still and then she was off. She seemed—well, like a scared deer."

Kaufman listened to this, standing in his kitchen in the sounds of the summer night. He had been drinking a beer. Caroline and Mrs. Mertock were sitting at the table.

"He's manhandling her?" Caroline said, after a pause.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Mertock. "I just know what I saw."

"I'm going over there," Kaufman said.

"No, you are not," said Caroline. "You're not going over there making a fool of yourself. She's made her bed, and if there's something she's unhappy about, let her come to us. For all we know she got the bruises some innocent way."

"But what if she didn't?" he said.

His wife straightened, and folded her hands on the table. "She knows where we live."

Since Fay's adolescence, he had been painfully conscious of himself as being only an interested bystander in the lives of the two women; they possessed shared experiences that he couldn't know, and there had developed, over the years, a sort of tender distance between father and daughter, a tentativeness that he wished he could put behind him. Whenever he drove by the garage on Delany Street, he entertained fantasies of what he might say and what she might say if he could bring himself to stop in on her. If he could shake the feeling that she would simply close the door in his face.

One morning, perhaps three weeks after Mrs. Mertock's revelations, Fay showed up at his work. He was sitting at his desk, in his glass-bordered cubicle, talking on the telephone with a client, when he saw her standing at the entrance. His heart jumped in his chest. He interrupted the man on the other end of the line. "I've got to go, I'll call you back," and without waiting for an answer, he hung up the phone and hurried out to her.

She stiffened as he approached, and he took hold of her elbow. "Hey, Princess," he said.

"Don't." She pulled away—seemed to wince. "I don't want to be touched, OK?"

He looked for bruises on her thin arms, but her arms were dark from time in the sun.

"Can we go somewhere?" she said.

They went out onto the landing, at the entrance of the building. It was hot; the air blasted at them as they emerged. She pushed the dark hair back from her brow and looked at him a moment.

"Do I get a kiss?" he said.

This seemed to offend her. "Oh, please."

He stood under her gaze, heartbroken, unable to speak.

"I'm sure Mrs. Mertock has talked to you," she said. And then, as if to herself: "If I know Mrs. Mertock."

"Fay, if there is something that you need——"

She looked off. "I feel spied on. I don't like it. I can work things out for myself."

"We worry about you," he said. "Of course."

"OK, listen," she told him. "It wasn't anything. It was a little fight and it's been apologized for. I can't even go to the store without——"

"Princess," he began.

But she was already walking away. "I don't need your help. Tell that to Mother. I don't want her help, or anyone's help. I'm fine."

"Sweetie," he said. "Can we call you?"

She had turned her back, going on down to the street and across it, looking one way and then the other, but not back at him. When she got to the corner, he shouted, "We'll call you."

•

But Caroline would not make the call. "I'm not begging for the affection of my child," she said. "And I won't have you beg for it, either."

"We wouldn't be begging for it," he said. "Would we? Is that what we would be doing?"

"I've said all I'm going to say on the subject. You were not on the phone the last time. You didn't hear the tone she used with me."

Caroline would not be moved. Even when, a few weeks later, he learned from a client whose wife worked as a nurse at Fauquier Hospital that Fay had been a patient one night in the emergency room, claiming that she had incurred injuries in a fall. Kaufman learned this when the client asked after Fay. Was she feeling any better? A chill washed over Kaufman as the client went on about accidents in the home, so many—the scary percentages of broken limbs and lacerations in the one place that was supposed to be safe.

"Broken bones," Kaufman said.

The client gave him a look. "I think it was just cuts and bruises."

As soon as he could extricate himself from the client, he called Fay. "What?" she said, sounding sullen and half-awake. It was almost noon.

"Fay, is Delbert hitting you? He's hitting you, isn't he?"

"Leave me alone." The line clicked.

•

He drove to the police station and the man he spoke to, a tall, long-jawed, middle-aged sergeant, seemed puzzled. "You want to report what?"

"Beatings. My daughter."

"Where is she?"

"Home."

"I'm sorry—your home?"

"No. Where she lives. Her husband beats her up. I want it stopped."

"Did she send you here?"

"Look. She's been beaten up. Her husband did it."

"Did you see him do it?"

(continued on page 182)

"Not a very auspicious beginning to the Yuletide season, dear."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR

STYLING BY STEPHEN EARABINO/SMASHBOX BEAUTY • MAKEUP BY JOANNE GAIR FOR CLOUTIER USING MAKE-UP FOREVER
HAIR BY WARD • HAIR COLORIST ROBERTO RAMOS/ESTILO SALON

farrah fawcett stars in a personal first

FARRAH!

WHAT IS stardom? To some it means money, bright lights, fans clamoring for a split second of your time. But to Farrah Fawcett, a woman we have loved since she was our December 1978 cover girl, stardom means freedom. "I can choose my own projects," she says in that sweet, melodic voice of hers—the kittenish voice of a tigress. "That means other people no longer can invent my image for me." It means that Farrah, who bravely quit TV's top-rated *Charlie's Angels* to test herself in films, the stage drama *Extremities* and a series of acclaimed television movies, never quits looking for new challenges.

Now she's doing another brave thing. Yes, the rumors are true: Farrah does PLAYBOY. We spent ten days together on the isle of St. Barthélemy in the West Indies. The setting was gorgeous; Farrah made it look plain by comparison. What happened between us was just what you would expect: truth and beauty.

"I wanted to make an artistic statement," Farrah says. "For years I've dealt with an image of me that other people created. Fans hand me posters, pictures, T-shirts to sign, and they talk about having fantasies about me! I decided, if they're going to have fantasies, I'll give them what I think they should have.

"As much as I wanted this, it wasn't

easy," she continues. Her famous lover-housemate-hero Ryan O'Neal "gave me courage. I'm shy, even with Ryan. After 14 years I still can't let him see me change clothes! But he said, 'You look incredible. You have the most beautiful body, not a flaw.'" Ryan played PLAYBOY photographer at home, shooting practice Polaroids until Farrah's doubts melted. On St. Bart's she surprised photographer Davis Factor, who had shot an *Esquire Gentleman* pictorial with her but hadn't met this new Farrah. "She amazed me," Factor says. "Farrah is shy about her body—don't ask me why, it's the body of an 18-year-old—and that shyness did not disappear. But something new did appear on St. Bart's. Something like the ultimate Farrah." Factor cites a blend of timing, setting and star that made "a moment that was meant to be."

More vital, perhaps, was a factor Farrah prizes most of all. "It's all about guts," she says. "It's about feeling what's right and then doing it." Best example: Before she flew to St. Bart's, Ryan asked, "How will you do this if you can't stand even me seeing you nude?" Farrah bit her famed lip and said, "Don't worry. When the time's right, it'll come to me."

Right again, Farrah.

This is no act. "I can't be sexy on command," Farrah says. "In fact, the worst thing a photographer or director can say to me is, 'Be sexy.' I lock up and have no idea what it means." On St. Bart's she spent long days indulging "my heart and my mind's eye," with all-natural results.

"I wanted these photographs to be works of art," says Farrah, "so the viewer's eye doesn't necessarily go to the nudity, but rather to the expression, the composition, the thought. I expect these photos to be controversial. Most of my life has been. So why not the photos, too?"

Have Yourself A MERRY Little CHRISTMAS

ALL THE GREAT STUFF YOU GOT WHEN YOU WERE A KID IS BACK—BETTER THAN EVER

Left: Mickey & Co.'s black-steel chronograph measures elapsed time in 1/100th of a second, displays day, date and month at the press of a button, and offers analog and digital time in two zones. It features an hourly and a daily alarm (about $300).

Right: The Special is an eight-inch die-cast-aluminum art deco car that has been painted by hand (and it even has Firestone balloon tires). Only 4000 are being produced, and each comes in a vintage-style box with a signed certificate, by Nevco ($165).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 203.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Right: Napoléon ond his 26 marshols are on the move again in this hand-pointed pewter limited-edition (250) minioture by Chris Viner of Soldiers of Rye. It comes mounted on o 6"x15" wood bose, from Bryerton's Militory Miniotures ($500).

Below: This four-car reproduction of the American Flyer Silver Flash model troin from the Fifties is famous for its authentic grophics, by Lionel ($650). The S-gouge track is from Scenery Unlimited ($3 per piece for stroight trock and $4 for curved).

geles Times
House Upholds EPA's Powers in a Surprise Vote
Senate Passes Limits on Lavish Lobbyist Gifts
Judge Rejects Defense Bid for Fuhrman Tapes
Takes 2 Towns nia From Serbs
Economy Shows Weakest Quarterly Growth in Years
Smith Gets Life

20 QUESTIONS

DOMINICK DUNNE

our most observant social critic and court reporter talks about race and justice, the burden of being capote's heir and why he thinks o.j.'s guilty as sin

Ever since Judge Lance Ito granted one of the few permanent seats in his courtroom to writer Dominick Dunne (he sits next to the Goldmans), Dunne has become a fixture for Simpsonophiles. Everyone wants the inside scoop, and Dunne is one who seems to have it, just as he did when he covered the Menendez brothers' trial. He can entertain with tales of conversing with defense attorney Johnnie Cochran in the men's room outside the ninth floor courtroom, or with stories of Hollywood from his days as a producer ("Panic in Needle Park," "Ash Wednesday," "Play It as It Lays," "Boys in the Band," "The Users"). Two of the five films he produced were written by his brother, John Gregory Dunne, and John's wife, Joan Didion. But the Dunnes aren't on speaking terms these days.

In 1982 Dominick's 22-year-old daughter, Dominique, an actress who played the older sister in "Poltergeist," was murdered by her boyfriend John Sweeney, head chef at Los Angeles' Ma Maison. Dunne attended Sweeney's trial and wrote about it. Dunne's older son Griffin is an actor and director, and his younger son Alex does volunteer work with children in San Francisco and hopes to be a writer. Dunne has written five novels, including "The Two Mrs. Grenvilles," which was made into a TV miniseries with Ann-Margret, and "A Season in Purgatory," subject of an upcoming miniseries. He told PLAYBOY *Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel that he would not return to producing because "I love my two-pronged writing life of novels and journalism, or whatever it is that I do. This came to me late in life, so I treasure being able to do it."*

1.

PLAYBOY: So how did you manage to get a permanent seat at the Simpson trial?

DUNNE: I wrote a letter to Judge Ito months before the trial started. I've covered many trials now, I'm interested in the justice system, and when it's abused I like to write about it. I told him all that. More specifically, in my own personal life I have had a child murdered and have been through it. That was the genesis—I had never been to a trial until the trial of that man. It awakened in me the fact that the rights of the defendant exceed the rights of the victim. That perhaps is why the judge placed me directly next to the Goldman family. I so totally understand the feelings of the Goldman and Brown families.

2.

PLAYBOY: As a matter of interest and social significance, which trial held you more: Simpson's or the Menendez brothers'?

DUNNE: Simpson's does. I was riveted by the Menendez trial and I got emotionally involved in that, but this is the more interesting case because of the significance of what will happen when it's over. This is going to be a defining moment racially. It's gone beyond a great trash novel. I look at it now as an American pageant. The whole country has a free front-row seat and we're watching all the justice money can buy. And it is a repulsive picture. What we are consumed with at the moment will forevermore be in the folklore of Hollywood—even though it's not truly a Hollywood story. But because O.J. made a couple of rotten movies, it falls into that category.

3.

PLAYBOY: Has the trial divided the media, as it has divided the country, along racial lines?

DUNNE: Absolutely. When Ron Shipp, the African American former police officer who was a great friend of O.J.'s, took the stand as a witness for the prosecution and said O.J. told him he had a dream of killing Nicole, to almost all of us he was the most compelling witness. To me, there was something Shakespearean about him. He knew about the domestic abuse, had done nothing about it and was guilt-ridden. I was so touched by him. When he left the courtroom that day all of us realized for the first time that black and white members of the media had two totally different interpretations of Shipp. The whites admired him and thought he was wonderful. The blacks hated him. There was this black reporter whom I'm very friendly with, and she said to me, "He's a sneak, a snake, he's disloyal." It was the total opposite of my reaction. It's not as if there are any racial problems between us, but we are all aware that this exists.

4.

PLAYBOY: If O.J. were white, would this trial be the same?

DUNNE: No, of course not. That is why everyone deals with O.J. with such kid gloves. If O.J. were white and the two victims were black, this would have been over long ago.

5.

PLAYBOY: You are outspoken about his guilt. Are there still people you talk with in Hollywood who believe in Simpson's innocence?

DUNNE: Ann-Margret told me she did. I couldn't believe it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Do you think O.J. has confided his guilt to anyone—or has he denied it even to himself?

DUNNE: I believe totally he told [lawyer] Howard Weitzman. He has probably told Al Cowlings. Robert Shapiro probably knows. Then he went into the mind-set that he doesn't remember what happened. I heard a fascinating story that I couldn't confirm so didn't use, but I can tell it here. It was told to me that on the first day the jury was seated, O.J. said to Johnnie Cochran, "If this jury convicts me, maybe I did kill Nicole in a blackout."

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that O.J. is on tranquilizers?

DUNNE: I absolutely believe it, because I don't think it would be possible for a guy with a short fuse like he has—and we have heard him scream on those 911 calls—to listen to what has been said about him in this case without having some real rage come out of him. I have felt that he is tranquilized. One person close to the defense said he is under the care of two psychiatrists, and they can prescribe anything.

8.

PLAYBOY: Whatever happened to Rosey Grier, Jesse Jackson and other respected members of the black community?

DUNNE: Very interesting point. Why haven't they returned? Especially Rosey Grier, the spiritual advisor, the constant visitor. He has not been here. He's the one to whom O.J. is alleged to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY THURNHER

have confessed in the sealed papers. If we can believe what the *National Enquirer* printed, a guard heard O.J. tell Grier something like, "All right, goddamn it, I did it, I killed 'em both." Judge Ito rightly sealed that because Grier was there in the role of spiritual advisor, but I hope they're going to open that afterward. Since then Grier has appeared only once, during the terrible fight that Robert Shapiro and F. Lee Bailey had. Grier came to say a prayer.

From the beginning I thought black leaders would come and sit in the courtroom, but it just hasn't happened. The black leaders have stayed away.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's going to happen to O.J. if he walks?

DUNNE: I know it's unfashionable to say this, but the fact is that he's a black man who has led a white man's life. And yet his salvation in this case has been or will be his blackness. It is as if he has reverted to what was. His days in the Riviera Country Club world are at an end. Life is going to have to be a lot different from the life he was used to. Faye Resnick said, "The kind of people who don't think O.J. did it are not the kind of people he likes to be with." Fascinating line, don't you think? I'm also not sure how safe his life is going to be.

10.

PLAYBOY: Why do people like to talk to you?

DUNNE: It's happened to me all my life. Somebody said I look like a defrocked priest. I'm one of six kids and when my parents had a party we would be brought down to say good evening to the guests and spend ten minutes. The next morning I would tell my mother all the stuff I'd learned and she would say, "How do you know that?"

11.

PLAYBOY: Erik Menendez' lawyer, Leslie Abramson, told the BBC you were trying hard to be Truman Capote, but you didn't have his talents. Is that a fair analysis? And where have you gone right where Capote went wrong?

DUNNE: It's not a fair analysis, but she's right. I don't have his talent. Truman was a better writer than I am, there are no two ways about it. But for her even to say that just shows how effective what I wrote was. It really got to her.

Truman was behaving alcoholically when he wrote *Answered Prayers*—that was what turned people off him. He never recovered from that. He had this misguided idea that because of his genius and his brilliance there would be no consequences. He forgot about the closing of ranks when people of power are together, which is one of the themes of my life. Every book I've ever written is about the ranks closing—either to protect somebody or exclude somebody. They closed to exclude him, and he never recovered from that. He could have gotten away with everything he wrote except the story about Bill Paley. Babe Paley couldn't forgive what he wrote about her husband. And in a curious, alcoholic way, he could even have thought she would love him for it. As an ex-drunk I can understand how your mind can go out of kilter.

"Would Santa ask you to do anything that didn't turn him on?"

12.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen Elizabeth Taylor while you've been here?

DUNNE: Years ago, I produced a movie of hers, *Ash Wednesday*, and I have stayed friends with her since. I'm fond of her and have enormous admiration for her. I've written about her, she and I are both AAers, and I see her every now and then. I had lunch with her during the trial on a Sunday at her house. There were five of us: Taylor, me, Larry Fortensky, Roddy McDowall and Victoria Brynner, Yul's daughter. I spent some time with Elizabeth alone and she was great. I'd heard these nightmare stories that she was fat—it's all bullshit. She looked great. This was just before her hip operation. And she played me Michael Jackson's new album before it came out. She and Jackson have this extraordinary friendship. Elizabeth Taylor once said to me when we were in Italy making *Ash Wednesday* and I was driving her one night during a blizzard, "I can't remember when I wasn't famous." She wasn't bragging. "This is my life," was what she was saying. Well, Michael Jackson is like that too. And that is what they share. Lisa Marie has that too, from Graceland to Neverland. These people are at such a level of fame that they seek out one another.

There were the most enormous speakers in her room. I thought they were pieces of sculpture. I asked her if they were new. They were speakers that Jackson's technicians had come over and assembled for her to hear his new compact disc. I said, "Are you going to be able to keep these?" And she said, "I don't know."

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JULIE LYNN CIALINI

13.

PLAYBOY: What was the best—and most unexpected—advice you ever got?
DUNNE: I went through this terrible period of being on my ass for years. I'd lost my Hollywood career, I was a flop, I had no money. I drank and said a couple of things that pissed off a few people. I was just dropped by everyone. I didn't get any more movies. In 1980 I went off and lived for six months in Oregon in a cabin in the Cascade Range, where I stopped drinking and started with my new career as a writer, because I was all washed-up in Hollywood. While I was there I got a letter from Capote, and I was astonished, because although I had known him for years we weren't letter-writing buddies. And he was famous and I wasn't. His letter was one of admiration that I had dropped out of my life to start over again. He said he thought what I was doing was wonderful and he ended by saying, "But remember this. That is not where you belong. When you get out of it what you went there to get, you have to return to your own life." It made such an impression on me. Because when I began to recover from the booze and the shame of failure, I was feeling so good about myself I thought maybe I'd stay there forever. His letter brought me back to the reality that you have to go back to your own life.

14.

PLAYBOY: Al Pacino had no real movie experience when you cast him in *Panic in Needle Park*. Did you consider anyone else?
DUNNE: We were shooting it in New York and it was so low-budget that my apartment was the office. So we had to go with total unknowns. We whittled the lead down to two guys and did tests on each one. The studio thought they were too ethnic, but the director, Jerry Schatzberg, and I knew that it was going to be one or the other. One of them knelt down on the floor and put his hands around my knees and said to me, "Dominick, don't give it to Al! Don't give it to Al!" That was Robert De Niro.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you read your brother's or Joan Didion's books?
DUNNE: I don't. My brother and I aren't friendly. We don't get on. We just don't see each other. I don't wish bad things for them. It's just that our lives take us in different directions.

16.

PLAYBOY: How many dinners at people's homes do you attend during the course of a week? And who, in your vast experience, do you consider to be the best host?
DUNNE: Five. All my life, I've gone out every night. I love hearing all the dish and all the dirt. And people want to hear about the trial and I've always got the kind of stuff they don't read in the newspaper. Tita Cahn, widow of Sammy Cahn, has these dinners of ten or 12 people that are absolutely fascinating because of the kinds of people she mixes. Roddy McDowall is another one. In the high social world it's the Martin Davises who bring all different elements together. Dennis Hopper's birthday party was an amazing mixture of film stars and artists and writers, one of the best nights I've ever had.

17.

PLAYBOY: How has our cultural life diminished with the advent of technology?
DUNNE: What I hate to see is the end of letter writing. I think letter writing is one of the most beautiful things—it's a way of communicating that faxes and telephones can't match. I love to write and to receive letters, but I think it's a thing of the past.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the second Menendez trial will end differently? Will Erik turn on his brother, Lyle, in the second trial?
DUNNE: Yes, I think it will end differently. I think they're going to get them. And I think having Erik testify against his brother is what Leslie Abramson has in mind. That's why she wanted separate trials, but she didn't get them. Abramson has now become a TV personality and is about to become a talk show host. If she's going to be as rough on camera as she was during the first trial, it's going to be fascinating to watch.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's been Judge Ito's biggest mistake so far?
DUNNE: When Rosa Lopez said in the courtroom, "I'm tired, I don't want to answer any more questions, I'm going to go home now," and deference was paid to her instead of putting her in jail over the weekend, which is exactly where she should have been because they already knew what a liar she was. I thought that was a very bad moment for Judge Ito.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Simpson deserves to die?
DUNNE: I don't. I truly don't believe in the death penalty. I could make an exception, maybe, if it turns out that Timothy McVeigh really is the guilty person in Oklahoma City, with 168 deaths to his credit.

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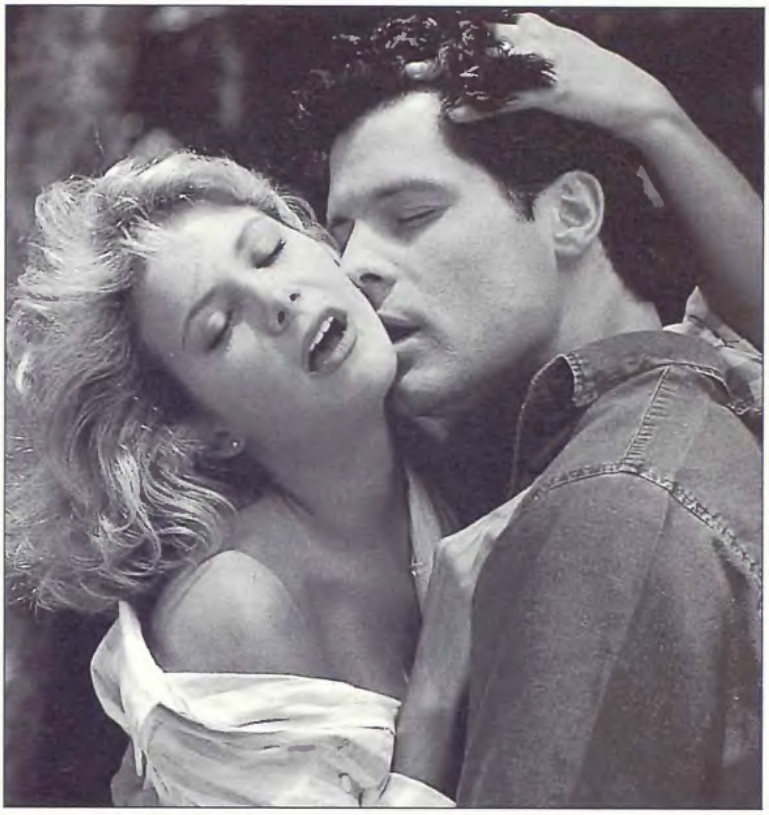

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SECOND SHIELD

(continued from page 108)

Beckerman disliked him instantly. The little man's eyes were troublesomely shifty and hard.

breakfasted, he checked out the new items, poking and prodding them, looking for blemishes and flaws, areas of insubstantiality, indications of early dissolution. None of Beckerman's work was permanent—he was careful to point that out to potential buyers, very careful, which was why this Miami thing was so maddening and disturbing—but it was a matter of professional pride for him never to offer anything for sale that was likely to last less than a year. It wasn't always possible to predict a piece's life span accurately—he always pointed that out to them, too—but he could usually pinpoint it within three months. Some exceptionally evanescent items were gone within hours, some survived for years. Most lasted 30 to 40 months. The record thus far was 11 years, five months, for a Daliesque melted watch made of copper and inlaid with precious stones, set in a silver basin filled with mercury. It was one of his finest pieces.

This group was promising. The Escheresque staircase had a nice solid feel when he tapped it with his knuckle, and there were no soft places anywhere. Beckerman gave it three to five years. The goofy Giacometti, a lean, stripped-down thing of impressive tangibility and compaction, was a cinch for six or seven. Even the weakest of the three, the froggish thing (which had a hollow interior and some porous places on its surface and would therefore eventually begin to suffer molecular flyaway beginning from the inside out), looked good for at least two and a half years, maybe three.

He began running through the roster of possible purchasers. The frog would go to Michaelson, the cellular phone tycoon, at about 30 grand: Michaelson loved strange-looking things that made weird sounds, and the relatively short life span—the fact that the artifact would vanish into the air in a couple of years—wouldn't be an issue to an art collector who had made his fortune out of something as transient as phone calls. Michaelson had once even said he was willing to buy six-month items, and even shorter-lived ones than that, if Beckerman would only put them on the market, which he steadfastly refused to do.

Yes, Michaelson for the frog. The staircase he would offer, most likely, to Buddy Talbert, the leveraged-takeover man who had a weakness for mathematical trickery, dimensional twists, mind-dazzling stuff like that. And as for the Giacometti–Seuss, well——

The telephone rang.

Not many people had Beckerman's number. "Yes?"

"Alvarez," a quiet voice said.

Again. Beckerman began taking deep breaths. "Look, there's no sense in you calling me. I told you I would phone just as soon as I had anything good to report."

"You haven't phoned, though."

"I'm still coming up short."

"Try harder, Beckerman."

"You don't seem willing to realize that these things aren't subject to conscious control. They're dreams, remember. Can you predetermine your dreams? Of course not. So why do you think I can?"

"The things I dream about aren't sitting on the floor next to my bed when I wake up, either," Alvarez said. "The way I dream has nothing to do with the way you dream. Mr. Apostolides is getting very impatient for his shield."

"I'm doing my best."

"Give me an estimate. Two weeks? Three?"

"How can I say? I try every night. I set my mind to it, last thing before I close my eyes: shield, shield, shield, shield. But I end up with different things instead. I can't help it."

"Focus your attention better, then."

Beckerman's forehead began to throb. "I've told you and I've told you: I could focus for a million years and I still wouldn't be able to dream anything to order. Especially a complicated thing like that. The dream products are random creations of my subconscious mind. Why won't you understand that?"

"Tell your subconscious mind to be less random. Mr. Apostolides paid a fortune for that shield, and he loved it very much. He was tremendously proud of possessing it. He was extremely disappointed when it faded away."

"It lasted 16 months. I told you right at the outset it wasn't good for more than a couple of years."

"Sixteen months is not a couple of years. He feels cheated."

"The estimates that I give people are never 100 percent accurate. They know that up front. And I've offered to refund——"

"He doesn't want a refund. This isn't a question of money. He wants the shield on his wall. The patriotic pride, the sheer joy of possession—money can't replace that. He wants a new one, just like the old. He feels very strongly about that. Very, very strongly. You have caused him great personal grief by giving him such a frustrating experience."

"I'm sorry," Beckerman said. "I want only to please my clients. He can have his pick of anything else that I——"

"The shield," said Alvarez ominously. "The shield and nothing but the shield."

"When and if I can."

"Two weeks, Beckerman."

"I simply can't promise that."

"Two weeks. You have given Mr. Apostolides deep emotional pain, Beckerman, and he can be extremely unpleasant to people who create anguish for him. Believe me, he can."

"What are you telling me?" Beckerman demanded.

But he was talking to a dead phone.

•

The shield that Beckerman had made for Apostolides, had dreamed one humid spring night three years ago, was one of his supreme masterpieces, one of his two or three finest works. He regretted its evaporation even more, perhaps, than Apostolides did. But he couldn't whip up another one, just like that, to replace it. He could only trust to luck, the random scoop of his dreaming mind. And meanwhile Alvarez was hounding him, chivying, bullying, fulminating, disturbing his peace of mind in a hundred different ways. Couldn't he see that he was only making things worse?

Apostolides was a shipping magnate—Greek, of course—and he was mixed up in a lot of things besides shipping. His name was on the *Forbes* list of international billionaires and his fingers were in all sorts of pies. His main residence, the one where he had so proudly displayed Beckerman's wondrous shield, was on a private island in Biscayne Bay back of Miami, but there were homes in London and Majorca and South Africa and Thailand and Caracas, too, and business offices in Geneva, the Cayman Islands, Budapest, Kuwait, Singapore and one or two other places. Beckerman had never actually met or spoken with him. Not many people ever did, apparently. The artist's dealings with Apostolides had been conducted entirely through the medium of Alvarez, who was some sort of agent.

Alvarez had tracked Beckerman down on the beach at the Halekulani in Waikiki, where he had gone for a week or two of tropical sunshine during one of San Diego's rare spells of cool, wet winter weather. He was quietly sipping a daiquiri when Alvarez, a small smooth-faced man with rumpled sandy hair and a thin, graying goatee through which you could easily see his chin, came up to him and greeted him by name.

Warily, Beckerman admitted that he was who he was.

"I have a commission for you," Alvarez said.

Beckerman disliked and distrusted him instantly. The little man's eyes were troublesomely shifty and hard, and

"It's my fault. I couldn't resist telling them what a warm reception I received here last Christmas."

there was something weirdly incongruous, here on this sunny beach in 80 degree weather, about the fact that he was dressed in an elegant, closely cut Armani suit of some glossy gray-green fabric—jacket and tie, no less, probably the only necktie being worn anywhere in Hawaii that day. It made him look not only out of place but also in some way menacing. Beckerman, however, made it a rule never to turn down the prospect of new business out of hand. After all these years of making money by pulling works of art out of thin air, he remained perversely afraid that his prosperity would someday vanish, fading back to its mysterious source just as his sculptures inevitably did.

"I represent one of the world's wealthiest men and greatest connoisseurs of art," Alvarez said. "You would recognize his name immediately if I were to tell it to you," which he proceeded almost immediately to do. Beckerman did indeed recognize the name of Pericles Apostolides, and began to pay considerably more attention to Alvarez' words. "Mr. Apostolides," said Alvarez, "is, as perhaps you are aware, a student in the most intensely scholarly way of the heroic age of Greece, that is, the Mycenaean period, the time of the Trojan War. You may have heard of the Homeric theme park that he is constructing outside Nauplia, with its full-scale replica of Agamemnon's Mycenae, and life-size virtual reality reenactments of the great moments of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, particularly the holographic simulations of Scylla and Charybdis and the blinding of Polyphemus, etc., etc."

Beckerman had heard of the project. He thought it was tacky. But he went on listening.

Alvarez said: "Mr. Apostolides is aware of the quality of your work and has admired your splendid art in the collections of many of his friends. In recent months he was particularly keenly taken by the remarkable figure of a centaur in the possession of the Earl of Dorset and by the extraordinary Medusa owned by the Comte de Bourgogne. Mr. Apostolides has sent me here to inquire of you whether you would be willing to create something of a Homeric nature for him—not for the park, you understand, but for his personal and private gallery."

"Mr. Apostolides must understand," said Beckerman, "that I'm unable to work specifically to order—that is, he can't simply design a piece and expect me to execute it literally. My medium is dreams, dreams made tangible, and dreams are by their nature unpredictable things. I can attempt to create what he wants, and perhaps it will approximate what he has in mind, but I can make no guarantee of specific pieces."

"Understood."

"Furthermore, Mr. Apostolides should realize that my work is quite costly."

"That would hardly be a problem, Mr. Beckerman."

"And finally, is Mr. Apostolides aware that the things I make are inherently impermanent? They will last a year or two, perhaps five or six in some cases, but almost never any longer than that. A man with his appreciation of ancient history may be unhappy to find he has commissioned something that has hardly any more substance than—well, than a dream."

Furrows appeared in Alvarez' smooth forehead.

"Are you sure about that? Isn't there any kind of preservative you can apply to particularly choice pieces?"

"None whatever."

"Mr. Apostolides is a powerfully retentive man. He is a builder, a keeper. He does not sell the securities he invests in, he does not deaccession the works of art he collects."

"In that case perhaps he should give this commission some further thought," Beckerman said.

"He very much wants a piece of yours comparable to those he saw in the collections of the Earl of Dorset and the Comte de Bourgogne."

"I would be extremely pleased to provide one. But the limitations on the durability of my work are not, I'm afraid, within my power to control."

"I will explain that to him," said Alvarez, who then turned swiftly and walked away.

He reappeared two nights later, while Beckerman was enjoying a peaceful solitary dinner, looking out over the moonlit Pacific, at the Halekulani's elegant second-story open-air French restaurant. Taking a seat opposite Beckerman without being asked, Alvarez said, "How soon can you deliver?"

Beckerman had had an unusually productive autumn, to the point where by late November he had thought he might need to be hospitalized for exhaustion and general debilitation. By now he had recovered most of his loss of weight and was beginning to feel healthy again, but

"He starts as a conservative Republican and ends up a knee-jerk liberal. What the hell happened to Scrooge?"

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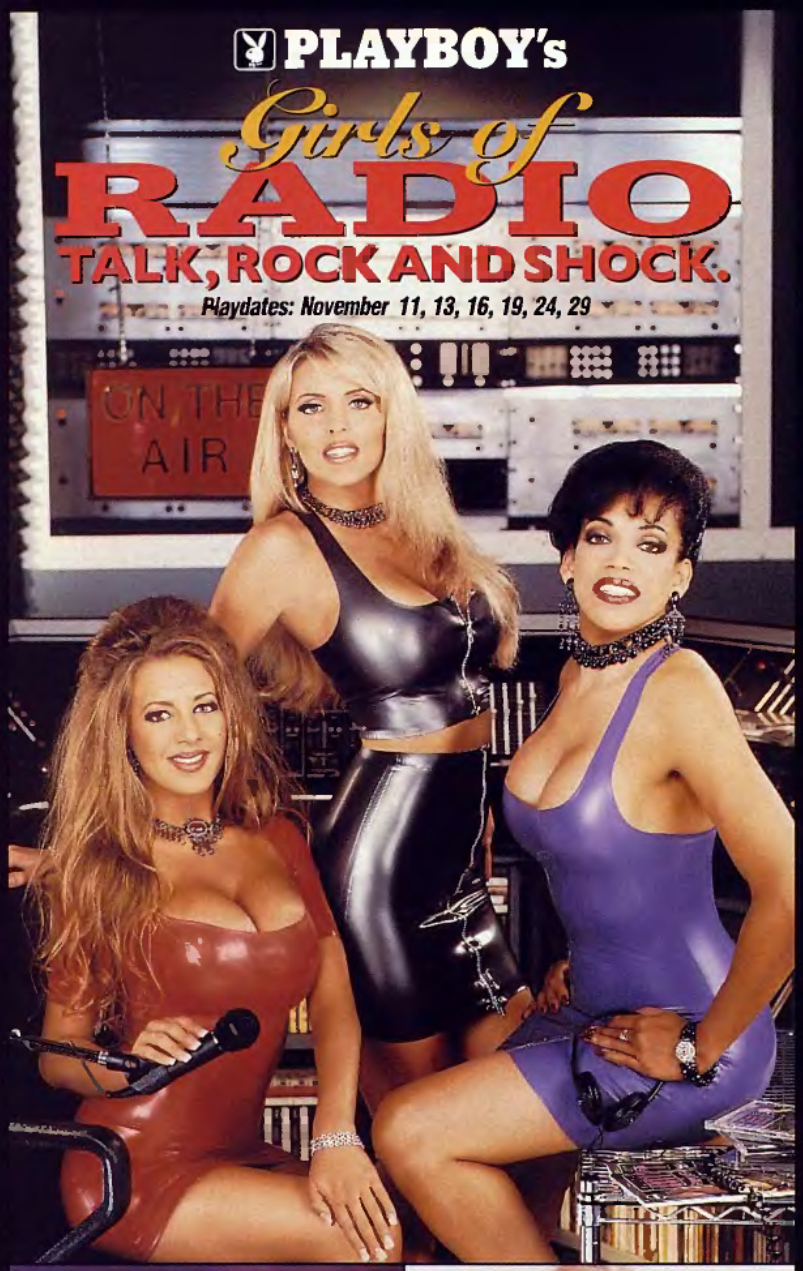

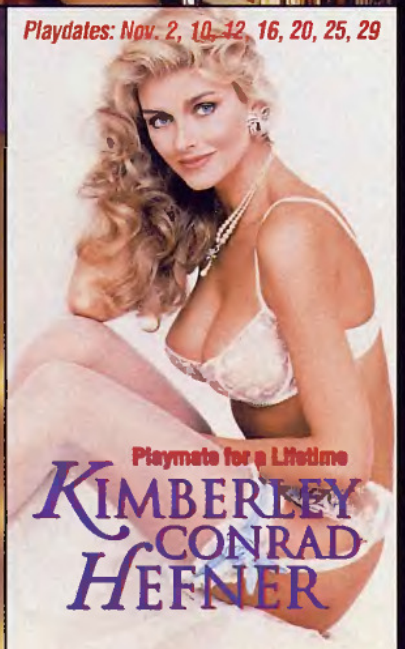

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it had not been his plan to go back to work until the summer.

"July?" he offered.

"Sooner," said Alvarez.

"I can't. I simply can't."

Alvarez named a price.

Beckerman, concealing his astonishment with some effort, said, "That would be quite adequate. But even so: My work is very demanding—physically demanding is what I mean, with effects on my health—and I'm not ready just now to produce anything new, especially of the quality that Mr. Apostolides undoubtedly expects."

Alvarez raised the offer by half.

"I could manage something by May, perhaps," said Beckerman. "No earlier."

"If the difficulty is that prior commissions are in the way, would some additional financial consideration persuade you to make changes in your working schedule?"

"I have no other work waiting. The issue is entirely one of needing time to build up my strength."

"March?"

"April 15 at the earliest," Beckerman said.

"We will expect it at that time."

"Mr. Apostolides is fully aware of the conditions?"

"Fully. It is his hope you will produce something that is unusually long-lived for him."

"I'll certainly try."

"Will there be preliminary sketches for him to see?"

Beckerman felt the tiniest tweak of uneasiness. "You just told me that Mr. Apostolides is fully aware of the conditions. One of the conditions, as I attempted to make clear before, is that I have no a priori ability to control the shape of the work that emerges, none at all. If he's dissatisfied with what I produce, he will, of course, be under no obligation to purchase it. But I can't give him anything like sketches."

"I see," said Alvarez thoughtfully.

"If he doesn't entirely realize that at this point, please see to it that it is made totally clear to him."

"Of course," said Alvarez.

Which was the last Beckerman heard or saw of Alvarez for some months. He spent ten more days in Honolulu, until he felt fit and rested; and then, tanned and relaxed and almost back up to his normal weight from the rich island cuisine, he returned to his studio in La Jolla and set about preparing himself for the Apostolides project.

Something Homeric, the man had said. Very well. Beckerman steeped himself in Homer: the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad* again, reading this translation and that, returning to the poems again and again until the wrath of Achilles and the homeward journey of Odysseus seemed to be more real to him than anything going on in the world he actually inhabited. He made no attempt at purposeful selection of design, and no effort at directing his subliminal consciousness. That would be pointless, useless, even counterproductive.

After a while the dreams began. Not his special kind, not yet. Just ordinary dreams, anybody's kind of dreams, but they were rooted, nearly all of them, in his Homeric readings. Images out of the two poems floated nightly through his mind, the faces of Agamemnon and Menelaus and Hector and Achilles, the loveliness of Helen and the tenderness of Andromache, the monsters and princesses encountered by Odysseus as he made his long way home, the slaughter of Penelope's suitors. Before long Beckerman knew he was at the threshold of readiness to work. He could feel it building in him, the sense of apprehension, the tingling in his fingertips and the tightness along his shoulders, an almost sexual tension that could find its release only in a tumultuous night of wild outpouring of artistic force. Beckerman pumped up his strength in anticipation of that night by doubling his intake of food, loading himself with milk shakes, ice cream, steak, mountains of pasta in heavy sauces, bread, potatoes, anything caloric that might give him some reserve of energy against the coming ordeal.

And then he knew, getting into bed one night in the first week of April, that the time was at hand.

•

In the morning, after some of the most turbulent effort he had ever put forth, the shield was next to his bed, a great gleaming half-dome of metal that seemed to be aglow with the fire of its own inner light.

Beckerman recognized it instantly. There is no mistaking the shield of Achilles: Homer devotes many pages to a description of it, the five sturdy layers, the shining triple rim of dazzling metal, the splendid silver baldric, above all the extraordinary intricacy of the designs that the god Hephaestus had engraved upon its face when he fashioned that astonishing shield for the foremost of the Greek warriors.

Not that Beckerman's version of the shield was a literal rendition of the one that was so lovingly depicted by Homer. He never could have duplicated every one of the myriad details. A poet might be able to describe in words what a god had forged in his smithy, but Beckerman was constrained by the finite limitations of the medium in which he worked, and

"Miss, are you infused, as I am, with the spirit of goodwill toward men? And, if so, how much will it cost me?"

the best he could do was something that approached in general outline the vast and complex thing Homer had imagined.

Still, it was a remarkable job, a top-level piece, perhaps his best one ever. The earth, the sea and the sky were there in the center of the shield's face, and the sun and the moon, and more than a suggestion of the major constellations. In the next ring were images of bustling cities, with tiny but carefully sketched figures acting out the events of municipal life, weddings and public meetings and a battle between armies whose generals were robed in gold. Outside that was a scene of farmers in their fields, and one of a landowner and his servants at a feast, and a vineyard and herds of golden cattle with horns of tin. Around everything, at the rim, ran the mighty stream of the all-encompassing ocean.

He hadn't shown everything that Homer had said was on the shield, but he had done plenty. Beckerman stared at the work in awe and wonder, marveling that such a thing could have burst forth from his own sleeping mind in a single night. Surely it was the perfect thing for the Apostolides collection, well worth the staggering fee and more, a masterpiece beyond even the billionaire's own high expectations.

He called Alvarez in Miami. "I've got it," he said. "The shield of Achilles. Book XVIII, the *Iliad*."

"How does it look?"

"Terrific. Fantastic. If I say so myself."

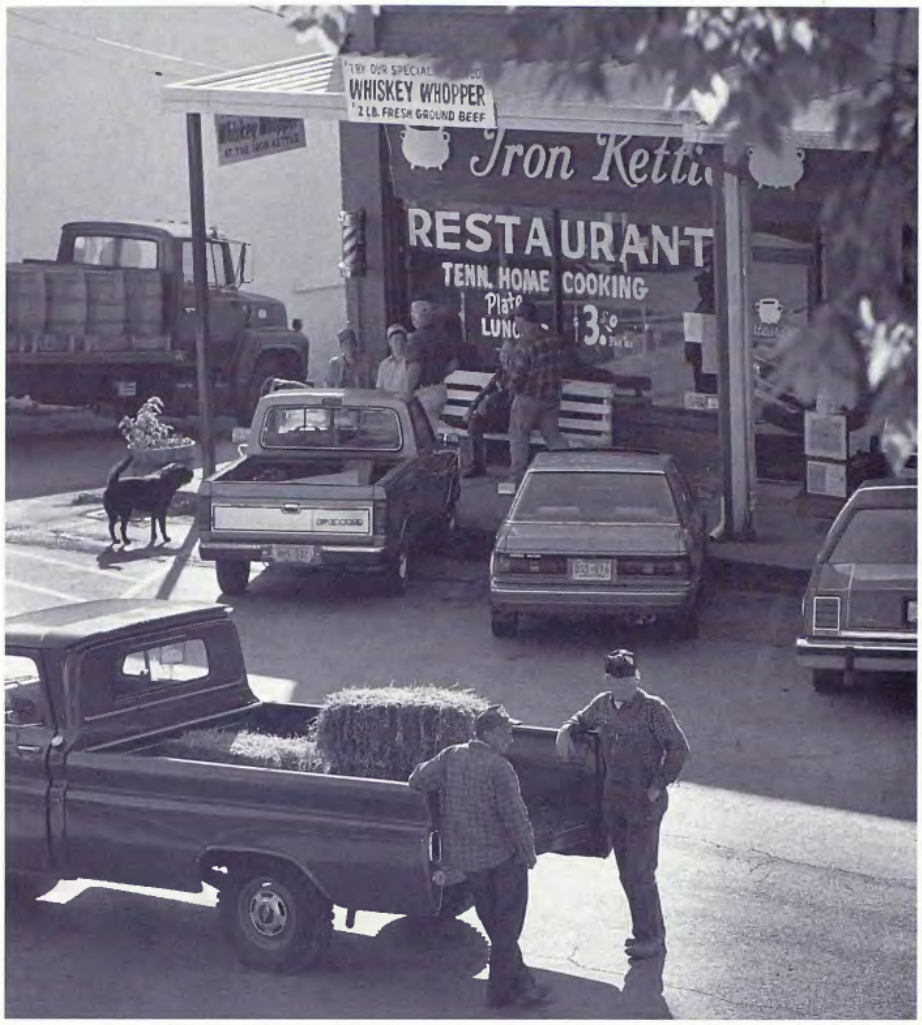
"Mr. Apostolides is very involved emotionally with Achilles, you know. I might even put it that he thinks of himself as a kind of modern-day Achilles, the invincible warrior, the all-conquering hero."

"He'll love it," said Beckerman. "I guarantee it."

Indeed he did. Apostolides paid Beckerman an unsolicited five-figure bonus, and gave the shield pride of place in what was apparently one of the finest private museums in the world. He flew his billionaire friends in from Majorca and the Grenadines and the Azores and Lanai to stand before it and admire it. He cherished that shield as though it were the *Mona Lisa* and the *Apollo Belvedere* and the *David* of Michelangelo all rolled into one. Which was the problem. In less than a year and a half it began to melt and sag, and then it was gone altogether, and suddenly Alvarez was on the phone to say, "He wants another one. He doesn't care how much it costs, but he wants another shield just like that one."

•

The days went by. Had Alvarez been serious about that two-week deadline, or was it simply a bluff? In either case, there was nothing Beckerman could do about it. He had been telling Alvarez the



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simple truth when he said he had no conscious control over the form of the dream-objects he produced. He could give himself little hints at bedtime, yes, and that was often helpful in guiding the basic direction in which his dreaming mind would go; but that was about as much control as he had. Dreaming up a specific object was something he had never succeeded in doing.

He tried to go about the normal routines of his business. He set up appointments with the collectors to whom he intended to offer the three new pieces. He made arrangements to be interviewed by an important art magazine that had wanted for months to do a feature on his work. He met with his broker for the semiannual review of his stock portfolio.

"I could retire," he told the broker, after he had gone over the portfolio and been apprised of the surprisingly strong gains it had made in the past six months. "I could sell all these stocks and put the money into municipal bonds and never do a night's work again in my life."

"Why would you want to do that?" the broker asked. "It isn't as if the work takes up a lot of your time. Didn't you once tell me that you actually produce your entire annual output in just six or seven nights?"

"Six or seven very strenuous and difficult nights, yes."

"But you're a great artist. Great artists don't retire, no matter how wealthy they are. Did Picasso retire? Did Matisse? Monet was practically blind, and even richer than you are now, and he went on painting anyway, right to the end."

"I am not Monet," said Beckerman. "I am certainly not Picasso. I am Max Beckerman and I find my work increasingly demanding, too demanding, and it is becoming a great temptation to give it up altogether."

"You don't mean that, Max. You've just been working too hard lately, that's all. Go to Hawaii again. Go to Majorca. You'll feel better in a week or two."

"Majorca," Beckerman said bitterly. "Yes, sure, absolutely. I could go to Majorca." He said it as if the broker had recommended a holiday in one of the suburbs of hell. Apostolides had a house on Majorca, didn't he? Everywhere he turned, something reminded him of Apostolides.

He knew what was behind this sudden talk of retiring. It wasn't fatigue. The broker was right: He really did work only six or seven nights a year, and, arduous as those nights were, he recovered quickly enough from each ordeal, and there were new masterpieces to show for it. If he gave up work completely, his entire oeuvre would fade away in a few years, and then there would be nothing left to indicate he had ever lived at all. He would be utterly forgotten, a wealthy nobody who once had been a great artist, a rich old man sitting quietly on some tropical beach waiting for the eventual end to arrive. The museums were full of Matisses, Picassos, Monets, and always would be; but the moment Max Beckerman stopped working was the moment he would begin his slide into oblivion. He couldn't face that prospect. No, it was fear that had him thinking of retiring, of disappearing to some quiet and luxurious place where nobody would ever be able to find him again. Fear of Apostolides—of Alvarez, rather, because Apostolides was just a name to him, and Alvarez was a threatening voice on the telephone. The very rich, Beckerman knew, were utterly ruthless when they were thwarted. Run. Hide. Disappear. A villa in Monaco, an apartment in Zurich, a plantation in the Seychelles. He could afford to go anywhere.

Beckerman went nowhere. He was surprised to find himself unexpectedly gliding into a work mode again, much too soon after the last episode of creativity. He dreamed a small dinosaur-shaped animal the size of a large cat, and a perpetual-motion machine that energetically moved a complex arrangement of pistons through an elaborate pattern without pause even though it had no power source, and something that even he couldn't identify, an abstract bunch of metallic squiggles that to his relief melted away within a couple of hours. Good work, lots of it. But not the shield, no. Not the shield.

And then the two weeks were up.

•

"Beckerman?"

Alvarez, right on schedule. Beckerman hung up.

The phone rang again.

"Don't do that," Alvarez said. "Listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"What about the shield?"

"Nothing. Nothing. I'm very sorry."

"You'll be sorrier," said Alvarez. "The client is getting extremely displeased now, extremely. Holding my feet to the fire, as a matter of fact. I was the one who brought you to his attention. Now he requires me to obtain a second shield from you for him. Dream him another shield, Beckerman."

"I'm trying to. Believe me, I'm trying. The *Iliad* is the last thing I read every night before I close my eyes. I fill my head with Homer. Heroes, swords, shields. But what comes out? Little dinosaurs. Perpetual-motion machines. You see the problem?"

"I see the problem," Alvarez said. "Do you?"

"Tell Mr. Apostolides that if he likes he can have my entire output for the next three years, free of charge, every single thing I produce. Only he must leave me alone on this matter of the shield."

"What he really wants is the shield, Beckerman."

"I can't give it to him."

"Nobody tells things like that to Pericles Apostolides."

"One day the angel of death is going to come for Mr. Apostolides, just like he comes for everybody else, and the angel is going to say, 'All right, Pericles, come along with me.' Is he going to look the angel in the eye and say that nobody tells things like that to Pericles Apostolides?"

"That's not my problem, Beckerman. My problem is the shield. Your problem is the shield."

"I'm doing the best I can. I can't do better than that."

"Two more weeks," Alvarez said.

"And then?"

"Don't ask. Just produce. Sweet dreams, Beckerman."

•

He tried desperately to generate the shield. He lay rigid in bed with his eyes closed, envisioning the shield as though hoping it might spring fully formed from his forehead while he was still awake. But it didn't. Eventually he would drop off to sleep, and when he awoke the following morning he could tell at once from the way he was trembling and the ferocious hunger he felt and the stink of sweat in the bedroom that he had worked during the night, and he would look eagerly at the floor beside his bed, and there would be something there, yes, a grinning ebony face with Picasso eyes, or a five-sided pyramid with a brilliant point of ruby light at its summit, or a formidable Wagnerian horned helmet that might very well have belonged to Wotan himself; but the shield of Achilles, no, no, never that.

He was exhausting himself in the effort, dreaming every night as though his life depended on it, which quite possibly it did, and accomplishing nothing. Beckerman was feverish all the time now, wild-eyed with weariness and fear. The effects of the energy drain were horrifyingly apparent—he had the Auschwitz look, he'd become a walking skeleton. He tried every remedy he knew to keep up his strength. Steroids, glucose injections, four meals a day, round-the-clock pizza deliveries. Nothing worked for long. He was wasting away.

The telephone. Alvarez.

"Well, Beckerman?"

"Nothing."

"I'm going to have to visit you in person, right?"

"What do you mean, visit me?"

"What do you think I mean?"

"Sit next to me while I sleep, and make me generate the shield?"

"That isn't what I mean, no."

"Don't threaten me, Alvarez!"

"Who's threatening? I just said I

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would come visiting."

"Don't even think of it. There was a contract that said the object I delivered was by its inherent nature impermanent, and that I could not be held responsible for its disappearance after a stipulated period of time. The stipulated minimum was 12 months. It's in the contract, Alvarez. Which, as you know, Mr. Apostolides quite willingly signed."

"You fulfilled that contract, yes. Mr. Apostolides now wants to enter into a second contract with you for a similar work of art. I'll be coming soon to get your signature on it."

"I never sign contracts that stipulate the design of a particular work."

"You will this time."

"Keep away from me, Alvarez!"

"Unfortunately, I can't. I'll be seeing you soon. And don't try to run away. I'll find you wherever you may be, Beckerman. You know that I will."

•

Time was running out. Alvarez would be coming. The bell ringing downstairs, the voice on the intercom, and then the cold-eyed little man in the tight-fitting Armani suit, standing unsmilingly in the doorway, sadly shaking his head. And there would be no shield for Mr. Apostolides. Beckerman thought of a thousand different things he could do to protect himself, each one more implausible than the one before, and finally he thought of the thousand-and-first, which was not merely implausible but apparently impossible, and that was the one he resolved to try.

Never in his life had he been able to dream something to order. But that was what he intended to try now, with one last wild attempt born of desperation. Not the shield, no, plainly that was beyond his power. Not only was he trying to dream something at somebody else's command, but he was also trying to dream a piece that he had already created once, and apparently his mind was unwilling to go back over a track that it had already traversed. Everything he had ever made had been one of a kind.

But perhaps he could indeed by deliberate intent dream something to his own specifications that he had never dreamed before, something that would rescue him from his dilemma. It was worth a try, anyway.

That night he ate until he thought he would burst. He slept, and he dreamed. And even as he dreamed he felt a flood of sudden strange optimism, and what he found beside his bed the next morning exceeded all his expectations. It was crude, it was badly proportioned, it was almost laughable. It would never fool Alvarez even for a moment. But it was a rough approximation of what he had set out to dream, and that was new, that was unique in his entire experience of the phenomenon about which he had built his life.

He tried again the next night, and the next, ordering his dreaming mind to work with the material at hand and shape it toward perfection. The second night's work brought no visible improvement over what he already had, but to his delight there was a distinct transformation a night later. When he awoke after one more night of work he realized he had—in one paroxysm of despair over his dire predicament—produced precisely what he needed.

If only I could have managed to do the second shield this way, he thought. Then I could have managed to keep my life intact.

But this, at least, would give him a way of sidestepping the wrath of Apostolides and the vindictiveness of Alvarez.

He looked down at the haggard figure lying on the floor next to his bed and said, "Stand up."

It shambled unsteadily to its feet.

"Stand straight," Beckerman said. "Hold yourself like a man, will you?"

The figure attempted to improve its posture. It was, Beckerman saw, slightly lopsided, the left shoulder too narrow, the right leg a little short. Still, he was impressed with his own skill.

"Can you speak?" he asked.

"Yes. I can speak."

The voice sounded rusty, and it seemed too high. But the faint European accent was a familiar one.

"Do you know who I am?"

"You are the artist Max Beckerman."

"Yes. And who are you?"

A moment of silence.

"I am the artist Max Beckerman," it said.

"Good. Good. We are both the artist Max Beckerman. Keep that in mind. Go to the closet, now. Find yourself some clothes, get yourself dressed."

"I am hungry. I am in particular need of a shower."

"Never mind any of that. Obey me. Get yourself dressed. And cover your body. Christ, you're nothing but a skeleton with skin! I can't stand looking at those ribs of yours. Cover yourself. Cover yourself!"

"What shall I wear?"

"Anything you like," Beckerman said. "Whatever strikes your fancy."

He went into the bathroom, took a quick shower. Then, ravenous, he grabbed up a loaf of bread and gnawed at it. The other Beckerman was dressed when he returned to the bedroom. It had chosen gray gabardine slacks, one of the good London shirts and Beckerman's favorite black shoes, the John Lobbs. Too bad about the shoes, he thought. But he could always have another pair run up for him.

What time was it right now, he wondered, in Zurich? Eight hours later, was it? Nine? Early evening, he figured. He picked up the phone and dialed Elise's number.

Another miracle! She was there!

"*Wer spricht, bitte?*"

"It's me, Max. Listen, I'll be coming to stay with you for a little while, is that all right?"

"Max? Where are you, Max?"

"California, still. But I'll be getting the next plane out. I'll be there in 24 hours, maybe less. Can you manage that, Elise?"

"Of course. But why?"

"I'll explain everything when I get there. Listen, I'll phone you again from the airport in an hour or two, when I know which flight I'm on. You can meet me when I land, can't you?"

"*Natürlich, liebchen, natürlich.* It's just that it's all such a surprise——"

"I know," he said. "I love you, Elise." He blew her a kiss and hung up. He called the airport next and then phoned his usual taxi service to arrange for a cab in 30 minutes.

The other Beckerman was still standing next to the bed.

"I am very hungry," it said.

Beckerman gestured impatiently. "Eat. Eat all you like. You know where to find it." He began to shovel things into his suitcase: a couple of shirts, some slacks, his shaver, a pair of shoes, a few pairs of socks, some underwear, three neckties.

The telephone rang. Beckerman went on packing. After eight or nine rings the phone fell silent; and then, in another moment, it began to ring again.

He closed his suitcase. Took a last look around. He probably would never be coming back here, he knew.

The telephone was still ringing.

"Should I answer it?" the other Beckerman asked.

"No," Beckerman said. "Just let it ring." He picked up the suitcase and walked toward the door. The cab would be there in another five or ten minutes. He would wait for it downstairs.

He paused at the door. The dream-Beckerman, dull-eyed, simpering, lopsided, but his twin in all essential respects, gazed stupidly at him.

"I'm expecting a visit shortly from a Mr. Alvarez," Beckerman said. The other Beckerman nodded. "He'll ring the bell downstairs. You press this buzzer to let him in. You got that?"

"Yes. I have that."

"Good. Well, so long, my friend," said Beckerman. "The place is yours now. Good luck."

And be sure to tell Mr. Alvarez to give Mr. Apostolides my regards, he thought, as he headed down the stairs to the waiting cab.

Prince Charming

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DEAR SANTA *(continued from page 96)*

So what do I want for Christmas? Are you kidding me? A little scoozini is what I want.

earth in just one night. I know that's what everyone believes, but I'm still curious. I really want to know. How about, when you come to my house, I'll wait up and you can tell me. You know, whisper the truth to me, and it will stay just between us. I love you, Santa.

I've been a good girl all year. I know I got into trouble when my teacher demoted me from chalk monitor for changing seats to sit next to Danny Anker. But he's the blackboard monitor and gets to sit in the front row next to the board, and the chalk monitor is just as important as the blackboard monitor, so I should have gotten to sit next to Danny. I bet I could have changed seats if I weren't a girl. Also, Danny got real snotty when I switched, and he told the teacher I was talking too much. (I think she was just upset that our class was in third place in grades, and she took it out on me.) So you see, I didn't really do anything wrong.

What I want for Christmas, please, is a Tiny Tears or some other baby doll, the kind that's just like a real baby. I'm not complaining, so please don't get mad, but this is the third time I've asked for a baby doll, and I still don't have one. I don't understand why. Other girls get dolls all the time, even girls who don't want them. I think my parents worry that I would spend all my time playing mommy and not do my reading, so I'm asking you.

But if you really can't do it, that's OK, because if I have to, I will save up and buy my own baby doll.

That's all for now. I'll see you on Christmas Eve, and don't forget about our little private talk. I'm really looking forward to it. I believe in you Santa, I truly do, but as my daddy says, you don't really know somebody until you meet him eye to eye. Merry Christmas to you and to Mrs. Claus. (How old is she now, by the way?)

Connie Chung

Dear Santa Claus:

My name is Alan. I have been a good boy this year. Not as good as last year, that's true. I figure I was about 15 percent less good this year. But compared with the year before last, when I had trouble being good because we had a new baby and they had to cut my allowance, I am about 20 percent more good overall. I think you have to take a long-term view of good and bad.

There are a lot of things that I would like this year, but I don't know if I should ask for them all. The problem is, the more presents I get this year, the fewer I will probably get next year. It's important to keep a balance and spread your presents out evenly, so you don't get your expectations up and then get disappointed.

On the other hand, the more presents I get, the better it is for the companies that make presents, and I want them to have a good Christmas too. Plus, if every kid asked for fewer toys one year, some toy makers would have to go out of business. Then the next year we would all ask for more toys and there wouldn't be enough to go around. The ones in the stores would cost more because everybody would want them, and our parents would have less money for other things. It gets really complicated.

And presents already cost more every year. I've been keeping track for the past three years, and I've worked out what I call my cost-of-giving index. If it keeps going up this way, it could really hurt Christmas in the future. I worry about that. (I really like math, by the way.)

Anyway, I've decided to ask for just 62 percent of the total number of presents on my list. They are:

- my own wallet
- a new and bigger piggy bank
- a coin collection set
- a slide rule
- an eyeshade

If you want to bring me more than that, OK, but don't let it get out of control. And another thing: Be careful flying your sleigh. The weather where I live gets really windy and stormy at Christmas, and more than anything I want you to have a nice, soft landing. Happy holidays.

Yours truly,

Alan Greenspan

Yo, Santy Claus!

Hey, I was so good this year, they should put me in the newspapers. I was good to Audrey Ferruci, I was good to Lois Czienchek and I was good to Joanie Lapido—and that was just on the way home from catechism! So what do I want for Christmas? Are you kidding me? A little scoozini is what I want. A little yabyum, a little quim royale, a little pusstafazool. OK, so maybe I don't know exactly what all that means, but hey, I'm only nine frigging years old here. The thing is, I'm not gonna stay nine. Sooner or later I'm gonna know what all that stuff is and why I want it, and I want to be ready.

You and the elves are good people, and I know you won't let me down.

Your good pal,

Joey Buttafuoco

P.S. Why is Dasher's nose brown? Rudolph stopped too sudden. Ha, ha! That kills me.

Dear Santa:

I have been extremely good this year. At school I was on hall patrol for a month, and I caught 13 kids running and gave them notices for student court. That was the most of anyone. I helped Mommy with the housework a lot, and one night when she was sick I did the dishes by myself, including the pots and pans. (My sister tried to claim she did it, but I showed Mommy that my hands were all wrinkled from the water and that my sister's weren't. I proved I was telling the truth, and my sister had to go to bed for fibbing.)

Yesterday, I saw you at Macy's. You were so nice and I told you what I want, but just in case you weren't taking notes, I want a kid-size pool table (I loved *The Hustler*) and a Cutie Curls junior hairstyle set, and for my Barbie doll, an accessories briefcase, if you have one. (By the way, Jimmy Sampson, the boy who saw you before I did, lives on my block. He was telling you how good he was all year, but the truth is, he wrecked another kid's bike. One time he ran away from home for two days, and he picks his nose and wipes it on you on the bus. You can ask the other kids. So for him to say he was good is outrageous. I bet his Christmas stocking is a small. Anyway, I just wanted you to have all the facts in writing before you decide what to give him.)

I hope you and the reindeer are happy and have a nice Christmas.

Your friend,

Marcia Clark

To Mr. Santa Claus

Dear Sir:

I am not writing this letter for myself. I am writing it for my friend Jameel "Shakedown" Hooks. He is not good at writing and he is afraid you won't bring him anything because people say he's a bad boy. He is not a bad boy. Sometimes he isn't nice, but everybody isn't nice sometimes. And that stuff they say about him, that he set fire to that car and killed Mr. Copeland's chickens with a shovel, well, that's just their word against his. Did they see him do it? Can they prove that was his shovel? No! Until they can, I say it's just teachers and truant officers picking on him, and he should get presents like everybody else. And I want to remind Santa that Jameel is just nine, like me, and his family is poor and messed up and won't buy him much. So please bring him all the good toys and games that he deserves. And please make one of them a Tonka Toy model Rolls-Royce, because for writing this

letter I get to choose one third of Jameel's presents for myself. By the way, I will also be writing letters for Hubie Roberts, Warren Hicks and Jerome Booker. If things work out, I won't even have to write a letter for me.

You're a good and smart person, Santa, and I know you will do the right thing, even though you're white.

Sincerely,

Johnnie Cochran Jr.

Dear Santa:

Have I been a good boy this year, or what? I'm asking. Frankly, I don't know. Are we talking in absolutes, like pure good versus pure evil, or are you grading on the curve? I mean, I'm Jewish, and here I am asking a saint for presents, which my grandmother would consider so nongood that she would cut me out of her will. Also, about the letters: I hope I've been getting your name right all these years. I mean, you're called Saint Nicholas, Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, Father Christmas—what's with all the aliases? Is this about universal giving and goodwill or the federal Witness Protection Program? Never mind, I'm sorry. I'm probably just making a big deal out of nothing (which I get accused of a lot), and I don't want to lose you. So let me close with this: All I need is my own TV, a Mr. Microphone set and some really sharp clothes.

Thanks for listening. You have been terrific.

Drive home safely,

Jerry Seinfeld

P.S. You've been really good to me the past six or seven years. I'm grateful and I appreciate it, but I'm getting kind of big for this (I'm 14), so I think this will be my last year writing to you. Thanks for a heck of a run.

Santa Claus,

My name is Dennis Rodman. Don't forget it, OK? I'm writing to you this year because last year I went to see you at the department store, but there were about ten kids already in line, and there's no way I stand in line with a bunch of chump kids. I don't even like most other kids, and having to stand in line with them is like being in the cafeteria. I don't need toys that bad. I think it's a dumb rule, anyway. Nobody stands in line to see me. Also, that part about sitting in your lap—I don't know about that. I'm just there to ask for some presents, man. Doesn't mean I want to hang with you. But it is a little freaky, and that part is kind of cool.

I'm not going to tell you that I was good all year because that's what every kid writes, so how does that get you noticed? Plus, I think the whole good and bad thing is bogus. Call a dude bad, sometimes it means he's good. And when my mama says I could use a good whipping, that's definitely bad. So I'll just go on doing what I do, and you make up your mind.

I will say this: I was real brave this year. At school I got my hand caught in the stapler, and I didn't even cry. Everybody got all excited, and I actually kind of liked it. And when the barber slipped and stuck a hole in my ear with his scissors, I just laughed. It was cool.

As far as presents go, I know what I really want, but I can't think of how you could actually bring me a tattoo. My mama would roll back her eyes and fall on the floor. That's why I want one. You could bring me one of those Mr. T action toys, where he's got about a suitcase of chain on him. Or, if you want, you can keep the Mr. T and just bring me the chain.

If you have any pirate stuff, I'd like that, especially the eye patch and the earring. And one of those parrots to put on my shoulder would be cool. But no cowboy stuff. Cowboy stuff is dumb. I mean, hey, spurs?

You could also bring me a razor so I could shave my head. That would be very cool. Boom, there goes Mama again. Come to think of it, I wouldn't mind having my own stapler and some scissors.

Oh yeah, Mama says I should ask you for some clothes, too. But whatever it is, just make it colorful. Day-Glo stuff, the brighter the better. I want to stand out like a barking dog. I want to turn some heads. "Yeah, I look like a stoplight, live with it." I want the Christmas tree to look at me and go "Damn!"

Anyway, just don't forget my name. That's the main thing.

Thanks. Bye.

Dennis Rodman

Dear Santa,

How are you? I am fine. My name is Brian, but some people call me Kato and you can, too. Kato is the Green Hornet's partner, and I like him because he's good-looking and sharp and most of all because he's on TV. That would be great, being on TV.

I've been good this year. I help my mom a lot with cleaning the house. My dad always says, "Everybody has to earn their keep" and "You live here, you're not a guest" and things like that. I don't mind the work, but someday I would like to be a real guest.

Also, I did lots of good deeds for others. I picked up Mr. Boyd's mail when he was arrested for driving bad and helped the Stockers clean up after their playroom caught fire. When Lee Bloom was going to get spanked for breaking a window, I told how we were at a roller rink together when it happened. I like helping people who are having trouble.

(About cleaning the house: I didn't mean that I do big jobs like waxing the floors or doing the laundry. But I do the dusting and run the vacuum and wash dishes. Maybe I didn't make that real clear.)

For presents I would like some slot cars and swim fins and a camera. And an O.J. Simpson football jersey. He plays for the Bills and won the Heisman trophy and he's my hero. I'd do anything for O.J. Other than that, instead of more presents, I would like more friends. I like having lots of friends. Especially friends who live in big fancy houses with pools and lots of swell stuff to play with. Best of all would be friends whose dads work for TV shows.

Do you stop at Johnny Carson's house? What's he like? Does he like kids? Do you think he would put a kid on his show? I tell jokes all the time, and my

"Kris! It's seven o'clock already! Will you stop surfing that damn Net!"

friends think I'm really funny. Could you mention me if you see him? I bet you go to the homes of a lot of TV stars and producers. If I leave photos of myself by the fireplace, would you drop them off at some of those places, please? That would be the best present of all.

(Again, about cleaning the house: I run the vacuum only in my room, not all over the house, and I mostly just do the breakfast dishes during summer vacation. I don't want you to think I'm lying or trying to hide anything.)

Anyway, I hope you'll come to my house again this year. I know you were here last year because you left me the surfer shirt and because you woke me up. I heard three thumps on the roof and I knew it was you. Well, I didn't really know it was you because I didn't actually see you or anything. So maybe you were leaving stuff someplace else. But it doesn't hurt to believe.

I hope you have a merry Christmas. Anything you can do for me will be great. Thank you.

Your good friend,

Brian Kaelin

Santa Claus:

I've been good this year. I'm good every year. But I'm not asking for anything from you. First, I think children should be good because they're supposed to be, not to get free toys and games that are just a waste of time. Also, giving things away is like communism. Second, I think something wrong is going on here. Who are you, and where do you get all the money to give toys to children? Why do you make children sit on your lap? I don't think that's right. Somebody should stop it or at least keep an eye on you.

And what's going on up there at the North Pole? It's just you and a bunch of elves. There are no women around, and the elves wear those silly, girlie outfits. And what about that red suit? Why don't you dress like a normal person? Red is a communist color, you know.

I don't think you're a real saint. The real saints were skinny and had to suffer for being good Christians, but every time we see you, you're all jolly and going ho-ho-ho. What's so funny? Are you on some kind of illegal drug? I think what you're doing is perverting little children. Christmas is supposed to be about Jesus and church, not about getting toys and having parties and being out of school. I hope somebody gets you.

Jesse Helms

Dear *Ms.* Claus:

I'm writing to you because why should your husband get all the attention? I'll bet that you do all the work around the North Pole, but he gets the credit for everything because he's a man.

And another thing: If I want presents, why should I have to ask some man? Especially when he makes little girls sit on his lap if they want something. I think he just uses Christmas to put his hands on us. What a pig. Men stink. Boys do too. They're stuck-up and think they're so hot and they hate you if you beat them at arm wrestling. And they get all the best toys, like Swiss Army knives and hiking boots and Junior Diesel Mechanic sets. Those are the kinds of Christmas presents I want. They gave me a Little Precious makeup kit last year and I took it outside and stomped on it.

I think men invented Christmas so they could get all kinds of good toys while women have to bake stuff. You should start your own Christmas, one that's for girls only. Until then, Santa is just using you. Dump him. You can stay with me.

Very seriously,

Andrea Dworkin

Dear Santa:

How are you doing? I hope you've had a successful year and have come up with a lot of new and interesting toys. It's really neat how you're able to do that year after year. I guess that's how you stay number one in the Christmas presents business.

Actually, I admire the way you run Christmas. You really have a handle on it. You find out what people want (with letters like this and having kids tell you in person), and then you make the presents and control how they're delivered. It's an impressive operation.

I also like how you've got it to where when somebody says "Christmas presents," people automatically think Santa Claus. What a marketing advantage. Best of all, even though you're a huge success, people still don't know much about your private life. It's just rumors. That's so neat.

I think being at the North Pole helps. That was a good move. For example, when you're designing toys, only your elves know what you're doing, and you're way up there where nobody can spy on you and steal your ideas. And even if they do, you can always just let it out that you're making the same stuff to bring to people for free, so why would they buy the other guy's stuff?

Also, other people who make Christmas presents can't deliver them like you can. Yours is the only sleigh on the distribution highway. You must get some great discounts from them, because if they don't play ball you can just refuse to give out their presents. Very sharp.

What I don't get is why you give away stuff. That's the dumbest idea I've ever heard. I admit, it's why you're number one—who could compete with a deal like that? But it must make it hard to stay in business, especially when you have to visit every kid in the world. You have to keep growing or fail.

Here's an idea on how you can help finance your operation: Give everybody at least one battery-operated present at Christmas, then you could make batteries and sell them the rest of the year. It would create a demand: You give people something and then sell them what they need to make it work.

Another thing, about you coming down the chimney. That's so slow and inefficient. And what about all the people who don't have chimneys? Santa, I have one word for you: windows. Everybody has windows.

That's about all I have to say. You're probably wondering if I was good or bad this year, but I don't really like to talk about my personal life, if that's OK. (Just out of curiosity: When you were a boy, did any of the other kids call *you* a nerd?) Anyway, I don't really have anything to ask for. Mostly I think up something to play with and then I build it myself. I guess I'm sort of like you—I make my own toys.

Best of luck,

Billy Gates

Santa Claus—

I'm not going to tell you my name because I'm mad at you. Anyway, if it's true that you're so smart and know when kids are sleeping and awake and whether they've been bad or good, then you'll know who I am. And if you don't, who cares? I just want to tell you that you had better start bringing different stuff.

Last year I got a Lionel train set. Do you know that the railroads ruined the country and split up the buffalo herds and hurt the Indians and made everything crowded and dirty and polluted? Well, it's true. Giving kids toy trains and cars and Erector sets just teaches them to love the cities and freeways and factories that spoil everything. If you know what's good for you, you'll go back to giving stuff like Lincoln Logs and Tinker Toys, wooden toys that don't mess up nature as much. Otherwise, maybe I will have to mail you a "present" that you won't like. You know that chemistry set you gave me two years ago? I hated it. But I'll use it if I have to, even if it makes me look hypocritical. We wouldn't want Mrs. Claus to be a widow, would we?

A friend

(Alias "The Yulebomber")

P.S. You came to the mall last week in a helicopter. That was bad. Just stick with the reindeer and the sleigh. Or else you can look out.

GEORGE FOREMAN *(continued from page 68)*

I just messed up. I had a good wife and I got to be heavyweight champ, and that blew my mind.

that, there's no way I could have waited until the tenth round to win the title by a knockout. You cannot step over that barrier. It's like some horses—and I know because I raise them—that don't want to win. They'll act like they were edged out by a nose, but they know they didn't want to win. They were just running, running, running, even though they knew, "I'm not supposed to beat that horse. He's trying to be a winner."

PLAYBOY: You're saying that horses actually have consciousness?

FOREMAN: Sure they do. They'll run fast, as if they're bursting their hearts, but they know they're not supposed to pass certain horses. And the horses that refuse to be beaten are the real champions.

PLAYBOY: And the same thing holds true for boxers?

FOREMAN: Yes. But every now and then someone will hold the heavyweight title until a real champion comes along. Someone has to be in the White House until a real president comes along. There will come a time when one of the guys who is fighting just for money ends up with the title. And the winner is: "Oh, wow—me?" But when a champion comes along, the pretender knows he's not supposed to be there. He knows. Like Michael Moorer. He knew.

PLAYBOY: You're talking a great deal about will here.

FOREMAN: It's called willpower—and I'll tell you a secret: In 1987, I heard the Lord speak to me and he said he was going to give me the gift of willpower. And now I have it. It's a gift that he gave to me, and I can decide what I'm going to do with it.

PLAYBOY: You actually heard this?

FOREMAN: I actually heard it. But to boast about it would be unfair. It's like if someone gave you a gold Rolex watch with diamonds all over it, and you turned around and said, "Look what I got, man. You got to get like me." It's just a gift I was given. A gift of willpower.

PLAYBOY: And when you woke up the next morning?

FOREMAN: I kind of stuttered and said, "Well, maybe I missed something." But the day my wife dropped me ten miles from home and I made it back running, I knew I was a different man. In fact, now I know I have two gifts: the gift of willpower and the gift of a good wife. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Has combining the careers of a preacher and a boxer been difficult?

FOREMAN: Not at all. As a matter of fact, it's helped me. When I began my return to boxing—my first fight back in Sacramento—hundreds of churches wanted me to speak. And because of the fight I was right in the area. I got the prisons and I got the churches, and all at someone else's [the promoter's] expense—because I certainly wasn't going to ask the people who invited me to speak to pay me, even though I'd completely run out of money. I gave those people my message about the good life, and how I found God and how it changed me for the better.

PLAYBOY: What changes did you see in yourself?

FOREMAN: The major change is that I now have peace of mind. First you have to be totally crazy and unorganized and desperate to understand how great peace of mind is. I was definitely out there, and I'd explain to people about how my life had been and how it is now.

PLAYBOY: How was your life?

FOREMAN: I was always looking for something, and whenever it looked like I was about to get it, it seemed that someone would snatch it from me. That would give me someone to hate, someone to distrust, someone to get even with. So I'd say, "Forget that," and go after something else. But someone would mess that up, too. Eventually, I didn't want anything because I was sure I was going to lose it. I didn't trust nature, I didn't trust man and I didn't trust woman.

PLAYBOY: Was your distrust in the last what broke up your first marriage?

FOREMAN: Certainly, because I couldn't trust. I was married once before I found religion. And my other marriages happened after I found religion. With those I was looking to serve the good Lord, and I wanted a wife—one who would get into what I was doing. But they didn't want what I wanted.

But that first marriage, of course, I just messed up. I had a good wife and I got to be heavyweight champ of the world, and that blew my mind. One day you're anonymous, and the next day, man, you're popular. And the prettiest girls in the world were sitting there saying, "Are you George?" I'd say, "You better believe I'm George." I just couldn't handle that. I lost my wife, but I lost my conscience first.

PLAYBOY: You were sampling the fringe benefits of fame?

FOREMAN: Yes. The first time anything happened I was in Jamaica. All of a sudden the prettiest girls there were interested in me. I couldn't make the flight home that I was supposed to take, so I had to spend an extra night in Jamaica. I met a girl, and I courted her. Slept with her. It was a couple of days before I went home to my wife, who had just had a child. I felt like a dirty rat. That was the beginning of the crumbling of my marriage. The first time it happened I thought, Oh, if I could only get myself clean—I actually wanted to burn my clothes. The second time it happened, it wasn't so tough. The third time it wasn't tough at all. After a while, it was like I didn't know what was right. During the ten years I didn't box I reconsidered everything I'd done in my life, and what I would have changed if I'd had the chance.

PLAYBOY: What changes would you have made?

FOREMAN: I never would have courted women and not married them. I went around the world, and the only thing that was important to me was a date. I never met people and shook hands and said, "How do you do? Look at this river, look at this sea!" But then I did get a chance to do it all over. This time when I went around the world, I never dated, because I had my nice wife with me. So I did it right.

And now I have peace of mind that's built on nothing but me. I mean, if a hurricane takes off the roof—or whatever comes next—it has nothing to do with how I feel about myself. I've got peace of mind that's not based on what I have or what I can get.

PLAYBOY: You sure it has nothing to do with your success?

FOREMAN: It has nothing at all to do with it. As a matter of fact, I was just sitting here, and if you hadn't stopped by, I wouldn't have even thought about being the heavyweight boxing champ. Doesn't even occur to me. It sits in one spot, like: "Hey, boxing champion!" OK, there's going to be a boxing match in Las Vegas, and it's for the championship. Right. And when I get there I'll box. But I don't rush into it, nor do I dwell on it.

PLAYBOY: Your second—and, you say, final—retirement from boxing is now only a few weeks away. Do you intend to have any connection with the sport after you hang up your gloves? Dan Duva, a pretty fair promoter himself, thinks you could be a great promoter. In fact, he feels you already are a great promoter.

FOREMAN: I wouldn't be true to it because, basically, I wanted to box, get the heavyweight title and make money. And if I drop pieces of that, I would scorch my whole personality. So, no, I don't see myself involved in promotion at all.

Maybe I've left boxing the way it should be now. Maybe I finally put on a good, honest boxing show. But I don't think I'd be able to take this attitude about boxing and apply it as a promoter.

PLAYBOY: What if you met a young fighter who possessed all the attributes you say a champion must have. Would you want to be his promoter or manager?

FOREMAN: That would probably have to be the most mysterious, frightening, exciting, greatest thing in the world to feel. Wow, would I love to see that man! And I don't mean just a boxer. You got 999 boxers, but there's only one champion. And that kind of thing flows. It's like, "Come on, champ!" You carry him around with you and he's got that fire. You wrap his hands and you can feel it. Actually, it's not one in a thousand, it's one in a million. I'm telling you, I would love to recognize that in a young fighter. In that case I would be a manager, I would be a trainer, I would be a promoter. But only then. Poor Dick Sadler—when he first saw me he must have gone, "My gracious, this is it! This is it!"

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about another career after boxing?

FOREMAN: I already have one. I'm an evangelist with the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. That's what I do. I moonlight as a boxer, but my profession is preaching. I've preached all over the world—I even went back to Zaire to preach in the same arena where I lost to Muhammad Ali. And I had a bigger crowd than when I was defending my title. I tell people all the time, "There's a back door to the world and a front door." Everybody considers boxing and its glamour as the front door, but I've always drawn bigger crowds through the back door, preaching. There's not a whole lot of money in it, but you meet a lot of good people, and you eat a lot of chicken dinners.

PLAYBOY: Chicken dinners?

FOREMAN: Sure. Folks give you your food and you don't stay in swanky hotels. But some of the nicest people in the world allowed me to stay in their guest rooms and have breakfast with them. I traveled all over the country through that back door. Loved it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll feel all right about being out of boxing?

FOREMAN: I was out of boxing for ten years.

PLAYBOY: But you got back in.

FOREMAN: But I got back in strictly for two things: to get that title and to get that money.

PLAYBOY: True, but you also told us how no one recognized you for ten years.

FOREMAN: OK, nobody knew me. I had on bib overalls and I'd be pushed out of a store by a salesman saying, "Hey you! It's not your turn yet." Or I'd be moved aside for someone else—"Oh, that seat is for Mr. So-and-So." And it hurt for a while. The people with me would whisper, "Tell them you're George Foreman." But I didn't need to tell anybody. I know who I am. And I like being who I am.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you will miss boxing?

FOREMAN: No. I didn't miss it at all after I left it in 1977, and I won't miss it now.

PLAYBOY: Do you think boxing will miss you?

FOREMAN: No. Look, I had a good time, and people had a good time with me. I have my fans. But there's a baby being born today who's looking for a fan. And that fan will be excited by him or her. The fans will multiply in years to come, and they'll all need their own guiding lights, their own heroes. And they'll come to see their heroes in masses. They'll fill up arenas, and they'll break every attendance record that's ever been set. And they'll all want to see—well, it won't be Tyson, and it won't be Foreman. It will be guys we don't even know about yet. And they will love it. And I'll be right there asking: "Who won?"

Bartenders in elf hats.

Disco Christmas carols.

Red & green clam dip.

Not tonight.

IMPORTED

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TERRORISM? SAYS WHO? (continued from page 128)

In reaction to a single violent act in Oklahoma City, Clinton is trying to bolster a national police agency.

up of intelligence-gathering by the federal government and no mandate for wire-tapping to help avoid future riots, rebellions or disruptions of an entire community.

THE GOVERNMENT IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT

Sociologist Saul Alinsky is not my favorite source, but I agree with something he once wrote: "In the process of revolution, the real action is in the reaction."

In the aftermath of the Oklahoma City bombing, I look at the reaction of the political leaders, with whom—as even Alinsky might have agreed—the problem really rests. One of the complaints that I have with politicians on both sides of the aisle is how they react to violence and crises. We get our worst legislation through crises. We always have.

Within seven weeks of the federal building explosion in Oklahoma City, the Senate passed a bill intended to curb terrorism. Yet it reflects no well-thought-out policy, no understanding of the problem that lurks in our streets. It is a flimsy bandage to cover a festering sore. Even more pathetic, this bill, hailed by a Democratic president, would allow activities that liberal and moderate Democrats have abhorred for years. Naturally, the Republicans jumped in. But—and this is almost laughable—the Republicans are the ones who expressed reservations about wiretapping and other violations of civil liberties.

Adding 1000 federal law enforcement officers is nice, but would 1000 more (or 2000 more) have ferreted out Timothy McVeigh or Dean Harvey Hicks? Unless government is willing to tread further on our toes and restrict liberties more, that's unlikely. Especially troubling in the president's bill is the proposal to allow the FBI to ask for military assistance in cases of chemical and biological attacks. The bill would also broaden surveillance provisions (including allowing federal agents, without court orders, to tap all phones used by a suspect) and provide new authority for FBI perusal of hotel, credit card and phone bills in cases of foreign terrorism.

This bill flies in the face of how the Constitution set forth the duties of the federal government. Increasingly, Washington enacts criminal statutes that the Constitution wisely left for the states to decide: the power to enact rules of conduct tailored to their particular populace. I cite the 55-miles-per-hour speed limit. Imposing such a limit in, say, Montana, makes no sense at all, so it is not done. Two other examples of federal hegemony are making carjacking a federal crime and the imposition of the death penalty for a growing list of federal felonies. Originally, the only crime subject to a federal death penalty was an act of treason.

One of the greatest strengths of America in terms of its freedoms and civil liberties has always been the diffusion of law enforcement into local police forces. States and cities decide independently what they want in the way of policing and how much they want to spend. It becomes a community decision. At the same time, safeguards make it impossible for anyone to harness all U.S. law enforcement agencies into one.

We all know what happens when the balance shifts. In countries where liberties were eliminated—Germany under Hitler, the Soviet Union under Stalin, Italy under Mussolini—a national police force became the dominant law enforcement agency. J. Edgar Hoover tried to make the FBI the dominant police agency by inviting municipal police departments to train at Quantico. Hoover showed favoritism to police chiefs who paid allegiance to him and public disdain to those who did not. Without benefit of any legal fiat, he attempted to nationalize local police forces. He failed. Today, though local police departments work hand in hand with the FBI, many occasions arise when the local chief must stand up and say, "Hey, this is my city, I'm calling the shots here."

Now, in reaction to a single violent, reprehensible act in Oklahoma City, by perhaps only two or three persons, the Clinton administration is trying to bolster what amounts to a national police agency. By strengthening federal agencies, this government is doing precisely what angry citizens on both the right and the left complain about: putting more government in our faces. The politicians have not devised a rational plan to deal with the possibility of terrorism. Instead, what we have is an unmovable federal government that, at times, becomes undemocratic in its actions.

SNOOPING AND MOLES

In dealing with acts of terrorism, America's policies have historically been inconsistent.

Clinton's cry for broad new antiterrorism powers, including the authority to conduct increased electronic surveillance of U.S. citizens, is the opposite response to what occurred in the late Sixties and early Seventies when acts of violence were being committed by radicals on the left. The response then was to shrink the powers of law enforcement. In the Seventies Attorney General Edward Levy imposed restrictive guidelines on the FBI. The Los Angeles Police Department suffered the same fate. Our Public Disorder Intelligence Division gathered information about groups that we believed to be threats to public safety. That was, as you may recall, a time of tremendous disorder for the country, ranging from angry demonstrations to actual bombings. We had antiwar groups, militants of all persuasions, extremists who wanted to overthrow the government and, in every city, people who wanted to "kill the pigs." We were attempting to anticipate disorder so we could be ready to handle it in a peaceful fashion. Or if there were potentially violent acts, to enable us to be in a position to prevent them.

In March 1970 the PDID learned of a plot to assassinate Superior Court Judge Alfred Gitelson, who had ordered an end to de facto school segregation the month before. As so often happens, the information came to us in an unexpected way. Reportedly, a juvenile in custody in a neighboring county told police that a gun shop owner named Bill Mezey had solicited him to blow up the West San Fernando Valley police station.

The PDID assigned undercover agent Arleigh McCree to pose as a soldier of fortune. McCree wandered into Mezey's shop and led him to believe he owned an illegal machine gun in need of repair. As the two became acquainted, Mezey allegedly expressed a hatred for blacks and a desire to kill them. Mezey soon introduced McCree to Robert Schurman, who offered McCree and a second undercover officer $1000 to kill Gitelson by riddling his body with machine-gun fire while he was in bed. As a finishing touch, the assassins would drive a tenpenny nail into the judge's forehead, pinning down a note that read THIS [IS] FOR THE NIGGERS.

We alerted the judge, took precautions for his safety and went after the people who had hatched this plot. We got them.

During those years we infiltrated right-wing groups, left-wing groups and groups of foreign nationals. No one ever complained when we managed to infiltrate Nazi groups or militia groups. When we infiltrated the Jewish Defense League, a very militant group, no one (other than the JDL, of course) said a word. But when we gathered information on left-wing groups, we were sued for invasion of civil rights.

The suit produced intense media scrutiny of the PDID and a flood of

discovery motions by the plaintiffs. As a result, many of our sensitive files fell into the public domain. Almost all of our intelligence sources clammed up for fear they would land on the front page of the *Los Angeles Times* or into the hands of the plaintiffs. With the impending summer Olympics, I feared what would happen if our intelligence sources were shut down when we had real threats of foreign terrorism. In 1983, against my better judgment, I settled the suit.

The upshot of our settlement was that Los Angeles, of all the cities in the U.S., was slapped with dramatic, specific, binding, impossible guidelines. If we wanted to launch an undercover investigation we would first have to get it approved in writing by our five-person civilian Board of Police Commissioners. Any information that an officer might have collected, even years before, could not be shared with another agency, such as the FBI or the Sheriff's Department, unless it was subjected to a written civilian review. As a result, other agencies did not want to play ball with us.

Although we survived the Olympics without incident, our intelligence gathering had been rendered practically ineffectual.

MUZZLING THE POLS

Most of these guidelines remain in effect, making the LAPD one of the most hamstrung law enforcement agencies in the country. Now, the same knee-jerk mentality that designed those guidelines has permeated Congress in the wake of Oklahoma City. While Los Angeles politicians thought the best way to deal with left-wing violence and disorder was to stomp on the toes of intelligence gatherers, President Clinton and Congress seem intent on stomping on the toes of the people.

Americans would be better served if Congress passed a bill muzzling all politicians and imposing a ban on any legislation for at least 90 days after a terrorist incident. Instant fixes only exacerbate an already bad situation by encouraging the federal government to intrude more. I'm not saying we shouldn't strengthen various federal agencies. But the federal government ought to be a resource for local law enforcement, as was historically intended. Federal agencies should be concentrating on international terrorism as it affects the nation. They should defend our shores, not our streets. The power to investigate all domestic terrorism—and the acts of random psychopaths—should not drift to the federal government. For that is anathema to the very structure of our free society.

Sex FRIENDLY APARTMENT

(continued from page 139)

about antique toys or someplace you've hiked. Place your copies of PLAYBOY in leather binders; don't dog-ear this article.

Position framed photos on the end tables or the bookshelves. They should not be of old girlfriends. Those go in a drawer that you'll open once you know this woman a little better. Or maybe not. A lot depends on what turns her on—your inexperience or your experience. Safe photos include those of your dog (but not your iguana), your sister as a kid (so there's no confusion), your parents (smiling) and the ski trip you took to Italy. Don't put out the photo of you shaking hands with Ralph Nader or Rush Limbaugh. Leave the politics in the album.

It's important to make the room look lived in. If it's sterile, it will signal that you prepared for her visit, and that you expect something for your work. Or she'll think you have the personality of Saran Wrap. Your place will come off much better if it looks as if you're naturally neat and casual. The best way to get this look is to spend time at home. Don't go out every night. Flop around once in a while. If the blanket you've tossed over your couch gets wrinkled while you're watching the tube, leave it that way until the next time you straighten up. Keep some mail by the phone. Let the books fall where they may. And never, ever, alphabetize your compact discs.

Although you eat dinner off your coffee table while watching the news, she won't enjoy that. You need a small table and chairs, so that you can serve her and then face her. The only candles in your place should be at the center of the table, tall and thin. Invest in a dimmer for the living and dining areas, for those smooth transitions. As for music, have a healthy supply of jazz, blues, classical and rock on hand. No samplers that you got for 99 cents with a fill-up; no *Mozart's Greatest Hits*. If you don't own a lot of music, preset your stereo to an all-night jazz station, a classical station that doesn't play

"Oh, nothing special, dear. Just sitting here wondering what to get Billy for Christmas."

Sousa marches and an alternative rock station.

On to her second stop, the rest room. If a woman doesn't visit your bathroom within a half hour of seeing your place, she's probably not a woman. Even if she doesn't have to pee or powder her nose, a woman knows that the state of your head reflects the state of your head. We'll assume, for the sake of brevity, that your battle against mildew and wayward whiskers has become a personal crusade.

Besides being clean, your bathroom should be fluffy. Women like the gentle cycle. If you haven't already, because they feel so good on your tush, buy some soft, oversize bath and hand towels. You should also have plenty of toilet paper—say, three extra rolls, which isn't so many that she thinks, Why does he need so much toilet paper? You should also set out a fresh box of tissues, the square kind where you pull them out one at a time, not the rectangular kind where you can see how many are left. Women like the square kind.

If you had your own dog as a kid, you can handle the responsibility of a plant. If you're especially daring, nurture two or three in different rooms. Basically, plants need water and light. If you can keep the plant healthy, she will think, He can keep me safe. He is a nurturer. If you can't, skip the plants. Most women do not find wilting sexy, whether in greenery or elsewhere.

If you end the evening in bed with her, she'll make a second, more thorough pit stop at the bathroom, so scan your medicine cabinet and under the sink for any signs of other women who have passed this way. She doesn't have to be a snoop to check either of those spots—maybe she needs a fresh towel or an aspirin. Or she's looking for condoms. You have them in your bedside drawer, naturally—a gentleman is always prepared.

Keep extra toothbrushes handy, although there should never be more than one unwrapped toothbrush in your home. (Like excess toilet paper, a stockpile of toothbrushes looks suspicious.) You should also place scented soaps (Irish Spring doesn't count) by the bath and on the back of the john. And have a delicate shampoo as much for your hair as for hers.

To the bedroom. You already know enough to take your mattress off the floor, no matter how good you think it is for your back. Unless you're dating a hippie, purchase box springs and at least a queen-size mattress (if she asks why you have such a large bed, explain that you sleep diagonally). As in the bathroom, soft works here, so invest in some Egyptian cotton sheets (silk is nice for special occasions, but a bear to wash). Big pillows—fluffy, man, fluffy!—but nothing you don't find comfortable, for you'll be spending more nights alone than with another body resting nearby. Feathers are great unless she's allergic (who knew?), so have a nonorganic backup. No single beds. And no sleeping bags doubling as comforters. You also don't want anything you'd be ashamed to show the guys—that is, no patterns with big sunflowers or silhouetted horses.

Quickly, the kitchen. Have a bottle of white wine on hand (lightly chilled means you keep it in the fridge door), along with crackers, cheese and at least two flavors of ice cream. The dishes should be done. The stove should be clean. The cupboards should not be filled with boxes of Velveeta and Shells. These days, a lot of women drink bottled water, and they eat light. So fruit is appropriate. Bakery-bought cookies are great with fresh ground coffee; tea works, too. Your refrigerator should have fresh orange juice, milk, English muffins, butter and eggs. A furry freezer and a fridge filled with sweet-and-sour packets from Chinese restaurants will not give her the impression that you spend quality time here. It's OK to have a microwave. You're a guy. And it's also OK to have some home-cooked meals in the freezer that can be heated up quickly. If your silverware doesn't match, that will be seen as charming, not dorky. Your dishes should match.

There you have it: your home, her oasis. Food, music, wine, indirect lighting, clean, attractive surroundings. No grand romantic gestures to sweep her off her feet, just a light touch to bring her back. If nothing else, your place should say that you admire her taste in men.

"If the stores do half their business during the holiday season, so can we. Now let's go in there and shoplift till we drop."

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YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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FATALITY

(continued from page 142)

"When a woman is getting treated like that, it's always partly her fault. You know that."

"He did it," Kaufman said. "Jesus Christ."

"I have to ask this," the policeman said. "Does she want to press charges?"

"I'm pressing charges, goddamn it."

"Calm down, Mr. Kaufman. Is your daughter going to press charges?"

"Look, I came to press charges."

"Let me get this straight. You want to press charges?"

He spent most of the afternoon there, talking with one officer and then another. No help. The law unfortunately was clear. Virginia was not yet a state with provision for such cases as this: If Kaufman's daughter would not press charges herself, then nothing at all could be done.

"I'm sorry about it," the officer said. "Why don't you talk to your daughter? See if you can get her to press charges."

He chose, instead, to talk to Delbert Chase. He drove to the car dealership and walked into Delbert's little grotto of an office. Delbert sat with his feet up on the desk, talking on the telephone. When he saw Kaufman, he said, "Guess who just walked in here?" Then seemed to laugh. "Your old man."

Kaufman waited.

Delbert turned to him. "She doesn't believe me." He offered the handset. "You want to say hello?"

Kaufman took it, held it to his ear. "Princess," he said.

"If you say anything or you do anything——" she spoke quickly, breathlessly. "Do you hear me? It'll only make things worse. Do you hear me?"

"What's she saying?" Delbert wanted to know.

"Your mother's fine," Kaufman said into the phone.

"I'll bet she's so happy," Fay said, low. "If you say anything—please. He just needs to calm down. He doesn't mean it——" She was crying.

"Fay," he said. "Princess."

"Please, Daddy. I have to hang up. Put him back on. Please don't screw this up."

"I'll tell her you said 'Hey,'" he said. "You take care." He handed the phone back to Delbert, who called Fay "lover" and said goodbye. "I won't be late getting home," he said.

Kaufman sat down on the other side of the desk and put his hands on his knees.

"So," Delbert said, hanging the phone up. "To what do I owe this honor?"

"We have a friend," Kaufman said, "who told us she saw bruises on Fay's arms."

The other man looked at him.

"Fay doesn't know I know. Do you understand me?"

"We had a couple of knock-down-drag-outs," Delbert said evenly. "You never had a fight with your wife? I've promised it won't ever happen again. I was very sorry about it. I felt like all hell."

"Just so we understand each other," Kaufman said.

"I said I've promised it won't happen again."

"Good," Kaufman said. He stood. He felt almost elated. An unbidden wave of goodwill washed over him. "Let's try to get beyond this bad feeling." He offered his hand, and Delbert stood to take it.

"OK by me," he said, smiling that boyish bright smile. "I always try to get along with everybody."

"Maybe we'll get the women back together, too," Kaufman told him.

On his way home, he felt as though he had accomplished something important, and he told his wife, proudly, that she could expect a call from Fay any time.

But Fay didn't call, and Caroline was adamant that it should be their daughter who made the first move.

"This is ridiculous," Kaufman said. "I've called her. I've seen her and talked with her. She's got a hardship neither of us ever wanted for her—we've got to take part here, don't we?"

"She's too proud to admit she was wrong and I was right."

He looked at this woman, his wife, and decided not to say anything.

"You don't see that," she went on. "Well, men don't see this sort of thing. Women do."

"What are you telling me?" he said.

"She's getting mistreated, and she won't do anything about it because if she does it's an admission. You don't understand it. I understand it."

•

He endured the hot, end-of-summer days. There wasn't anything he could do to alter the situation as it stood. Driving past the little garage, he would slow down, his heart racing, and once he even saw Fay washing the car. She looked all right. She wore a scarf and a sweatshirt and jeans—a young woman with this practical task to accomplish, out in the good weather.

In early October, she called him at work. "It's me," she said.

He held the phone tight and felt his own hope like a pulse. "Hey, Princess, how've you been?"

"I'm great."

"We'd love to see you," he said. And then remembered to say, "Both of you."

She was silent.

"Everything's all right?" he asked.

"Just fine."

"Why don't you call your mother? I bet she hasn't eaten lunch."

"I'm calling you. I wanted to ask you something."

"Shoot," he said, hoping.

"Did you ever mop up the floor with Mommy?"

He couldn't bring himself to say anything for a few seconds. It came to him that she had been drinking.

"Tell me, Daddy, did you ever hit Mommy?"

Something buckled inside of him. "Princess, please, let me—if you would just let us help."

"You can come in like the police. Right? That'll be great. You can tell him to be a good boy and stop waking up the neighbors by banging his wife's head on the walls. Tell me how you hit Mommy when you were pissed, Daddy."

"I never—Fay. Please."

"Tell Mother she can tell everyone I got what I deserved." The line clicked.

He sat at his desk with his head in his hands, in plain view of everyone in the office, crying. When the phone rang again, it startled him. "What," he said.

It was Fay. She sounded breathless. "I was just mad," she told him. "It wasn't anything but me being spoiled and mad. I'm fine. And Delbert's fine. He's keeping his promise, really. He is. Keeping his promise."

"Fay?" he said. "Baby?"

"I'm fine," she said quickly. "You take care. Goodbye." And she broke the connection.

•

"She sounded frightened to death," he told his wife. "Terrified."

"He wouldn't really hurt her," Caroline said. "When a woman is getting treated like that, it's always partly her fault. You know that."

"No," he said. "I don't know that. Jesus Christ, Caroline."

"We're here," she said. "Aren't we? We haven't moved to India or anything. We're six miles away. If she really wanted to and if it were all really that bad, she could come here and we'd take her in."

"Would we?" he said.

And Caroline began to cry. "How could you suggest that I would be so hard-hearted? Don't I love her too? I love her so much, and she repays me with silence."

"She asks how you are," Kaufman said, convincing himself that it was true.

"If she'd only call and ask me that. Is it too much to ask? Is it, Frank?"

He put his arms around her. "I'm scared, Caroline. You see, the thing is, I'm—I'm just tremendously scared for

her. And I don't know anymore—I have to do something, don't I? I have to make it stop some way, don't I?"

They rocked and swayed, sitting at the edge of the love seat in their bedroom that she had made to look oriental, with its paintings and the white rug and deep red hues in the walls, and delicate porcelain dolls on the nightstands.

"What did we do wrong?" Caroline said. "I don't understand where we went wrong."

"I hate this," Kaufman said, getting up and pacing. "I'm going over there in the morning and bring her home."

"She won't come with you," said his wife.

"I'm telling you I'm not going to let it go on."

She shrugged, standing slowly—someone with a great weight on her shoulders. Her eyes were moist, brimming with tears, and clearer than he could ever remember them. "There's not a thing in the world we can do."

•

He went to see Delbert again. Walked into the showroom at the dealership and asked for him. It was a preholiday sale, and the showroom was crowded. Delbert came in from the bank of offices in the back hall and stopped a few feet away. "Yeah?"

"Delbert," Kaufman said, in the tone of a simple greeting.

"Unless you're here to buy a car," Delbert said, "I'm kind of busy."

"I wanted to ask if you and Fay want to come over for Thanksgiving."

He seemed genuinely puzzled.

"Well?"

"Maybe it's escaped you, man. Your wife and your daughter ain't speaking."

"Nevertheless, I'm inviting you."

Delbert shrugged. "I guess it's up to Fay. But I've got my doubts."

"You know what we talked about before?" Kaufman said.

The other only stared.

"You're keeping to it, right?"

Now he turned and moved off.

Kaufman called after him. "Just remember what I said, son."

"Yeah," Delbert said, without looking back. "I got it. Right."

"Don't forget Thanksgiving."

He faced around, walking backward. "Hey, that's between her and your old lady, man. That's got nothing at all to do with me."

•

The day before Thanksgiving, at Kaufman's insistence, Caroline made the call. She dialed the number and waited, standing in the entrance of the kitchen, wearing her apron and with her hair up in curlers, looking oddly stern and irritable. "Please, Caroline," he said.

She held the handset at arm's length toward him. "A machine."

It was Fay's voice. "Leave your name and number and we'll get back to you later. Bye."

"They are in Richmond, with his mother."

"Don't jump to conclusions," Kaufman said.

"It's in the first part of the message." She put the handset down and started to dial the number again. "Listen to the message. They're in Richmond."

"OK," he said. "You don't need to call the number again."

His wife fairly shouted at him, lower lip trembling. "Whatever her married troubles are, she can apparently stand them!"

•

Christmas came and went. The Kaufmans didn't bother putting up a tree. He'd got Caroline a nightgown and a book. She bought him a pair of slippers and a flannel shirt. They sat side by side on the sofa in the living room in the dusky light from the picture window and opened the gifts, and then she began to cry. He put his arms around her and they remained there in the quiet while the window darkened and the intermittent sparkle of Christmas lights from neighboring houses began to show in it. "How can she let Christmas go by?" Caroline said. "How can she hate me so much?"

"Maybe she's wondering the same about you."

"Stop it, Frank. She knows that she's welcome."

He went to bed alone, and lay awake, hearing the chatter of the TV, and another sound—the low murmur of her crying.

The week leading up to New Year's was terrible. She seemed to draw down into herself even further. He couldn't find the words, the gestures, the refraining from gestures that could break through to her. Sunday at church they saw Mrs. Mertock, who said she had seen Fay at the grocery that morning, but hadn't spoken to her. "She was on the other side of the counter from me, wearing sunglasses. Sunglasses, on the grayest, dreariest, drizzly day. She looked almost—well, like she was guilty about something."

"Oh God," Kaufman said. "My God."

"I could be wrong," Mrs. Mertock hurried to add.

"Why can't she come home?" Caroline said. "How can she let it go on?"

On New Year's Eve, they went to bed early, without even a kiss. In the morning he found her sitting in the living room, staring.

"What're you thinking?" he asked.

"Oh Frank. Can't you leave me alone?"

He put on his coat and went out into

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the cold, closing the door behind him with a sense of having shut her away from him. But then he was standing there looking at the winter sky, thinking of Delbert Chase throwing Fay around the little rooms of that garage.

There wasn't any wind. The stillness seemed almost supernatural. He walked up the block, past the quiet houses. There was a tavern at this end of the street, but it was closed. He stood in the entrance, looking out at the empty street, the Christmas tinsel on all the lampposts, the houses with their festive windows. Pride, dignity, respect—the words made no sense anymore. They had no application in his world.

•

The next morning, he headed to the office with a shivery sense of purpose, tinged with an odd heady feeling, an edge of something like fear. It had snowed during the night—a light, windswept inch that swirled along the roofs of the houses. The Ford was in its place as he went by, looking iced, like a confection. He had told Caroline he didn't know if he would be coming home for lunch, and when he got to work he called to tell her he wouldn't be. He said he had to show a couple of houses in New Baltimore, but this excuse was a lie; he was showing them that morning, and would be finished with both of them before 11 o'clock.

The slow hour before 12 o'clock was purgatory.

But at last he was in his car, heading back along the wind-driven, snow-powdered street. Color seemed to have been leached out of the world—a dull gray sky, gray light on snow, the darkening clouds in the distance, the black surface of the road showing in tire trails through the whiteness. Delany Street looked deserted; there were only two tire tracks. He stopped the car, turned off the ignition and waited a moment, trying to gather his courage. He breathed, blew into his still-chilly palms, then got out. As though he were afraid that someone or something might seek to stop him, he walked quickly up the little stairwell along the side of the building and knocked on the door there. He knocked twice, feeling all the turns and twists of his digestive system. The air stung his face. He saw his own reflection in the bright window with its little white curtain. Aware that the cold would make his ruddy skin turn purple, he felt briefly like a man ringing for a date. It couldn't possibly matter to Fay how he looked, yet he was worried about it and tried to shield himself from the air, pulling his coat collar high.

As the door opened, he heard something like the crunch of glass at his feet. He looked down, saw her foot in a white slipper and tiny glittering pieces of something. Glass. He brought his eyes up the line of the door, and here was Fay, peering around the edge of it. Fay, with a badly swollen left eye—it was almost closed—a cut at the corner of her mouth and a welt on her cheek.

He felt something go off, deep in his chest. "Fay?" he said. "Oh Fay."

"Leave me alone." The door started to close.

He put out his hand and stopped it. It took some pressure to keep it from clicking shut in his face.

"Princess," he said. "This is the end of it. I'm taking you with me."

"Leave me," she said. "Can't you, please?"

"Wait. Princess—listen to me."

"Oh Christ, can you stop calling me that?" She let go of the door and walked away from it. He followed her inside.

"Good Christ," he said, looking at the room. The television, which was on wheels, was faced into the corner at an odd angle, as though it had been struck by something and knocked out of its normal place. An end table had been turned upside down, one of the legs broken off. Clothes and books were scattered everywhere. Kaufman saw a small cereal box lying in the middle of the floor, along with a bed pillow with part of the feathers torn out. "My good Christ," he said. "Jesus Christ."

She let herself down gingerly on the sofa, her arms wrapped around herself. He was aware of music being played, coming from the small bedroom. A harmonica over an electric guitar.

"You're coming with me," he said. "Right now."

"Just go, will you? Delbert will be back soon. He'll clean everything up and be sorry again. This is none of your business."

"But you can't stay here, Fay. I didn't raise you for this."

She gave him a look, as though he had said something painfully funny. "I'm afraid you caught us on one of our bad days." Her tone was that of someone ironically quoting someone else. "We seem to be having them more and more often, lately."

"Fay. Baby. Please——"

"Look," she said. "When he comes back, he's going to be all sweet and sorry, unless he finds you here. If he finds you here, it'll make him mad again. Please. Please, Daddy."

"You can't—you're not serious," he said. "Don't you understand me? I'm taking you out of here. Now. I'm taking you home with me and if that son of a bitch comes near you, I'll kill him. Do you hear me, Fay? I will. I'll kill him."

"Is it something seasonal or are you always on the make?"

She stood. "I'm not coming with you, OK? I'm not doing anything I don't want to do. Because I'll tell you what'll happen, Daddy. He'll come to the house and you can't stop him. What makes you think you could? Look, just leave."

"Baby," he said, "Haven't I always looked out for you?"

They stood there, facing each other.

"Jesus Christ," she said, not looking at him. "You're kidding, right?"

He couldn't speak for a moment. His throat caught. "Fay——"

"Go home," she said.

He took a step toward her. "Princess, your mother never——"

"Just go," she said. "I don't want you here. This is not a good day to just pop in and see how little Fay is doing."

He put out his hand.

"If you touch me, I swear I'll scream."

"I'll help you——" he began. He took her arm.

"Oh Christ!" she shouted, wincing, turning from him. "Just get out. Get out! Can't you see I don't want you? You have to go now before Delbert comes back. You'll ruin everything!"

He tried again. "Honey——" He saw himself forcing her, had the image of what it would be to grapple with her, here where she had already been so badly manhandled. No, he could not do that. "Fay," he began, "please, you've got to help us help you——"

"I'm not listening." She put her hands over her ears. He saw a scraped place on one knuckle.

"We'll help," he managed. "Please. I won't let him hurt you anymore, baby, please."

Her back was turned, but he thought she nodded. "Go," she said. "Now."

"Call us?" he said, helplessly.

"Oh right," she said in that ironic tone. "We'll all go have a picnic."

•

"She didn't want to let me in," he told his wife. "You should've seen the place. You should've seen—that—that poor girl." A sob broke out of him like a cough. "The son of a bitch must've used her to break up the place."

Caroline said, "Can't the police do anything?"

"She's afraid to say anything anymore. Can't you understand that?"

They were in the kitchen, sitting across from each other, with the empty chair against the wall on the other side of the room.

"She wouldn't come with me, and she wouldn't let me do anything."

For a time, they said nothing. The only sound was the wind rushing at the windows. There would be more snow that night.

"We can't just sit by," he said. There was a pressure, low in his chest.

She didn't answer; he could not say

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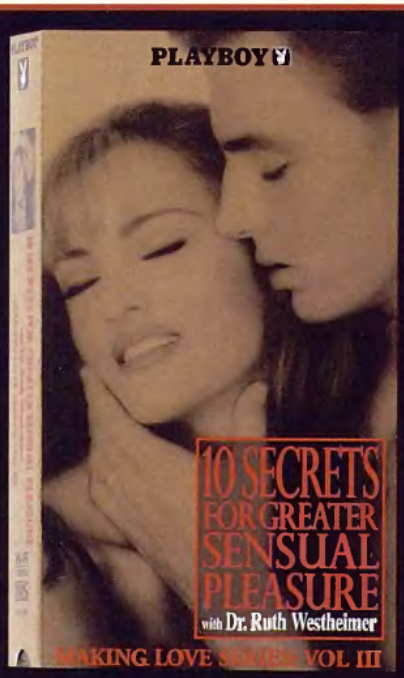

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for certain, looking at her, that she had heard him.

Later, they lay in the dark, wakeful, listening to the night sounds the house made—and to a big storm rolling in off the mountains.

"I'm going to call her in the morning," his wife said.

"He's there during the mornings. Remember?"

Caroline turned to him and put her arms around him. The windows shook with the force of the wind. "There's nothing keeping her from coming to us, really, is there?"

"I just can't think of anything," he began.

"Come on," she said. "Stop, now."

She turned from him, settling into her side of the bed, and he listened for the breathing that would tell him she was asleep.

In the morning, in a heavy snow, he drove to the police station again. The sergeant said they would be glad to send a squad car over to ask Fay if she would press charges. But even in that case, Kaufman should understand that the young man would probably be free on bail in a matter of hours. Fay would have to take steps, move out of the house and take out a peace bond; then Delbert Chase could be arrested for any contact with her at all, including telephone contact. "If he comes to within 100 yards of her, we'll slap him in jail so fast it'll make his head swim."

"You don't understand," Kaufman said. "She's too scared and confused to move."

"Even with your help?" the officer asked.

Kaufman thanked him for his time, and made his way home through the snow. His wife was waiting at the front door as he came up the walk, holding his hat on against the swirling wind.

"Nothing," he told her, kicking his boots against the threshold of the door, holding onto the frame, looking down. She was waiting for him to say more, and he couldn't bring himself to utter a single word.

"I tried to call her," she said. "Hung up at the sound of my voice." She sobbed, and he went to her, held her in his arms in the cold from the open door.

•

The snow lasted through the night and then turned to freezing rain. Nobody could get out. It rained all day and into the following night, the drops crystallizing as they fell to earth, ice thickening on every surface, layer by layer. Power lines were down all over the county. The news was of fires caused by kerosene heaters, and of water pipes bursting from the cold. The Kaufmans heard sirens and thought of their daughter. After the rain, the skies cleared, and at night a bright moon shone over a crust of snow and sheer ice, as though the world were encased in milky glass. Kaufman paid two college boys to work at clearing his sidewalk and driveway, and went out to help them for a while. Mostly he and his wife stayed inside, brooding about Fay, alone in the ice with Delbert Chase. A lethargy seemed to have settled over them both. On Friday, the worst day of the cold snap, they never even got out of their pajamas.

In the evening, as they were eating soup he had prepared for them, the phone rang. They both froze and looked at each other. It rang only once. A moment passed.

And it rang again. He leaped to his feet to get it. "Hello?"

Nothing.

"Hello?" he said, listening, and it seemed to him that he could hear the faintest music; someone on the other end of the line was in a room away from another room where music was being played. He thought he recognized the music, thought he heard the harmonica. "Hello? Fay?"

And there was the small click on the other end.

Behind him, Caroline asked, "Is it?——"

"Wrong number," he told her.

She put her hands to her face, then took them away and looked at him.

"I guess it was the wrong number."

She shook her head. "No. You don't believe that yourself."

He heard the snowplow go through for the second time at some point just before midnight. The scraping woke Caroline, who murmured something about the noise, and seemed to go back to sleep. In the next moment she sighed, and he knew she was awake. "I'm 54 years old," he said. "I've had a good life. Do you understand me?"

She waited a moment. "I suppose so."

"I always said I'd never let anyone do that to her."

"Yes."

"I can't think of anything else. If she won't come home. If she herself won't do anything about it. I literally can't think of anything else."

In the dark, she brought herself up on one elbow, kissed him, then lay down again and pulled the blankets to just under her chin.

"What if you called her again?" he asked.

She sighed. "What makes you think she'd talk to me now?"

He waited a few moments, then got out of the bed and made his way quietly down to the basement. It was a few degrees colder here. The room smelled of plaster, and faintly of cleanser. When he put on the light over the desk, he could see condensation on his breath. In the back of the left-hand drawer of the desk with all his paperwork scattered on it was a small .22 caliber pistol he had bought for Caroline several summers ago, when he had done some traveling for the company. Caroline never even allowed it upstairs, and he'd been intending, for years really—the truth of this seemed to dawn on him now—to get rid of it. Carefully, he took it from the drawer, pushed the work on the desktop aside and laid the gun down before him. For a long time he simply stared at it, and then he dismantled and cleaned it, using the kit he had bought to go with it. When he had put it back together, he stared at its lines, this instrument he had carried into the house those summers ago to forge some sort of hedge against calamity.

The metal shone under the light, smooth and functional, and perfectly wrought, precisely shaped for its purpose, completely itself. Reaching into the little box of ammo in the drawer, he brought out the first cartridge, held the pistol in one hand and the cartridge in the other. His fingers felt abruptly cold at the ends, tipped with ice, though his hands were steady. It took only a minute to load it. He checked the safety, then stood and turned.

Caroline had come halfway down the stairs.

"I didn't hear you," he said.

She sighed. "I couldn't sleep."

For an interval, they simply seemed to wait. He held the pistol in his right hand, barrel pointed at the floor. She kept her eyes on his face. "I'm tired," he said.

She turned, there, and started back up. "Maybe you can sleep now."

"Yes," he said, but too low for her to hear.

If she was awake when he left in the morning, she didn't give any sign of it. He made some toast and read the paper, sitting in the light by the kitchen table. The news was all about the health care crisis and the economy, the trouble in Africa and eastern Europe. He read through some of it, but couldn't really concentrate. The toast seemed too dry, and he ended up throwing most of it away.

Outside, the cold was like a solid element that gave way slowly as he moved through it. He started the car and let it run while he scraped the frost off the windows. By the time he finished, it had warmed up inside. As he pulled away, he looked back at the picture window of the house, thinking he might see her there, but the window showed only an empty reflection of the brightness, like a pool of clear water.

•

There were only the faintest brush strokes of cirrus across the top of the sky, and the sun was making long shadows on the street: just the kind of winter morning he had always loved. There wasn't much traffic. He was on Delany

Street in no time at all, and he slowed down, feeling the need to be cautious, as if anyone would be watching for him. When he reached his daughter's house, he parked across the street, trying to decide how to proceed. The pistol was where he had put it last night, and even so, he reached into the coat pocket and closed his hand around it. The only thing to do was wait, so he did that. Perhaps an hour went by, perhaps less, and then Delbert came out of the door and took leaps down the stairs, looking like an excited kid on his way to something fun. He strolled to the Ford, opened the passenger-side door, reached in and got a scraper, then kicked the door shut. He was clearing ice from the windows, whistling and singing to himself, as Kaufman approached him. "You about finished with that?"

Delbert turned, and started. He held both hands up, though the older man had not produced the gun yet. "Whoa, you scared me, man." Then he seemed to realize who it was. "Mr. Kaufman?"

"Get in behind the wheel, son." Kaufman brought the gun out of his pocket, and felt strangely like someone playing at cops and robbers. "Right now," he said.

"What is this?"

"Do it."

Delbert dropped the scraper, then bent down and picked it up. He held it as if to throw it. Kaufman took a step back and sighted along the barrel of the pistol. "I'll put one between your eyes, boy."

"Come on, man," Delbert said. "Cut this out. This isn't funny."

"Just open that passenger door, and walk around and get in behind the wheel."

He dropped the scraper and did as he had been told. Kaufman eased in next to him, holding the pistol on him, arranging himself.

"Take it out toward Charlottesville."

"This isn't right." Delbert raced the engine, then backed out and accelerated. He was concentrating on the road ahead, and his eyes were wide. "It isn't right, man."

The whiteness of the lawns and the surrounding hills blazed at them, scintillating with what looked like grains of salt. Kaufman saw the snow-covered houses, the many windows with their fleeting glimpses of color and order. "There's a little farm road about four miles up on this side," he said, fighting the quaver in his voice. "Take it when you get there."

Delbert put both hands on the wheel and stared straight ahead. "Listen," he said after a sudden intake of breath. "You are not—you don't really—this isn't——"

"There's no use talking about it, son."

"Wait a minute—you've gotta hold on——"

"Farm road up here on the right," Kaufman said.

They were quiet, and there was a quality to the silence now. Kaufman felt vaguely sick to his stomach, watching the side of the other man's face. The air was heavy with the smell of the oil he had used to clean the gun. At the farm road, Delbert made the turn, slowing down for the unevenness of the gravel surface under the snow.

"Where are we going? You—you can't mean this. Look—I'm sorry. I'm being better, really. Ask Fay. Let's go back and ask her."

"It's just a little further." Kaufman had heard an element of something almost soothing in his own voice, the tone of a man trying to calm a child. He said, "I've seen Fay. I've seen what you did to her."

"Oh Christ," Delbert said, starting to cry. "Look, I didn't mean it, man. And I was so sorry. I said it would never, ever happen again this time. I told her. I made an oath. You're not going to hurt me——"

"Stop here," Kaufman told him.

He slowed. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Shit," he said. "You've got me really scared, OK? If that's what you set out to do."

"Open the door."

He did, and got out and walked a few unsteady paces up the road. Kaufman got out too. "That's good," he said.

Delbert turned. He was crying, murmuring something to himself. Then, to Kaufman he said, "You just wanted to scare me, right? She can move back with you. You can have her."

"Be quiet, now," Kaufman said. "Be still."

"Yes, sir."

Kaufman's hands were shaking. He held the pistol up, aimed.

Delbert sank slowly to his knees. "Please, Frank. Come on."

"I just can't have it," Kaufman said,

"It can get pretty kinky around here on these long winter nights."

walking around him. "I'm sorry, son. You did this to yourself." The younger man was saying something, but Kaufman didn't hear him now. He had entered some zone of stillness, remembering the powerlessness of knowing what Delbert had done to her, what she had suffered at his hands. Then he recalled, too, absurdly, with a kind of rush at his heart, the huge frustration and anger of the days when she was deciding in favor of this irritating boy over her parents—and in the next instant, as if to pause anymore might somehow dilute his will, he aimed the pistol, his whole body trembling, and squeezed the trigger. It seemed to fire before he wanted it to. The sound of the shot was surprisingly big, and at first he wasn't certain that the gun hadn't simply gone off in his hand. As the explosion came, Delbert seemed to throw himself onto the surface of the road, his hands working at his neck, as if he were trying to undo something too tight there. Everything had erupted in the sound of the gun going off, and now it was here. Delbert lay writhing in the road, seeming to try to run on his side, clutching at his neck. It was here. They had gone past everything now. It was done now.

"Delbert?" Kaufman's own voice seemed to come from somewhere far away.

His son-in-law looked at him and tried to speak. He held his hands over the moving dark place in his neck, and then Kaufman saw that blood was pouring through his fingers. Delbert coughed and spattered it everywhere. His eyes were wide, and he looked at the older man, coughing. He got out the words, "I'm shot. Jesus."

Kaufman said. "Oh God," and then, out of a kind of aghast and terrified reflex, aimed the pistol at the side of the boy's head, hearing the deep throat sound, looking at the intricate flesh of his ear, blood spattered.

"It hurts," Delbert got out, spitting blood. He coughed and tried to scream. What came from him did not sound human.

Kaufman closed his eyes and tried to fire again, wanting only for the sound to stop. It was all he wanted in the world now. He had a vague sense of the need to end the other's pain.

"Awghh, God," Delbert said, coughing. "Awghh. Help. Christ."

The pistol went off, seeming to jump in Kaufman's hand once more. And for a little while the younger man simply lay there, staring, with a look of supreme disappointment and sorrow on his face, his left leg jerking oddly. The leg went on jerking, and Kaufman stood in the appalling bright sun, waiting for it to stop. He walked a few paces away, then came back, hearing Delbert give forth another hard cough—almost a barking sound—and still another, lower, somehow farther down in the throat. It went on. There was more thrashing, the high, thin sound of an effort to breathe.

"Goddamn it—I told you, boy. Goddamn it."

The waiting was awful, and he thought he should fire again. The second bullet had gone in somewhere along the side of Delbert's head and had done something to his eyesight, because the eyes did nothing when Kaufman dropped the gun and knelt down to speak to him.

"Delbert? Jesus Christ, son."

The breathing was still going on, the high, beast-whistling, desperate sound of it. In the next instant, Kaufman lunged to his feet and ran wildly in the direction of the highway, falling, scrabbling to his feet, crying for help. He reached the highway and found nothing—empty fields of snow and ice. Turning, he came to the realization that the only sound now was his own ragged breathing. Delbert lay on his side, still in the road, and a little blast of the wind lifted the hair at the crown of his head. Kaufman started toward him, then paused. He was sick. He knelt down, sick, and his hands went into the melting snow and ice. He heard someone say, "Oh God," and came quickly to his feet. But there wasn't anyone; it had been his own voice. "Oh God, oh God. God, God, God."

The car had both doors open. Spines of dry grass were sticking up out of the crust of snow in the fields on either side. He noticed these things. Minute details: the curve of stones in the road surface, the colors of frozen earth and grass, flesh of the backs of his hands, blood-flecked, somehow. There was a prodigious quiet, all around—a huge, unnatural silence. He coughed into it, breathed and then tried to breathe out. He couldn't look at the body, and then he couldn't keep from looking.

He could not find in himself anything but this woozy, sinking, breath-stealing sickness and fascination. A sense of the terrible quiet. He walked to the car, closed the doors and then sat down in the road, holding his arms around himself. The other man lay there, so still, not a man now, and he had never been anything but a spoiled, headlong, brutal, talkative boy.

There was a voice speaking, and again it took another moment for him to realize it was his own. The knowledge came to him with a wave of revulsion. He had been mouthing the Lord's Prayer.

He got into the car and drove it to his house. His wife stood in the window, wringing her hands, waiting. She opened the door for him. "Oh Frank."

"Better call the police," he said. He couldn't believe the words. Something leaped in his stomach, and it was as though he had to remember it all over again—his son-in-law pitching and lurching and bleeding in the road. He had actually done this thing.

"Oh honey." She reached for him.

"Don't," he said. He went past her, into the kitchen, where he sat down and put his hands to his head.

"Frank?" she said from the entrance. "Fay called. She was frantic. She saw you drive away together."

He looked at her. It came to him that he could not stand the thought of having her touch him; nor did he want to hear the sound of her voice or to have her near him at all.

"I'm afraid, Frank. I'm so terrified. Tell me. You didn't actually——" She stopped. "You just scared him, right? Frank?"

"Leave me alone," he said. "Please."

She walked over and put her hands on his shoulders. It took everything he had to keep from striking her.

"Get away from me," he said. "Call the police. It's done. Understand? He won't be hurting her or anybody anymore. Do you understand me? It's over with."

"Oh please——" she said. "Oh God."

"I said call the police. Just take care of that much. You can do that, can't you?"

She left him there. He put his head down on his folded arms, trying not to be sick, and he could hear her moving around in the next room. She used the telephone, but he couldn't tell what she said. Then there was just the quiet of waiting for the rest of this, whatever it would be, to play itself out. He kept still. It came to him, like something surfacing out of memory, that he would never see anything anymore, closing his eyes, but what was on that farm road in the sun, not five miles away.

He sat up and looked at the opposite wall, hearing Caroline crying in the other room. Without wanting to, he thought of all the countless, unremarkable, harmless disagreements of their long life together, and how they had always managed gradually to find their way back to being civil, and then friendly, and then in love again. How it always was: the anger subsiding at last, the day's practical matters requiring attention, which led to talk, and the talk invariably leading them home to each other. He remembered it all, and he wished with his whole heart that his daughter might one day know something of it: That life that was over for him now, unbridgeable distances gone, and couldn't ever come back anymore. He understood quite well that it had been obliterated in the awful minutes it took Delbert Chase to die. And even so, some part of his mind kept insisting on its own motion, and Kaufman felt again how it had been, in that life so far away—how it was to go through his days in the confidence, the perfectly reasonable and thoughtless expectation, of happiness.

 (continued from page 84)

At the juice bars the performers can be nude. If you can see pussy, she's under 21. It's really creepy.

happens, but some of the tough chicks, they're back there twisting their knobs with a wrench. They don't like you to watch that."

Tony loves the women and the costumes. I want him to see the transition. I want him to see Georgie change from the tall, perfect, headdressed, backpacked figment of someone else's imagination (to quote the living Elvis) into the real woman she is—young, wild Kurt Cobain hair and a face full of life without her huge glued-on eyelashes. He can't recognize her. She has been dancing lead for ten years, since she turned 17, and no one has ever recognized her out of all that drag. Even Tony can't make show-Georgie and Georgie-Georgie be the same person.

Bruce Wayne should be this good. Tony doesn't know which Georgie to draw—wild ass Georgie or genetically engineered white tiger Georgie. They are both Vegas.

The next day the whole town does its Georgie act for Tony.

I drive him out to my house. It's way southwest of the middle of nowhere. I'm doubling the size of my house and there's a lot of construction going on, construction in nowhere. There are rabbits and ground squirrels and snakes and scorpions and scorpion spiders. (Scorpion spider—that's the real name of this thing. It's the two creepiest bad things rolled up into one butt-ugly bug. It's like a Don Johnson–Kreskin—how much bad can be in one critter?)

This is also real Vegas. It's hot, really hot, 114, and we're walking around in the dirt of construction looking at all the tough-ass vegetation just beyond the mounds of topsoil.

This is shit that is so tough, it can live here. It chooses to live here. Man, it's beautiful. It isn't lush. It's the desert. It's tough, and built on top of it is a modern city of lights.

It's not God's land, goddamn it, it's Satan's land. Nothing green can live here. I flourish.

"I've got to draw a cactus flower, man, a bad-assed one."

That night it's time for titty bars. Even Vegas thinks that the major purpose of government is to regulate how women use their bodies. Here's how goofy it gets: If a club serves alcohol, the women have to leave their G-strings on (if booze touches pussy—man, it's worse than the A-bombs they used to test here).

Also, women under 21 can't "dance" where alcohol is served.

So there are all these clubs with just soda pop that are full of dancers under 21. These juice-bar clubs don't serve alcohol, so the performers can be nude. It ends up, for the most part, that if you can see pussy, she's under 21. It's really creepy.

It almost seems that it would be better to let adults decide for themselves. But this isn't a political article. We're here to learn about Xmas in Vegas.

We spend five hours at the Palomino drinking cranberry juice and Seven-Up. (The Palomino was grandfathered in, so it can have alcohol and bottomless women. We don't drink, but we're more comfortable with naked women over 21.) One of the features, a sultry dark-haired woman with long golden fingernails, talks with us all night. Her name is Samina. She and Tony compare tattoos and I get a lap dance from her. I ask her if the Palomino is open on Xmas. It is. That research is done.

The next night, Tony goes to see Lance Burton, the magician who buys

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me dinner every time I mention him in the press. He kills Tony dead. Tony can't stop talking about the hillbilly with the birds. Lance is good. I tell Tony that it used to be that when Lance rose into the air with the woman riding on top of him, she was topless and in the female-dominant pose as they floated out of this world.

"Why did he change?"

"Lance got pimp-slapped by the Vegas-as-family-city thing. He cleaned up and got a $100 million contract."

"It's not worth it, man."

"I know, but to Lance it is. He's a great magician, but he's from Kentucky. He'll have a really big dressing room, really big. He'll be happy and he'll do great magic. He just won't be fucked out of this world."

I'm telling Lance this to his face. We're all out at the Peppermill Coffee Shop in the middle of the night, where they have gas jets underwater in the fountain so the water seems to burn. It's man-made, future water, burning pretty. Lance is good-natured. He knows that we love him and his act, so he'll take our endless shit.

He's carrying around four white parakeets in the pocket of his suit jacket (Vegas loves mutant white wildlife) so they'll get used to him.

"What's Xmas in Vegas like, Lance? You've been here."

"Xmas in Vegas is kind of like Xmas on a cruise ship—it's all the people whose families hate them."

It takes a while to persuade him to let me quote him. A lot of people expressed that idea, but Lance said it best. Vegas is a vacation from Xmas. The phony Xtian vibe of Xmas can't live here. I don't gamble and I don't drink and I don't smoke and I've never even paid for sex (not with money, anyway. With every fiber of my fucking soul? Yes). I'm from Massachusetts. I'm a puritan at heart, a puritan as only an atheist can be: pure, hard, unbending. And my heart is in Vegas. I love my family and they love me. I love them whenever Vegas is open—24, 7, 365. Tony loves his family the same way. Love is human. Vegas is human.

But Vegas is also man-made. There is no spirituality. I wish it weren't built on bad math. I wish the bright-light celebration of technology could go all the way through. I want lower taxes, but I don't like my taxes being subsidized by people who think that big, dumb, unstoppable statistics don't apply to them. I hate all the liquor and the sadness. But Vegas is so beautiful. Tony suggested we say "every day is Xmas in Vegas" and I talked him out of that.

It's better than that in Vegas—it's never Xmas. It's just so goddamn beautiful, 24, 7, 365. It's sad and it's dangerous. It's a cheap holiday in other people's misery, and, well, it's a wild ass. It's just a wild ass—look at the pictures.

"I'm not sending Christmas cards this year."

CHRONICLES of the Dead

(continued from page 106)

kid's happy just to have been in his presence. He can go around the hall saying, "Jerry's doing my blow."

•

Saturday, August 16, 1969. Jesus, we're almost to Max Yasgur's farm. Cue Crosby, Stills and Nash soundtrack!

I'm late getting to Woodstock—something I'll try never to do in the future. I've been tying up loose ends in New York, along with the rest of the managers. Our name is on the poster, the Dead's appearance is being advertised on radio spots, etc., so we want to be paid—right now.

We're all jockeying for position. Hendrix gets top billing, natch. (How's Monday at six A.M., Jimi?) And in between we're all calling the weatherman because up in Woodstock it's pouring rain. It's already Mud Hill up there. The cynics are saying it'll never work, but we know everyone in the world is headed for Woodstock.

We finally get it all hammered out and leave in the middle of the night for Woodstock. Well, not quite to Woodstock, because we get stuck in the middle of the mother of all traffic jams. I am in a wagon train of limousines with Bobby Weir and a bunch of stockbrokers who have dropped acid and want to invest money in the Grateful Dead and be the next Woodstock biggies.The movers and shakers send me out to clear the road while they sit back and drink mimosas and snort their breakfasts.

"OK, we're coming through! It's the Grateful Dead!" I cry like I have the Holy Roman Emperor and his entourage behind me. Of course, it's only one Grateful Dead back there—Bobby Weir is stuffed in the back between two rich little stockbrokers' girls. Six limos coming through with one band member.

We straggle in to the backstage compound early in the morning. The rest of the band has already been there and gone. They tried to do their sound check but because of all the delays have gone back to their hotel, which is where I find Garcia.

A measure of the insanity level even before the start of Woodstock is that the Merry Pranksters—Ken Kesey, all the rest—have been hired to do security. They drive all the way across the country to Woodstock, setting up their encampment down in this gully with Wavy Gravy and his people. Freak Hollow.

In the afternoon my girlfriend Nicki and I go swimming. We are going to make love in the water, but all of a sudden there are magnets going in different directions. We are so high we can see the electricity, those LSD polarity warps, streaming through the water. We are

tingling from head to toe as a thousand volts of ethereal electricity zap through us. Who needs sex?

Finally, it's time for the Dead to go on. We're getting ready to put our equipment onstage. It's all on risers, but our gear is so heavy it breaks the wheels and we have to move everything by hand, which takes forever. In the meantime, incessant nightmare announcements are coming over the PA.

"Please do not rob the hot dog stands."

"Please, everyone, get off the tower, someone just fell."

"Don't take the brown acid, there's bad acid out there, so don't take it." They don't say what the thousands who have already taken it should do. (Presumably get off the towers.)

Ominous announcements, no music, everybody scrambling around. All of us look tense and horrible and uptight. And then—that's right, folks—it's time for the Grateful Dead to go on. (So glad I spent all that time hammering out our spot in the lineup.)

I make the mistake of thinking, What more can happen? And then suddenly, as if someone has pulled a cord, darkness falls. Oh well, time for the light show—that should perk us up. Good old oily polychrome globules oozing across the backdrop. This screen is huge, a truly monstrous thing.

But no sooner is the screen in place than the wind picks up and the stage—the largest stage you've ever seen, standing 30 feet above the ground—starts vibrating. This is not drug reaction: The entire thing is physically quaking.

Our beautiful giant screen has turned into a sail and is moving the stage through the sea of mud like the good ship Mary Celeste. The screen is starting to slide, it is tipping over, and Dicken, my brother, has to climb the mizzenmast and slash it with a bowie knife. Not a good omen, Captain.

The band looks petrified: the broken risers, the light and dark, the terrible announcements, the stage taking off on its own. And Garcia and Weir—all those guys—when they're in front of people and they're high and there's fear in the air, well, they become fearful too. It would take a lot less than half a million people zapping jangled, weird vibes back at them to spook this band.

And in the middle of their first number, *St. Stephen*, this crazy guy we know runs out to the middle of the stage and starts flinging acid into the crowd. After all those announcements! His acid is purple, but it looks brown, like the acid you're not supposed to take.

When Garcia sees this mad, crazy guy throwing what looks like brown acid off the stage—something he might under normal circumstances have thought droll and antic—he turns into Captain Ahab! Any minute he's going to harpoon Wavy Gravy or something equally desperate. That was Wavy Gravy, wasn't it?

To make matters worse, the Dead are playing horribly. They just cannot get started, can't get it right. Not one song. The sound is awful, and it is windy and blustery and cold.

We are all trapped in this quagmire (and grisly mind-set) when the State of New York declares the place a disaster area. With Army helicopters flying in with water, it's beginning to look and sound like Vietnam. And it's a high old crowd. Actually, that's like Vietnam too. Even the music reminds me of Vietnam! Jesus, my mind is snapping.

Finally the Dead finishes up with *Turn On Your Lovelight*, but even Pigpen's surefire rabble-rouser can't quite pull it out. Thank God that's over. We walk across the area behind the stage and run into one of the Dead's roadies. I am talking to him when all of a sudden all the paisley washes out of his face. Ah, normalcy! I never thought I would embrace it with such enthusiasm.

•

Workingman's Dead and *American Beauty* (both released in 1970) are the first Dead albums that we think of as having any commercial potential. Our previous approach had been that of lysergic storm troopers: We think the world should get cosmic so we're going to force this psychedelic shit down your throat. But the spaced-out psychedelic and blues jams on *Anthem of the Sun* and *Aoxomoxoa* aren't working even on their own terms, and FM radio is moving away from its middle-of-the-night gonzo thing. It's going into daytime programming, for Christ's sake. Long cuts are played only when the DJ has to take a leak.

For the first time since our first album we are dealing with songs rather than jams. And these songs are all three and a half or four minutes long. We try to arrange the order in such a way that it will be easy for DJs to cue. The song we think will be the most popular is the first track of the first side, the next most popular is the first track of the second side, third choice is the last track of the first side and the fourth choice is the last track of the second side.

Truckin' (from *American Beauty*) is Jerry's favorite. It is timely since, coincidentally, the R. Crumb cartoon has just come out. The word's in the air. Truckin' was a Haight word. It's what we did down the avenue, and that momentum is part of the times. The Byrds, CSN, the Airplane, all our friends have had hits. I figure, Fuck this, let's get one too. We're good enough.

I meet a guy who is one of the most successful record pushers and AM radio fixers in the business (he ends up a beer distributor). And this guy manages to get *Truckin'* played in heavy rotation—16

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times a day on major AM stations. As a result, we actually have a minihit. We are amazed. It actually works! *Workingman's Dead* sells some 250,000 copies and *American Beauty* more than doubles that. And to think all you have to do is lace the DJs with an eight ball of blow, a few lunches and an occasional new Cadillac. Capitalism at its finest.

•

October 4, 1970, Winterland. Janis Joplin ODs in Hollywood while the Dead do their set.

Later, somebody figures out she must have died during *Cold Rain and Snow*. We decide not to tell the band until the show is over. Maybe they'll want to do *Death Don't Have No Mercy* or some other blues dirge as an encore. But as I break the news I can see there won't be any encores tonight. Everybody is too broken up. She didn't take acid; she yelled at us a lot. But if anybody embodied the high-spirited, larger-than-life energy of the Haight, it was Janis.

I can see that Jerry is blown away, but at moments like this he always manages to summon his philosophical side. "She was on a real hard path. She picked it, she chose it, it's OK. She did what she had to do and closed her books. I would describe that as a good score in life writing, with an appropriate ending."

•

We're staying on one of the top floors at the Navarro on Central Park South in New York. The Who are in town, and they're staying next door. Jerry and I are spending a quiet evening in the global village working on our hobbies: recreational drugs and watching TV. The eternal, endlessly shape-shifting box. Its nature changes with each new drug. With grass you want to turn the sound off and play records. On acid everything that happens on the set is uncannily calibrated to each fleeting thought: You are TV. With coke you talk over it, talk back at it, shoot it dead if need be.

Tap-tap-tap-tap.

"Did you hear that?" I ask.

"Yeah, man, what was that?"

It's something outside the window!

Blow breeds paranoia. And it is contagious. There are enough demons flapping through our brains as it is without some alien entity crouching on the windowsill, tap-tap-tapping on the casement. I don't want to engage Garcia's alarm system over nothing, but this is, let's face it, a critical situation. It's one of those dread occasions where you need another human being to tell you that you're simply imagining the entire thing. Although I know from bitter experience Jerry isn't that guy.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Jesus! There it is again."

"Turn the set off, man, so we can hear the damn thing."

Good! Jerry is being sensible. "It's probably a pigeon," I suggest. "It could be anything."

"It could be anything?"

"Oh, man, you read too much science fiction."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Holy shit! It must be fucking huge!"

Jerry isn't taking any chances. He assumes the shield position from the high school manual *What to Do in Case of a Nuclear Attack*, crouching under the writing desk.

"You go check it out, Rock."

Oh, thanks, Jerry. And if you see my head getting chewed off by a fucking gigantic mutant mantis, be sure to inform the front desk so it doesn't disturb the other guests.

But I'm not nearly as concerned about it as I'm putting out to Jerry. What, me worry? It's a game. It's something the Imp of Blow has cooked up in our scorched brains. It's going to be some bird with a broken wing or something. And when it sees me, a bug-eyed, teeth-grinding giant human, it's going to be scared out of its wits.

I pull back the curtains with a dramatic flourish. And there outside the window I see the fearsome popping eyes, the demented predatory grin—the fiend itself!

"Aaah!"

That *Clockwork Orange* orb of a face could belong only to—Keith Moon! The demon drummer of the Who blithely

"Here he comes, back again—another goddamned 12 months of how many sexy girls he met, what great legs they had, how fantastic their tits were, how. . . ."

grimaces back at me from his precarious perch. I pull open the window and let him in.

"Keith, what the hell are you doing out there?"

In a barely recognizable imitation of the Queen's English he drones: "May I please crawl in your window, baby?"

Keith is so paranoid from doing blow in his room alone all night that he has double-bolted his door, forgotten that he's done it and is too stoned to figure out how to open it. Calling the front desk in this condition may arouse unwanted questions and he logically decides to inch along the ledge between our connecting rooms.

The euphoria of relief and surprise in the hotel room is intoxicating. "Come on in and do a few lines, man," Jerry says sweepingly.

"Don't mind if I do."

Snort!

•

Mama Cass is dead, you say? God, that's right! And, fuck, Keith Moon's gone, too, so it's at least 1978, right? Oh well, right now exactitude isn't our main concern. These days we're trying to become more confused (and succeeding admirably).

At least I know where we are: UC-fucking-LA! They have finally broken out the home team dressing rooms for us. The sanctum sanctorum. It has taken us five concerts at Pauley Pavilion to get in here. Before this we had been banished to the visiting team's locker room, which is crummy. The home team's dressing rooms are carpeted, with killer showers and big beautiful lockers and a lounge. We're getting the royal treatment because of Bill Walton, UCLA's star basketball player. He has even persuaded coach John Wooden to allow the team to practice to Grateful Dead music, if you can believe it. And now he has shoehorned us into the locker room.

We have, as usual, made ourselves very much at home. Caterers out back are barbecuing steaks, and the sauternes and champagnes are chilling in various buckets. Blonde college girls in shorts and tank tops are running around, which is always nice. Who needs New Year's Eve?

Hey, there's Captain Gas, without whom no party would be complete. He has a long gray ZZ Top beard and a captain's hat with an anchor and scrambled eggs on it. And he has his tank of nitrous oxide with him, complete with eight plastic hoses, each equipped with a dead man's cutoff that shuts down if you pass out and fall over. Let's not waste natural resources!

With eight people sucking on a tank, it becomes a giant frozen bomb so frosty you could write your name on it in Tijuana in August. To free up the gas there are only two things you can do: You can turn it over, in which case the gas becomes liquid and dangerous—it'll freeze your heart and lungs. Or you can drag it into the shower and heat it up, which is what we have just done.

The team showers together, so there are like 16 showerheads per wall. We turn all of them on. It's a rain forest in here with this frozen tank of nitrous oxide slowly thawing. Meanwhile, the roadies have talked a few coeds into entering the shower. This wet–T-shirt thing starts going on. One of the girls has taken off her shirt. Their bras are gone and they're frolicking in the showers, falling down, lathering themselves up with soap and bubbles and sucking on the octopus—each one has her own clear plastic hose. Another five minutes and everybody is stark naked.

Naturally, I would like to join them, but I have other things to do. I'm charging down the hall when the promoter runs up to me and says, "Rock, man, you better pull the shit together. The UCLA regents are here."

"Ha-ha! Hey, that's not funny, dude."

"I'm serious. They're right behind me!" he says. I look over his shoulder and—fuck!—there they are, these stern overlords of the executive caste wearing their Benjamin Franklin glasses. Very tucked-in, with their watch fobs and discreet lapel pins entitling them to a personal cryonic crypt. Even the women are wearing three-piece suits.

A phalanx of pinched faces walking in tight formation, their next destination is the locker room, and just beyond that the showers, where bacchanalian revels are in progress. Dr. Gas is naked except for that dopey captain's hat, which he wears even in the shower. People are passing out from the steam and the nitrous. I know that there's no way I can stop the dour army of regents. They stride into the lounge. The leader of the delegation is like Rosemary Woods, a librarian from hell. Casting a beady eye around, briskly making a few marks on her clipboard. "The lounge and dressing rooms seem to be in order," she says. "Now, let's move on. We'd like to inspect the showers next."

"Uh, you mean, like——"

"Now!"

"Um, I don't think that's advisable just now, ma'am. I've got some crew in the shower, ma'am, you know, um, we're moving out of here tonight. Would you mind coming back another time?"

"That's out of the question."

One of the gentlemen in the delegation pushes ahead of her: "Belinda, why don't I just go in there and take a look?" He goes into the locker room, peeks into the showers and stops dead in his tracks. He's speechless, riveted to the spot. His mind is split in two. Half of him wants to tear off his clothes and join them, but the other half (the half that owns 4000

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shares of 3M) is appalled.

It's the way he stops that alerts the rest of them. What could have so paralyzed our Mr. Metalfatigue? The regents want to know. They all rush in—including this woman.

There are half a dozen healthy southern California Valley girls cavorting with a bunch of degenerate beer-swizzling, gas-breathing crazies. And this naked guy wearing a captain's hat is passed out on the floor with a big hard-on. We blew their minds. I'm told some later moved to Denver. Would you be surprised to hear that we were booted out of there that afternoon and told we would never play there again?

Not for another year, anyway.

•

On the 1979 East Coast tour—cue *Sweet Little Sixteen*—we get tight with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd from *Saturday Night Live*. They've bought a neighborhood saloon down in the meatmarket district of Manhattan opposite a nude bar called the Sweet Shop or something. It's their own private bar where they can party all night long with their friends. It's almost invisible from the outside. All boarded up with steel rolldown gates in front and not a single neon beer sign to indicate that anything is going on there.

It's ancient, built in the 1800s, with wide plank floors. And behind the funky old bar there's a wooden trapdoor you can pull up to walk down steep wooden stairs into what might be a dungeon. There are stone walls and a low ceiling with wooden beams. Here the serious partying goes on. Jerry spends most of his time down here in a cloud of white dust. There are huge frigging lines laid out on top of cases of Heineken. Sometimes there's a rail of coke on every stair as you go down.

Garcia's most recent obsession is Kurt Vonnegut's *The Sirens of Titan*. He's bought the movie rights. It's playing in his head. "Hey, man, dig this: A man and his dog are about to—*snort!*—materialize out of thin air by way of the chronosynclastic infundibula on the lawn of a large estate." He's there! The intercortical cameras are rolling.

Few could resist the lure of the Blues Brothers' club. One night Francis Coppola shows up and we try to interest him in doing the film of *The Sirens of Titan*. He's astonished anyone would even try. "You can't make a movie of that, it's philosophy!" But Garcia is convinced it must be brought to the big screen! He begins casting about for screenwriters who'll take it on.

In order to goose the project, a major meeting is held with Garcia and Aykroyd and some of the *SNL* writers about raising development money for *The Sirens of Titan* using some of their connections. Jerry hates meetings, so to keep his attention we bring piles of cocaine to get him through it. At this point Tom Davis and Michael O'Donoghue begin writing the screenplay. It's an almost impossible task, the book is a satiro-cosmic tract. The funny bits aren't really filmable, they're verbal, and without them the plot is a preposterous interstellar chicken without feathers. As far as I know somebody may still be trying to get the shapeless thing to fly.

•

One of the myths of the Grateful Dead is that it's a democracy. It's an admirable ambition. Unfortunately, it's not true. The Grateful Dead has always been and always will be Jerry Garcia. And when the king abdicates—as Jerry does constantly—the kingdom falls into the hands of manipulators and thieves. Garcia has never been very good at being in charge, has he? He passes the buck any time he can. Jerry will squirm out of anything. He simply can't deal with unpleasantness.

What E.M. Forster said of *Tristram Shandy* might easily have been said of the early Dead: "There's a god at its center and its name is Muddle." In those first rambunctious years we would have taken this as a compliment. As our fearless leader once said: "Formlessness and chaos can lead to new forms. And new order. Closer to, probably, what the real order is." This was the high, cosmic energy of the acid tests and the early Haight.

For a long time anarchic mischief propelled us. It was a magic force. But now the Dead have become engulfed and paralyzed by the forces of chaos they once rode. What we have now is no longer Taoist chaos or fertile anarchy but default. And we all know what flourishes in default.

That Garcia is being held hostage by the Grateful Dead has been obvious for years. Jerry isn't blind. He can see that the Dead are stultifying. But any murmur of taking a break—as we did in 1974—to rethink and revitalize the Dead is met by laying a huge guilt trip on Jerry. They bring out the babies, the kids, the hospital bills. "We've all got families!" Big wringing of the hands and weeping. There's a huge jones there for the money. Everybody who works for the Dead has been so well paid for so long they can't let the cash cow go to pasture. They have mortgages and car payments and all this has swamped the original ideals of the band.

With the Dead we had the chance to be different. In the old days, adventure and infinite possibility were our missions. "Let's try it!" We always wanted to take the band to the Grand Canyon and play, but it seemed as the years went by, it got harder to do anything other than go to the same old places.

It seems as if everything that starts out as genuine in America eventually hits the road and, in an amazingly short amount of time, starts selling tickets to itself, turning into self-parody. Authenticity is just about the most marketable thing going. And by God, Jerry had it.

"I can't thank you enough," cried Lotte. "You're at risk! I won't stay long, a few hours."

And more years and more after that. God, feel! If you put your hand in, yes? Would you feel it change? What if I sat in that rocking chair and shut the door, what? That woman, how long was she in there? From way, way back. Wouldn't it be strange?"

"Bull!"

"But if you wanted to run away badly enough, wished for it, prayed for it, and people ran after you and someone hid you in a place like this, a witch behind a door, and you heard the searchers run through the house, closer and closer, wouldn't you want to get away? Anywhere? To another place? Why not another time? And then, in a house like this, a house so old nobody knows, wouldn't it be—if you wanted and asked for it enough—you could run to another time. Maybe," she paused, "here?"

"No," he said. "That's stupid!"

But still, some quiet motion within the closeted space caused both, at almost the same instant, to hold their hands out in the air, curious, like people testing invisible waters. The air seemed to move one way and then another, now warm, now cold, with a pulsation of light and a sudden turning toward dark. All this they thought but could not say. There was weather here, now a quick touch of summer and then a winter cold, which could not be, of course, but there it was. Passing along their fingertips, but unseen by their eyes, a stream of shadows and sun ran as invisible as time itself, clear as crystal, but clouded by a shifting dark. Both felt that if they were to thrust their hands deep, they might be drawn in to drown in a storm of seasons within an incredibly small space. All this, too, they thought or almost felt but could not say.

They seized their frozen but sunburned hands back, to stare down and hold them against their breasts.

"Damn," whispered Robert. "Oh damn!"

He backed off and went to open the front door again and look at the snowing night where the footprints had almost vanished.

"No," he said. "No, no."

•

Just then the yellow flash of headlights on the road braked in front of the house.

"Lotte!" cried Martha. "It must be! Lotte!"

The car lights went out. They ran to meet the running woman halfway up the front yard.

"Lotte!"

The woman, wild-eyed, hair windblown, threw herself at them.

"Martha, Bob! God, I thought I'd never find you! Lost! I'm being followed. Let's get inside. Oh, I didn't mean to get you up in the middle of the night. It's good to see you! Jesus! Hide the car! Here are the keys!"

Robert ran to drive the car behind the house. When he came back around he saw that the heavy snowfall was already covering its tracks. Then the three of them were inside the house, talking, holding on to one another. Robert kept glancing at the front door.

"I can't thank you enough," cried Lotte, huddled in a chair. "You're at risk! I won't stay long, a few hours. Until it's safe. Then——"

"Stay as long as you want."

"No. They'll follow. In the cities, the fires, the murders, everyone starving, I stole gas. Do you have more? Enough to get me to Greenborough? I——"

"Lotte?" said Robert.

"Yes?" Lotte stopped, breathless.

"Did you see anyone on your way up here? A woman? Running on the road?"

"What? I was driving so fast. A woman? Yes! I almost hit her. Then, she was gone! Why?"

"Well——"

"She's not dangerous?"

"No, no."

"It is all right my being here?"

"Yes, fine, fine. Sit down. We'll fix some coffee."

"Wait! I'll check!" Before they could stop her Lotte ran to the front door, opened it a crack and peered out. They stood with her and saw distant headlights flourish over a low hill and dip into a valley. "They're coming," said Lotte. "They might search here."

Martha and Robert glanced at each other. No, no, thought Robert. God, no! Preposterous, unimaginable. No, none of this! Get off, circumstance! Come back, Lotte, in ten years, five years, maybe a year, a month, a week. Even tomorrow! But don't come with coincidence in each hand like idiot children and ask, only half an hour after one terror, one miracle, to test our disbelief!

"What's wrong?" said Lotte.

"I——" said Robert.

"No place to hide me?"

"Yes," he said. "We have a place."

"You do?"

"Here." He turned slowly away, stunned.

They walked down the hall to the half-open paneling.

"This?" Lotte said. "Secret? Did you——?"

"No, it's been here since the house was built long ago."

Lotte touched and moved the door on its hinges. "Does it work? Will they know where to look and find it?"

"No. It's beautifully made. Shut, you can't tell it's there."

Outside in the winter night cars rushed closer, their beams flashing up the road, across the house windows.

Lotte peered into the witch door as if down a deep, lonely well.

A filtering of dust moved about her. The small rocking chair trembled.

Moving in silently, Lotte touched the half-burned candle.

"Why, it's still warm!"

Martha and Robert said nothing. They held on to the witch door, smelling the odor of warm tallow.

Lotte stood rigidly in the little space, bowing her head beneath the beamed ceiling.

A horn blew in the snowing night. Lotte took a deep breath and said, "Shut the door."

They shut the witch door. There was no way to tell that a door was there.

They blew out the lamp and stood in the cold dark house, waiting.

The cars rushed down the road, their noise loud, and their yellow headlights bright in the falling snow. The wind stirred the footprints in the yard, one pair going out, another coming in, and they watched the tracks of Lotte's car fast vanishing, and at last, gone.

"Thank God," whispered Martha.

The cars, honking, whipped around the last bend and down the hill and stopped, waiting, looking in at the dark house. Then, at last, they started up away into the snow and the hills.

Soon their lights were gone and the sound gone with them.

"We were lucky," said Robert.

"But she's not."

"She?"

"That woman, whoever she was, ran out of here. They'll find her. Somebody'll find her."

"Christ, that's right."

"She has no ID, no proof of herself. She doesn't know what has happened to her. When she tells them who she is and where she came from——"

"Yes, yes."

"God help her."

They looked into the snowing night but saw nothing. Everything was still. "You can't escape," she said. "No matter what you do, you can't escape."

•

They moved away from the window and down the hall to the witch door and touched it.

"Lotte," they called.

The witch door did not tremble or move.

"Lotte, you can come out now."

There was no answer, not a breath nor a whisper.

Robert tapped the door. "Hey, in there."

"Lotte!"

He knocked at the paneling, agitated.

"Lotte!"

"Open it!"

"I'm trying, damn it!"

"Lotte, we'll get you out, wait! Everything's all right!"

He beat with both fists, cursing. Then he shouted, "Watch out," took a step back, raised his leg and kicked once, twice, three times, vicious kicks at the paneling that crunched holes and crumbled wood into kindling. He reached in and yanked the entire paneling free. "Lotte!"

They leaned together into the small place under the stairs. The candle flickered on the small table. The Bible was gone. The small rocking chair moved quietly back and forth, in little arcs, and then stood still.

"Lotte!"

They stared at the empty room. The candle flickered.

"Lotte," they said.

"You don't believe?"

"I don't know. Old houses are old . . . old."

"You think Lotte . . . she——?"

"I don't know, I don't know."

"Then she's safe at least, safe! Thank God!"

"Safe? Where's she gone? You really think that? A woman in new clothes, with red lipstick, high heels, short skirt, perfume, plucked brows, diamond rings and pantyhose, safe? Safe!" he said, staring deep into the open frame of the witch door.

"Why not?"

He drew a deep breath.

"A woman of that description who was lost in a town called Salem in the year 1692?"

He reached over and shut the splintered witch door.

They sat waiting by it for the rest of the long cold night.

"OK, now I'll be the Ethics Committee and you'll be me."

COURTENEY COX

(continued from page 136)

Central Perk to reveal their insecurities and shepherd one another through the vagaries of life on the cusp of maturity. After signing on in 1994, Cox had some time to kill before shooting started in late July. Brad Krevoy, whose independent company MPCA produced *Dumb and Dumber*, offered Cox the female lead in the aforementioned *Sketch Artist II* after watching her come out of the water near his home in Malibu.

"You have not seen Courteney Cox in the proper light until you've seen her walking across the sand in a bikini. She makes Bo Derek look like a five," says Krevoy. "We all knew she could act, and we knew that the camera would love her, too."

Cox' character in *Sketch Artist II* is raped by a serial killer. She survives the assault and offers to give a description of her attacker to a police artist, despite the fact that she has been blind since the age of ten.

"I've never played a character whose entire life is pretty much a tragedy," says Cox. To prepare for the role, she sought the advice of a sightless person and spent time at the Braille Institute of Los Angeles. "My character is raped, chased, followed. I mean, there were no light moments in the film for her. So I stayed on this moribund level. And I kind of took it home with me, which I don't usually do."

She had a different challenge on the set of the low-budget film *The Opposite Sex*. According to someone who worked on the film, Courteney was easy to work with, except in one way: She couldn't say the word nipple. "In the script, every other word she had was fuck or shit, but when she had to say nipple, she couldn't do it. In one scene, Courteney is at the beach with some friends, and one of the guys is sculpting breasts out of sand. When he uses stones or something for the nipples, she's supposed to say, 'Nah, I think you should use Hershey's Kisses for the nipples.' She would get to that point and then gesture at the nipple region. This was a movie about sex, and she would not say the word nipple."

•

"That's my hair, isn't it?" Cox points at her plate and we both see the hair there, like a prop in a *Seinfeld* episode. "If there's a hair on my food, I'm one of those people who will eat the food anyway. I don't know why it doesn't bother me."

Success helps one deal with minor annoyances. With the enormous appeal of *Friends*, Cox wouldn't be bothered if Burt Reynolds' rug were on her plate. The freshman sitcom spent most of 1995 in the top ten and shot as high as

number one. MTV chose Cox to co-host its movie awards with John Lovitz where, incidentally, she proved to be a better drummer (jamming with the house band) than a straight man to Lovitz' comic haughtiness.

Friends, like *Mad About You* and *Seinfeld*, features enough pop philosophizing by the first commercial break to eclipse the oeuvre of Dr. Joyce Brothers. Add the show's ensemble approach, and the result is an Algonquin roundtable of 20-something angst. In real life, you could more easily find Casper than six perfectly coiffed, attractively neurotic, facile white people who happen to be bosom buddies.

And at the center is Cox' Monica—one part Florence Nightingale, one part Florence Henderson—nursing wounds and planning togetherness events. Monica is earnest, supportive, communal. I am able to witness a glimmer of these qualities in Courteney when our waitress presents her with a petition to save the deli, which had recently lost its lease.

"I love this place," Courteney tells me as she signs the petition. "There was a big town meeting to discuss the lease Monday night. I was going to go, but a friend flew in from New York."

Were it not for Cox, the *Friends* equation might be entirely different. Director Jim Burrows (whose credits include *Taxi* and *Cheers*) initially wanted her for the role of Rachel.

"It's like lightning in a bottle," says Burrows, who directed the pilot and ten of the show's 24 episodes. "You don't know what will work until you try it. When Courteney read for the show I thought she would be great as Rachel. But she wanted to play Monica, and she was right."

"Obviously, it's nice to be right, but it's more important for me to be understood," Cox maintains. "That's probably the most important thing in my life. And I think I got it from my big family. When you're a kid trying to speak at the dinner table, or trying to get your point across, you're not always heard. I remember pulling each person aside and asking, 'Do you at least understand what I'm trying to say?'"

To Burrows, it translates into "the ability to be the center of a show. She has an ability, through her eyes, to let an audience into the show. When we read the pilot, it wasn't so much about six people as it was about Monica's children. It's her apartment, it's her brother, and she just welcomes you in. You want to hug her. Or you want her to hug you. That's a rare quality on television."

"I kind of watch the show and don't notice the mother thing," Cox hedges, finishing the last of her hair McMuffin. She defines her character more by what she isn't: "I'm not the rich girl who is trying to make it. I'm not the vulnerable guy you want to hug. I'm not the one who can only get close to someone by being funny. I'm not the womanizer, and I'm not the ethereal kook."

"There are many avenues to take with her," says Burrows, "but she does appear clean-cut, which is great. It helps because a lot of the discussions on that show are sexual."

The ability to project conscientiously objecting sex appeal, to be both the voice of reason and the whisper of temptation, is central to Cox' success.

"I think I'm a sexual person, especially when I'm in love. Sex is a wonderful part of a relationship. I like to dress up and look as good as I can, but it doesn't really go past that. I don't think about it all the time. I don't think of the opposite sex in purely sexual terms, I guess. I hope that doesn't make me sound like I'm not a sexual human being.

"There are things that are more important than sex, but I have to be physically attracted to stay in a relationship. There's something very chemical about being with somebody. I believe in fate. Otherwise, why am I attracted to only a certain number of people in my lifetime? There could be a hundred gorgeous men in a room, but I may be chemically attracted to only one of them."

Over the past five years, that one man occasionally has worn a mask and a cape. While reluctant to discuss her rumored on-again, off-again relationship with Michael Keaton, Cox does surrender this much: "Anything is possible with Michael and me. The thing is, if you talk to the press about your lover or your relationship, it's out there. It's way too much for both parties to live up to."

As Monica, Cox is once again playing young (she'll be 32 next June), but in this case the Cox mechanism of denial is not a consideration. "In this business, people find out everything about you. There's no point in lying."

It should surprise no one that Cox' sights are set on feature films. Burrows sees her departure as sad but inevitable. "She has a great face, great eyes, and I'll tell you what—she's funny," he says, assessing Cox' chances as a big-screen leading lady. "It's rare to find good-looking women who are funny. The audience does not expect good-looking people to be funny."

We are in the parking lot admiring the sexy bulges of the silver Porsche, which is parked haphazardly with the rear wheel sitting on top of the yellow line.

"So, how fast have you gone in it now?" I ask.

"Well, the other night I was going over the 405 bypass and I just sort of stepped on it. Then I got distracted by something, and when I looked at the speedometer, I was doing 150."

Beep, beep. Out of the way, mister: Courteney Cox is coming at you.

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Bettie Page *(continued from page 103)*

"This is my life. I have never told anyone these things and I want to get them off my chest."

her photographers. She was more interested in regular guys. She dated college men, aspiring actors and enlisted men. While she dated a few prominent men such as Richard Arbib, the noted industrial designer, she thwarted the advances of the rich and famous.

In 1955, Bettie was 32 years old but looked and claimed to be ten years younger. It was then that the bondage exploits caught up with her. Irving Klaw was hounded by a congressional committee that attempted to link a bondage photograph of Bettie to the suicide of a 17-year-old boy. Bettie was visited by federal agents who accused her and Klaw of making pornography. The committee forced Klaw to shred thousands of photos of Bettie. In 1957 Irving and Paula Klaw ceased production of their pinups.

Bettie was appalled by the government's treatment of the Klaws, but she had bigger problems. She had become the victim of a stalker, a 16-year-old boy who wrote her anonymous letters full of ugly threats. Though he was caught by the FBI, the incident frightened her. Then there were romance problems. Bettie's boyfriend of three years began to pester her to marry him. She knew she didn't love him, and she began to think seriously about leaving New York.

It was around this time that the police knocked on Bettie's door with "pornographic" pictures of her that were being sold at newsstands. Years before, she had gone to a party where she was encouraged to take a drink or two. She became intoxicated and ended up taking off her clothes and posing in more explicit ways than she had previously done. She remembered the evening sketchily, but the police confronted her with a most unhappy reminder: The shutterbug, in serious debt from gambling, had sold the illicit photographs.

It was time to move on. Quietly, Bettie Page left New York. She called Paula Klaw to say that she was going to Florida and that she would write. She put her belongings in storage in New Jersey, said goodbye to her friends and left the city.

•

Bettie told us her story right up to the present. She apologized for not living a more fascinating life. "I guess you'll have to invent things about me to make it more interesting. Well, I trust you. Let your imaginations run wild." She insisted we leave in the grimmer personal experiences, including the childhood sexual abuse.

We gave her ample time to change her mind. "Are you sure about this?" we would ask periodically. "Put it all in there," she would say. "This is my life, both the good and the bad. I have never told anyone these things and I want to get them off my chest."

Bettie, it should be noted, doesn't regard herself as a victim. "I never felt like a victim because of what my father did to me," she says. She doesn't even believe that what happened with her father tainted her attitudes toward sex. "I've taken it in stride." Bettie believes in a woman's right to express herself sexually—in the bedroom and before the camera. She will happily talk about enjoying sex with the men she loved. "Women who do not express themselves sexually become repressed," she insists. "And that causes them to suffer."

Bettie Page has a difficult time seeing herself as the sexual pioneer others describe. She admits to no sexual arousal while being photographed, no feeling of power in front of the camera. "I was just worried about doing a good job," she says. Yet she admits that she often pretended the camera was a man.

Why would a proper Southern girl in the Fifties allow herself to be tied up, gagged and photographed? Bondage,

"I don't see the gizmo you'd push when you wanted, say, a samba beat."

bikinis, stockings and high heels—according to Bettie, they were all parts of the job. As far as the nudity was concerned, she always believed the body was beautiful. "I never had any bad feelings about posing nude because I always felt that God did not disapprove of it. I never felt ashamed. I like a good nude. I like to look at them. I even thought of joining a nudist colony." Laughing, she adds, "I was happy as a lark stark naked."

Why, then, did she remain hidden all those years? According to Bettie, she didn't. The public perception was that she took steps to change her identity and to live in seclusion after she left New York, but she disputes those notions. "I don't know where those rumors came from. I was never in hiding about anything. I went right on living my life in the open." She didn't even bother to change her name. "I never tried to keep away from people. I just was through with my modeling career and went on to something else."

Although Bettie has lived in California since 1978—in the midst of her fandom—she didn't know about the Bettie Page phenomenon. Over the years, a relative or friend would see a picture of her or tell her about an article, but Bettie dismissed each incident as an isolated one. Occasionally, someone would ask her if she was Bettie Page. She would usually just smile and say, "Who's that?" She didn't even know that a character in *The Rocketeer* is based on her. In fact, Bettie saw that film for the first time in 1994 when Hugh Hefner screened it for her at the Playboy Mansion. As odd as it seems, she never had a clue about her popularity. And now that she does, it won't change her life. She receives frequent offers to make public appearances, but she would rather preserve her privacy and be remembered as she was.

Bettie was extremely honest with us. She told us everything she remembered about her life, from the trivial to the traumatic. We learned about the husbands, lovers and sexual transgressions. She spared nothing. Yet, in the end, we were less confident in speculating about Bettie's life, and the motives behind her actions, than we were before we learned the facts.

Like most people, Bettie is full of contradictions. One could say that she gave up too easily—on teaching, on acting, on two of her husbands. But with other things, she tried too hard—with her first husband, Billy, whom she married twice; with trying to please every two-bit photographer in New York while ignoring better opportunities.

Bettie is an unwitting symbol of liberated sexuality, a Southern gentlewoman delighted to admit that bondage modeling was "a ball." As she was enigmatic during her time as a model—the wholesome beach bunny in one shot, the dark angel of strange sexual proclivity in the next—so she remains today: unique, paradoxical, ingenuous.

The real Bettie Page isn't articulate on the subject of her legend. While she can point to pictures of Cindy Crawford or Claudia Schiffer and identify qualities that make them good models, she cannot do the same with herself. "I haven't the foggiest notion why I'm popular. I never considered myself anything special in the looks or any other department." She is not, however, indifferent to her popularity. She is thrilled to find out that she has inspired designer Todd Oldham, or that Steven Tyler of Aerosmith is one of her biggest fans. But despite her lack of greed and her unwillingness to "cash in," she does look forward to some rewards. She hopes that a movie about her life—always in discussion—will finally be made, and she considers endorsing a line of clothes. All this against the background of her humility. "I wasn't trying to be anything," she says modestly. "I was just myself."

In the end, Bettie's ambivalence is a key, not an impediment, to understanding her legend. The answer lies not in her life and what she makes of it but in her look and what she came to symbolize, in spite of herself. She was an unwitting standard-bearer of a new era of sexuality. Bettie fascinates because she personifies what is sexually appealing to the American psyche—middle-America soda-shop good looks with an undercurrent of sexual availability. In one body and one face, Bettie Page balanced the sexual contradictions of her time.

When the exhausting week of interviews was over, Bettie wanted to celebrate with a long drive. She hadn't been to Hollywood in years—would we take her there? We stopped for a late lunch and then drove to Santa Monica so she could see the ocean. We walked to the end of the pier to watch the sunset and laughed at what we found there: a photographer with his model catching the day's last light. Magic hour. "How about a picture, Bettie?" we teased. "Forget it!" she answered. "You'll have to rely on your memory." As we watched her toss her hair in the wind, we remembered her vow: never to be photographed again—not for our book, not for this article. Yet she was still there. The face we saw—the face the public has not seen in nearly 40 years—is still the face of an icon. Not because she hasn't changed or grown older, but because the real Bettie Page never confused herself with the woman in the photos. She didn't manufacture a false persona and spend the rest of her life failing to live up to it. She never tried to become a different person for the camera. Instead, she let the pictures capture the woman she always was.

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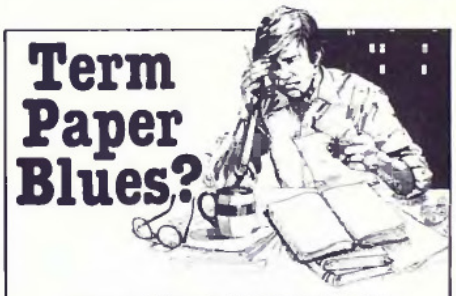

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VERY WEIRD SCIENCE *(continued from page 86)*

"I believe in God, and I think the good Lord gave us these big brains to figure out the world."

and a glossary. The advanced academic degrees the book's authors have earned—in geology, biology, geological engineering and atmospheric science—are listed with their names. The book's editor, Steven Austin, has a Ph.D. in geology from Pennsylvania State University.

Austin also stars in an ICR video that, like the book, has been distributed in private Christian schools. The video deals with the eruption of Mount St. Helens in 1980. A confident, scholarly sounding Austin explains to a receptive, adult audience that the changes wrought by the eruption—canyons, mud flows, devastated lakes—are proof for the creationist case. He concludes that other apparently ancient features of the earth's surface could have come into being just as rapidly—as the Bible says they did.

America's widespread ignorance of science is precisely what makes so many people susceptible to creationist propaganda. "Americans are poorly equipped to judge the claims of scientific creationism," sociologist Raymond Eve argues. "They can hardly be expected to analyze creationist claims about the second law of thermodynamics, for instance, if they lack any idea of what the first or third law is about. If they have no notion of the wealth and range of evidence for human evolution, they may find reasonable the claim that all *Homo erectus* fossils are either apes or modern humans."

If creationists were truly interested in making a scientific case for their claims, they would have to play by the same rules of evidence and peer-judgment as the mainstream scientists they pretend to imitate. Creation scientists, however, do not publish in mainstream journals. They want to, they say, but complain that mainstream prejudice shuts them out. But, in fact, in a 1981 ruling against an equal-time law in Arkansas, a federal judge dismissed creationist claims that the scientific community was "close-minded" by reminding them "no witness produced a scientific article for which publication had been refused."

In Richardson, Texas the Foundation for Thought and Ethics has sponsored a glossy supplementary text for high school biology classes, *Of Pandas and People: The Central Question of Biological Origins*. The book, which contains no overtly religious language, makes the seemingly nonreligious argument that life on earth was "intelligently designed." The book asserts that, statistically speaking, life could not possibly have resulted from natural selection and genetic mutation over millions of years. *Of Pandas* points instead to a nameless creative "agent" in the development of life. Unfortunately, the book contains a number of serious errors, including confusion about the relationship between the extinct Tasmanian "wolf" and the modern North American wolf, serious misrepresentations of evolution and so many other errors that the biologist Kenneth Miller couldn't list them all in an hour-long lecture.

Jon Buell, the foundation's director and a developer of *Pandas*, says anti-evolutionary theories are on the rise because famous, but unnamed, scientists have been asking pointed questions about evolution and abandoning its premises. Meanwhile, almost 20,000 copies of *Pandas* have been sold in the U.S.—in many cases with a teacher's guide. And Buell is just getting started.

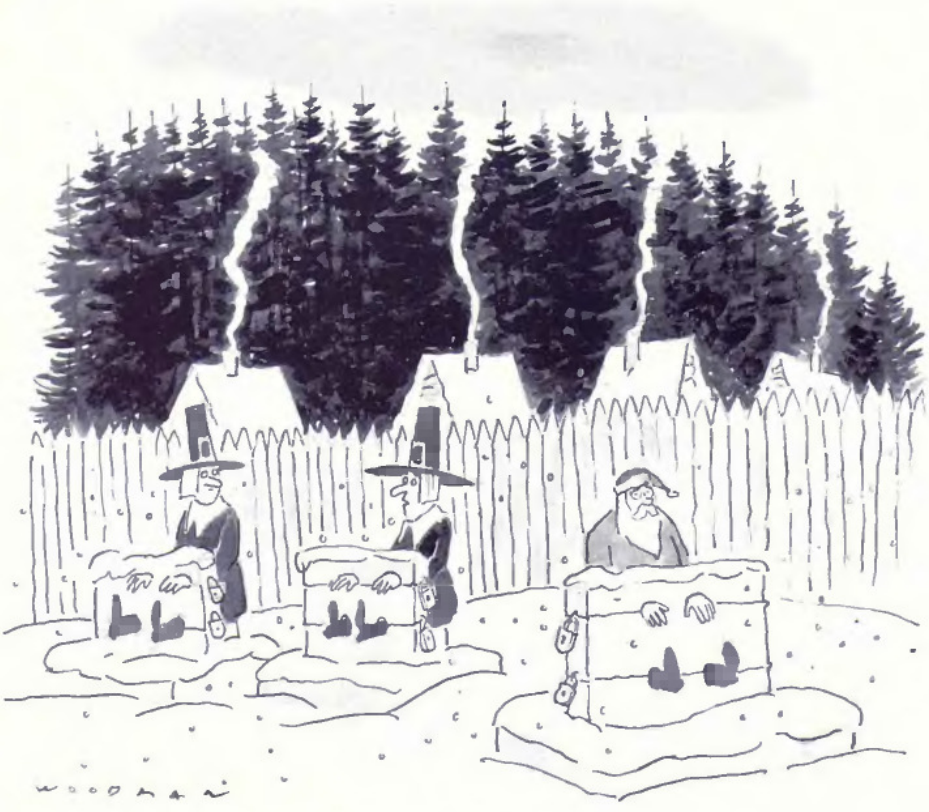
Creationists have simultaneously opened other fronts to disguise their dogmatic messages. On college campuses, for example, they sometimes endorse the kind of cultural diversity that asserts all beliefs are equally authentic. According to *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, a trade journal for educators, increasing numbers of devout students and professors "want to know why, in this era of pluralism and identity politics, academics feel free to label themselves as feminists or Marxists or gay scholars or minority-group members—but not as religious people."

•

"It's not because it's stealth religion that I object to it," says Miller, the Brown University professor of biology. "It's because it's really bad science." Miller is a practicing Catholic, and he considers it a slur against religion and science to contend that belief in evolution is incompatible with belief in God. "It's one thing to say, 'I believe in a designer of the universe.' It's quite another to believe in a lot of bad science. I believe in God, and I think the good Lord gave us these big brains to figure out the world. And evolution is a part of that."

Miller and others concerned about creationism's threat to education haven't been idle. Teachers, scientists and members of the clergy—along with many parents—have begun to fight back. In 1981 an informal network of local and state anticreationist groups formed the National Center for Science Education, which has worked with the ACLU, People for the American Way and teachers' organizations. Over the years this loose alliance has won some important battles.

In 1987, for example, the Supreme Court overturned a Louisiana law



"They caught him crawling down chimneys."

ordering equal time for creationism. It ruled in *Edwards vs. Aguillard* that creation science is inherently religious and that teaching it in public schools violates the First Amendment.

In 1989 the Texas Board of Education required publishers who wanted a piece of the state's mammoth textbook market to provide books that included "reliable scientific theories" contradicting evolution. But evolutionists convinced Texas to add the words, "if any." And because there aren't any "reliable scientific theories" contradicting evolution, the textbooks haven't changed much yet.

In 1993 an ICR staffer and other fundamentalists on the Vista, California school board demanded that evolution's weaknesses be spelled out in the classroom. Parents rebelled, throwing the creationists out of office. And in 1994 a clique of Florida state representatives introduced a resolution asserting "that the U.S. Supreme Court has not ruled against the teaching of creationism in public schools." The resolution died in committee.

But America's small towns and suburbs offer countless opportunities for political pressure against teachers and school board members. In a decentralized educational system such as ours, with no national curriculum and with even state curricula often voluntary, many communities already pressure teachers to make a case against evolution. Indeed, bad science is already the norm in many places, insists Eugenie Scott, director of the NCSE. "The notion that all teachers are teaching good science is wrong."

While creationists make progress at the local level, federal judges have provided some encouragement. In 1987 Supreme Court Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justice Antonin Scalia dissented from the majority's pro-evolution ruling in *Edwards*. Scalia's opinion endorsed "whatever scientific evidence there may be against evolution." Rehnquist has also declared that he believes the Court's traditional wall of separation between church and state should be "frankly and explicitly abandoned."

The growing popularity of "school choice" could provide the creationists with another opening to the schools. Milwaukee, Cleveland and other cities have begun tinkering with publicly funded vouchers to pay for private schooling. This past summer, the Wisconsin supreme court struck down a plan to allow parents in Milwaukee to use vouchers to send their children to religious schools. But supporters have raised money privately to keep 2300 students in those schools while the case is appealed in federal court. Of course, "school choice" is also one of the key educational goals of the Christian Coalition, according to spokesman Russell.

If politicians confronting Sputnik had feared the religious right as politicians do today, perhaps the Cold War would have ended differently. Americans rose to the occasion and reaffirmed this country's respect for education, science and reason. Today, by contrast, plenty of politicians apparently feel free to expose other people's children, if not their own, to superstition masquerading as science. Their laxity comes at a time when U.S. students—who already turn up close to last in many tests comparing them with science students in other industrialized countries—must compete directly in the global economy.

"If we start turning out kids who think the world was created in 6006 B.C. and who don't know the first thing about modern genetics," says Eve, "then we're raising a generation of American kids who will be noncompetitive in the most lucrative sectors of the postindustrial economy."

The stakes are even higher than that. Where the creationists win a battle, they warp students' trust in the rational pursuit of knowledge. In free and open intellectual competition, the creationists have been losing for a long time. But now they're calling on the government to force their views on the schools. If they succeed, as Isaac Asimov warned nearly 15 years ago, "We will have established the full groundwork for legally enforced ignorance and for totalitarian thought control."

Maybe the hint of a resolution lies in Dayton. Refreshingly, Kurt Wise, the creationist with the Harvard Ph.D., doesn't think Christianity should be legislated. Sitting in the living room of the modest house he shares with his wife and two daughters, Wise says people who are eager to teach creationism in the public schools have asked for his help, but he declined to get involved.

His own quest, he says—a quixotic one by secular standards but, decently, a private one—is to try to beat the evolutionists at their own game. Wise wants to devise, with other creationists, a scientific model so convincing that even evolutionists will accept it as scientific. And only then, he says, should creationism get equal time in science classes.

Meanwhile, he's puzzling over how God's first animals and humans were immune from death, as he believes they were until sin entered the world. "It's very hard to conceive of," the professor admits. "I see it as a situation of dynamic equilibrium, where individual cells are dying, but we're replacing the cells as rapidly as they die."

Wise is hunting for scientific evidence to support Genesis. Most creationists don't care that real scientists reject their ideas. They want to take over the schools—now. It's shocking to think our political leaders might let them succeed.

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SEX STARS (continued from page 75)

Hugh Grant—who ran afoul with a hooker—described Hurley's breasts as "the best pair in London."

Film Festival, it was Pam who grabbed the paparazzi's attention, to the exclusion of almost everyone else. She was there promoting the forthcoming movie *Barb Wire*, in which she'll play the live version of the Dark Horse Comics character. Through it all, she has retained her sense of humor, telling *TV Guide* that it's true that after her Playmate appearance (as Miss February 1990), she got breast implants. But, she said, rumor goes beyond fact: "Everybody says I'm plastic from head to toe. Can't stand next to a radiator or I'll melt."

Joining Pam in the most-wanted category this year were supermodel **Cindy Crawford**—cover girl for *Esquire*'s annual "Women We Love" issue—who made her film debut in 1995's *Fair Game* and ended her marriage to **Richard Gere,** and actor **Brad Pitt,** hailed by *Vanity Fair* as "Hollywood's ultimate sex symbol" and by *People* as "the sexiest man alive." Ever since he tickled **Geena Davis'** fancy in *Thelma & Louise*, Pitt has been a lust object for millions of women; his performance in *Legends of the Fall* only turned up the thermostat. He, too, had his troubles with purloined photos, threatening to sue when shots of him and girlfriend **Gwyneth Paltrow** appeared first in the English magazine *The People* and then—you guessed it—on the Internet.

For Pam, Cindy and Brad, the path to fame led through well-marked routes—television, modeling, movies. But we're now seeing a new kind of sex stardom, one conferred by the tabloids. The O.J. Simpson trial transformed **Kato Kaelin, Paula Barbieri** and Playmate **Traci Adell** into instant stars. Kato went from houseguest to household word; one survey had three out of four respondents preferring Kaelin to President Clinton as a dinner companion, and **Heather Locklear** chose him over **Judge Lance Ito** for a night of romance—"but only if he doesn't talk." Both Kaelin and Barbieri were picked to guest-star on rapper Sir Mix-a-Lot's anthology television series, *The Watcher*. Barbieri, at least, may have a future: **Jeff Trachta,** who costarred with her in *Night Eyes IV: Forced Entry*, told *TV Guide* that Paula's "a phenomenal kisser."

English model **Elizabeth Hurley** was best known as the beauty on the arm of **Hugh Grant**—who described her breasts as "magnificent, the best pair in London"—until the hapless Hugh ran afoul with a hooker on Sunset Boulevard. Elizabeth is now making a name for herself as spokesmodel for Estée Lauder cosmetics. Singer **Courtney Love,** widow of Kurt Cobain, couldn't seem to stay out of trouble, while actress **Drew Barrymore** delighted in thumbing her nose at society—notably by stripping at a Manhattan nightclub and flashing **David Letterman** on live TV. Even her PLAYBOY pictorial made a statement. Drew told *Movieline*'s Stephen Rebello: "Half the reason to do things is to provoke 'Oh my God' about everything."

PLAYBOY pictorials award their own celebrity status. Just ask **Anna Nicole Smith,** 1993 Playmate of the Year. She was visible as a CIA op in the movie *To the Limit* and as a guest on ABC-TV's *Wilde Again* (the latter replete with breast jokes) but made even more headlines with her performance as the grieving widow of nonagenarian oilman **J. Howard Marshall.** The latest examples of pictorial celebrity are singer **Nancy Sinatra, Steven Seagal's** *Under Siege 2* sidekick **Sandra Taylor,** 1995 Playmate of the Year (and *Price Is Right* presenter) **Julie Cialini,** models **Elle Macpherson, Amber Smith** and **Kimberley Conrad Hefner** (1989's PMOY) and radio's **Amy Lynn Baxter** and **Tempest,** all of whom starred in recent PLAYBOY features.

The Hollywood press seems more interested in bucks than bods, splits than screenplays. The trades trumpet the figures: **Jim Carrey's** $20-million-per-picture paycheck, **Demi Moore's** $12.5 million (a record among female stars), **Sylvester Stallone's** three-movie, $60 million package. When the media aren't talking dollars, they're talking sensation—often speculating on the sexual preferences of the stars. *Movieline*'s "Hollywood Ink" and "Guess Who, Don't Sue" columns dish out catty, anonymous hints every month. That sort of thing may have forced **Nicole Kidman** to affirm (in both *Vanity Fair* and *Entertainment Weekly*) the heterosexual nature of her relationship with hubby **Tom Cruise,** and **Keanu Reeves** to deny his alleged "marriage" to gay mogul **David Geffen** (saying the two, in fact, have never met). Cindy Crawford, in her September *Playboy Interview*, once again had to shoot down rumors that she was gay. Drew Barrymore, on the other hand, confided in the aforementioned *Movieline* interview that she has gone both ways but is now limiting her attentions to heartthrob **Eric Erlandson,** guitarist in Courtney Love's band, Hole. (Sex-star land is a tight little island.)

Although Drew seems blissfully enamored of Eric, this year has been one of nasty splits. Among them: **Julia Roberts** and **Lyle Lovett, Liz Taylor** and **Larry Fortensky, Val Kilmer** and **Joanne Whalley-Kilmer**—who grumbled about having to watch their kids while Val was "out gallivanting around the world with his friends or shacking up with some floozy," **Kelly LeBrock** and Steven Seagal, **Cheryl Tiegs** and longtime spouse **Anthony Peck,** and **Christie Brinkley** and—in her second divorce in as many years—her husband of seven months, **Ricky Taubman. Don Johnson** and **Melanie Griffith** untied the knot yet again, but Melanie landed in the arms of her *Two Much* co-star, **Antonio Banderas.**

"Something all eight of you will chip in for, right?"

Already a supernova in his native Spain, Banderas is the front-runner in a pack of foreigners being recruited by Hollywood to spice up its film fare. He came close to stealing *Miami Rhapsody* from **Sarah Jessica Parker** and *Interview With the Vampire* from Tom Cruise and Brad Pitt. And now Banderas is all over American screens—in *Desperado*, the sequel to *El Mariachi*; with a cameo in *Four Rooms*; opposite **Rebecca De Mornay** in *Never Talk to Strangers*; and as a gun-crazed villain facing Sylvester Stallone in *Assassins*. He has also signed to don the mask of *Zorro* in next year's remake of the swashbuckling classic and croon the role of Che Guevara in the long-delayed movie version of *Evita*, starring **Madonna**. Given the Material Girl's Antonio fixation, which she admitted to in her docubio *Truth or Dare*, that should turn out to be an interesting partnership. (Perhaps less interesting than that reported interlude with hoopster **Dennis Rodman**, who claims she wanted him to father her child.)

Another Latin lover, Swiss-born, half German–half Spanish **Vincent Perez**, made his name in French films—as **Catherine Deneuve**'s lover in *Indochine* and **Isabelle Adjani**'s in *Queen Margot*—but has been enlisted to replace Brandon Lee in the sequel to *The Crow*. France's **Sophie Marceau** enchanted audiences and critics with her performance as the Princess of Wales, dallying with **Mel Gibson** in *Braveheart*. **Joanna Lumley** has been wowing viewers of the British comedy *Absolutely Fabulous* on Comedy Central—so much so that Roseanne bought the rights for an American remake. And **Pierce Brosnan** has slipped elegantly into the role of James Bond (previously inhabited by **Sean Connery, Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton** and **George Lazenby**). Eat your hearts out, menswear mavens: Pierce gets to keep all the Brioni suits (price tags: $2500 to $7000) from his 007 wardrobe.

Who's next? We'll put our money on **Linda Fiorentino** and **Johnny Depp**, who sizzled, respectively, in *The Last Seduction* and *Don Juan DeMarco*; **Kevin Sorbo**, who plays the mythological hero in *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys*, a syndicated series that's beginning to rival *Baywatch* in some markets; **Natasha Henstridge**, who's half femme but wholly fatale in *Species*; teen queen **Alicia Silverstone** of *Clueless*; singer **Celine Dion**; **Jimmy Smits** of *My Family* and ABC-TV's *NYPD Blue*; *Lois & Clark*'s **Teri Hatcher** and *Mad About You*'s **Helen Hunt**, network TV's top e-mail recipients; and **George Clooney** and **Julianna Margulies** of NBC-TV's *ER*. There will be others. The great thing about tracking sex stars, after all, is that there is always a stellar surprise on the horizon.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE
Page 24: "Lounge Acts": **Pajamas:** By *Shadowboxer*, at Bloomingdale's. By *Joe Boxer*, at Marshall Field's. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Bloomingdale's. By *PJ's 2 Go*, at specialty stores. By *Polo/Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren. By *Fernando Sanchez*, 212-929-5060. "Mohair": **Sweaters:** By *Thomas McLellon*, at select Bloomingdale's. By *Austyn Zung*, 800-866-6997. By *French Connection*. By *Laundry Industry*, 212-719-0221. By *Tricots St. Raphael*, at Neiman Marcus, 312-642-5900. "Hot Shopping": **Yuletide:** *Chamber of Commerce*, 800-732-TAOS. *Dogsled races*, 800-2ASK-RIO. **Ski week:** *Taos Ski Valley*, 505-775-2291. *Clarke & Co.*, 505-758-2696. *Overland Sheepskin*, 505-758-8820. *Andean Softwear*, 505-776-2508. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani. **Shirt** by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein. **Loafers** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan. "Right Touch": **Oils:** By *Judith Jackson*, 800-548-9928. *La Costa Resort & Spa*, 619-438-9111. *Aveda*, 800-328-0849. **Video** by *Playboy*, 800-423-9494.

WIRED
Pages 28–29: "Hear the Warmth": **HDCD players:** By *Adcom*, 908-390-1130. By *Audio Alchemy*, 818-707-8504. By *Counterpoint Electronic*, 619-431-5050, ext. 110. "Electronic Stocking Stuffers": **CD player** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. **Headphones** by *Sennheiser*, 203-434-9190. **Phone** by *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. **Light** by *Lumatec*, 800-586-2832. **Electronic book** by *Franklin Electronics*, 800-266-5626. "Wild Things": **Printer** by *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. **Sports Predictor** by *Micro Games of America*, 800-222-4685. **Wrist rest** by *Case Logic*, 800-447-4848. "Multimedia": **Software:** *Lucas Arts*, 800-782-7927. *Activision*, 800-477-3650. *Carbela Tek*, 415-873-6484. *GT Interactive*, 713-467-9272. *7th Level*, 800-979-8466. *Multicom Publishing*, 206-622-5530. *PADI International*, 714-540-7234. *Medio*, 800-788-3866. *Viacom New Media*, 800-469-2539. *Mindscape*, 800-234-3088. *Ion*, 415-455-1466. *Berkeley Systems*, 800-344-5541. *MGM Interactive*, 800-646-5808. *Claris*, 800-544-8554. **T-shirts** by *Playboy*, 800-663-3838.

TRAVEL
Page 36: "Great Escape": *Nantucket Accommodations*, 508-228-9559. "Road Stuff": **Case**, 305-477-5789. **Socks** from *Nicnat*, 305-256-0411.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Pages 87–91: **CD unit** by *Denon*, 201-575-7810. **Bike** by *Schwinn*, at various retailers. **TV** by *Sony*, 201-930-7669. **Camcorder** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. **CD player** by *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337. **Hamper** from *Dom Pérignon*, 800-621-5150. **Game system** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. **Watch** by *TAG-Heuer*, 201-467-1890.

ALL SHE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS
Pages 126–127: **Perfume** by *Ralph Lauren*, at fine stores. **Teddy** by *Aubade Paris*, from Under G's, 310-659-6049. **Watch** by *Cartier*, 800-CARTIER. **Jewelry** from *Harry Winston*, 371 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills. **Puppy** from *Siberian Husky Club of America*, 65 Madera Dr., Victoria, TX 77905. **Golden Door** spa, 619-744-6677.

BONDING YOUR WARDROBE
Pages 130–133: **Suit, shirt, tie, shoes** by *Ralph Lauren Purple Label* and **socks** by *Polo/Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren. **Pocket squares and cuff links** by *Tino Cosma*, 212-246-4005. **Tuxedo** by *Brioni* and **shirt** by *Luigi Borrelli*, at Neiman Marcus. **Bow tie** by *Sulka*, at Sulka. **Pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott. **Cuff links** by *Butler & Wilson*, from *Playboy* catalog, item 5384, 800-423-9494. **Watch** by *Cartier*, 800-CARTIER. **Suit** by *Brioni*, at Neiman Marcus. **Shirt** by *Sulka*, at Sulka. **Tie and ascot** at Robert Talbott. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. **Cuff links and watch** by *Cartier*, 800-CARTIER. **Watch** by *Omega*, 800-766-6342. **Blazer** by *Hart Schaffner & Marx*, at Nordstrom's Midwest. **Trousers** by *Dimitri Couture*, 215-545-2850. **Shirt** by *Ike Behar*, at specialty stores.

A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS
Pages 154–155: **Watch** from *Mickey & Co.* by *Seiko*, 800-526-5293. **Car** by *Nevco*, 805-466-8685. **Miniatures** from Bryerton's Military Miniatures, 312-666-2800. **Train** by *Lionel Trains*, 800-454-6635. **Track** from *Scenery Unlimited*, 708-366-7763.

ON THE SCENE
Page 205: **Sleds:** By *Torpedo*, 207-743-6896. By *Snow Blade*, 800-476-6938. By *Quality Sled, Inc.*, 612-893-0681.

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PLAYBOY
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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

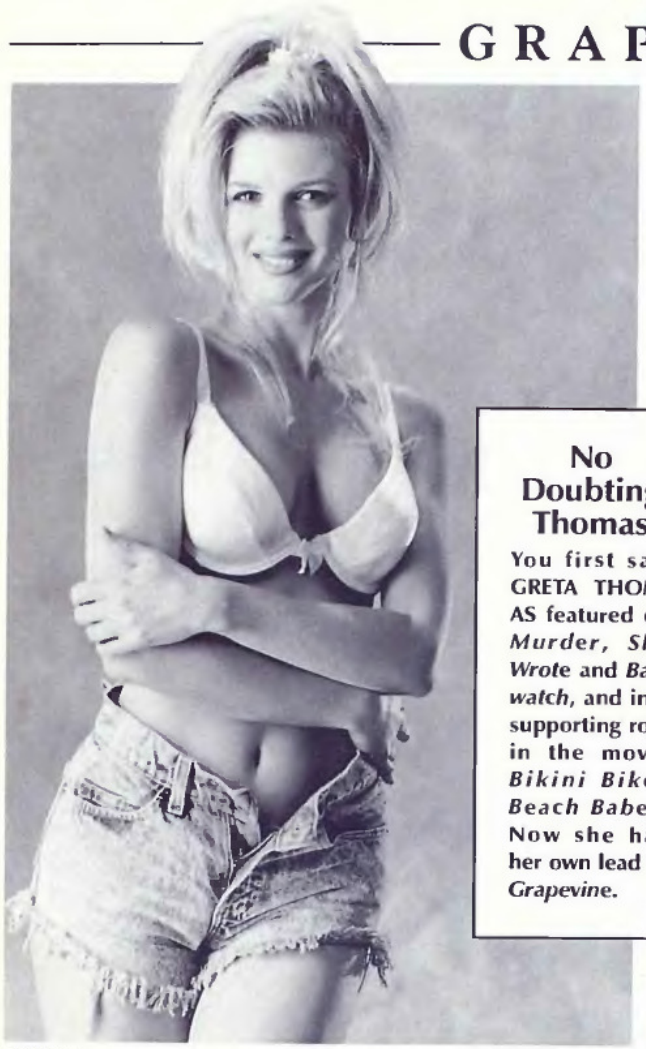
—IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE—

RICHARD IZUI

If Hollywood remakes *Citizen Kane*, whoever plays the dying Kane should whisper "Laser Luge" or "Snow Blade" rather than "Rosebud." But today's new breed of sleds isn't kid stuff. The Canadian-made Laser Luge, for example, weighs only nine pounds, yet it will whisk you down a hill with all the excitement of a 48-pound Olympic competition luge. Or, if you prefer to take the hills sitting down, there's the Snow Blade—a lightweight downhill racer that resembles a bicycle for slopes that Frosty the Stunt Snowman would ride. Our last sled, Torpedo's Mad River Rocket, is aptly named. You strap yourself to an elliptical polyethylene dish that's been fitted with sculpted kneepads, shove off and pray. Look ma, no handles. Body English and gravity do the rest.

Left: Here's a girl with guts. The Mad River Rocket's sculptured kneepads, deep reverse keel and molded runners combine with a low center of gravity to provide immediate response to body movements, by Torpedo ($60). Top: "All the speed and excitement of skiing with the ease of sledding," claims the Snow Blade Corp. of its product. After one trip downhill aboard a Snow Blade, we're not about to argue ($50). Above: Bruce Smith, a 1980 Olympian and former coach of Canada's national senior and junior teams, designed Quality Sled's Laser Luge—a lightweight sled with a molded brake scoop (you'll need it) that's about as close as you can get to a real luge (about $80).

Where & How to Buy on page 203.



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No Doubting Thomas

You first saw GRETA THOMAS featured on *Murder, She Wrote* and *Baywatch*, and in a supporting role in the movie *Bikini Biker Beach Babes*. Now she has her own lead in *Grapevine*.

Cool Rules

COOLIO played the second stage at Lollapalooza, to first-rate reviews. You can hear him on the movie soundtracks to *Clueless* and *Dangerous Minds*, which stars Michelle Pfeiffer. Expect a studio CD early in 1996. Coolio is the hair apparent.

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High on a Hog

Former Raiders cheerleader JANINE JORDAN has her pedal to the metal. Janine's a Renaissance woman: She plays classical piano, writes country music, has co-hosted a Japanese talk show and recently received her stockbroker's license. You can bet her engine doesn't idle.

Youth and Pleasure Meet

THURSTON MOORE and KIM GORDON of Sonic Youth have been rocking. The group headlined Lollapalooza and has completed a fall tour. Its latest CD, *Washing Machine*, is in the spin cycle.

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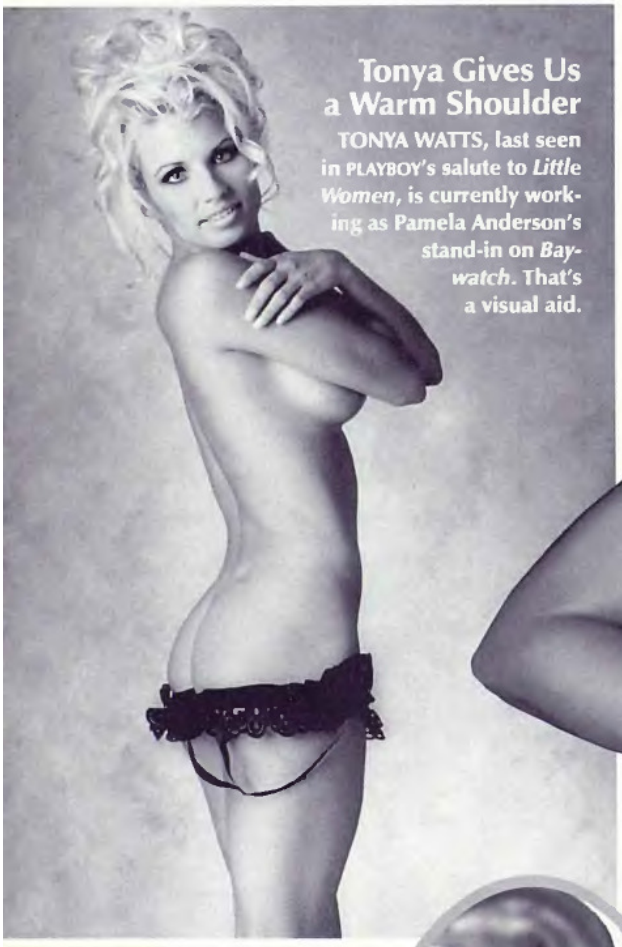
Tonya Gives Us a Warm Shoulder

TONYA WATTS, last seen in PLAYBOY's salute to *Little Women*, is currently working as Pamela Anderson's stand-in on *Baywatch*. That's a visual aid.



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Campbell Served Hot

The very beautiful NAOMI CAMPBELL struts on runways, at her restaurant, Fashion Café, and lately on the big screen in *Miami Rhapsody*, which stars Sarah Jessica Parker. Campbell knows all about the perfect little black dress.

© ROBERT FAIRER/RETNA LTD

She's Looking at You, Kid

ME'SHELL NDEGÉOCELLO had *Wild Nights* with John Mellencamp around the time she made musical mockery out of a two-timing boyfriend. You can hear her on *Jazzmatazz II* while you wait for her next CD, coming early in 1996. The eyes have it.

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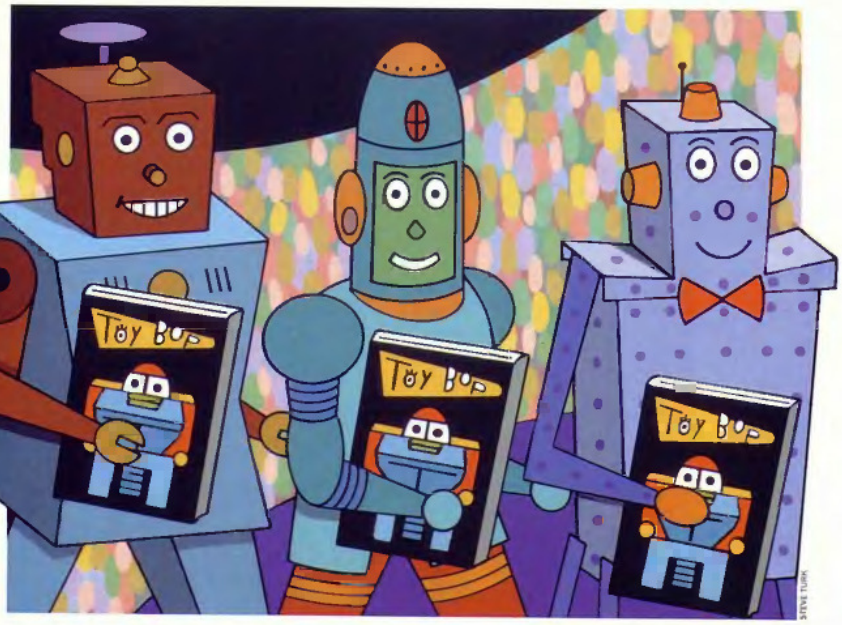
GATHERING MOSS

Supermodel Kate Moss can be seen in bus shelters, on billboards and now in bookstores, too. *Kate: The Kate Moss Book* (published by Universe, a division of Rizzoli) contains about 150 of Moss' favorite photographs of herself (50 in color) shot by such notable photographers as Helmut Newton, Albert Watson, Patrick Demarchelier and Steven Meisel. *Kate* is available in softcover for $22.50 or in limited edition (1500) hardcover for $45, including a signed print. "I am on my way out to dinner to eat a massive steak and potatoes with loads of butter," says Moss in her introduction to the book. If that's the kind of food it takes to turn a waif into a supermodel, have a second helping, Kate, please.

ACE JACKET

Ventile, a special weave of cotton that's weatherproof and breathable, was developed during World War Two to help British pilots survive in frigid waters. Now Barbour, the venerable British manufacturer of classic outerwear for men, has introduced the Ventile Endurance jacket, a replica of what was originally issued to servicemen. Price: about $700 (including a padded lining) in sizes 38 to 52. Call 800-338-3474 to order.



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

Robot Commando, Mr. Ed, Linus the Lionhearted and more than 400 other crown jewels of kid-dom are colorfully brought back to life in *Toy Bop*, a 9″ x 12″ tribute to "kid classics of the Fifties and Sixties." "I had to publish *Toy Bop* myself," says Tom Frey, a Philadelphia toy collector, "because the publishers I approached wanted it to be a black-and-white price guide instead of the coffee-table book I envisioned." *Toy Bop* features playthings from Frey's collection, which number in the thousands. The postpaid prices are $34.95 for the softcover edition and $44.95 for the hardcover, from Fuzzy Dice Productions at 800-5-TOY-BOP.

IT'S ALL RACK 'N' ROLL

"Where the good times stow" is how the Rack 'n' Roll company in Boulder, Colorado describes its 54″-tall storage tower for sports stuff. Bicycles roll right onboard, and there's still plenty of room for ski equipment, golf clubs, skates, tennis rackets and anything else sporty. The unit weighs only about 20 pounds and costs about $250 at sporting goods stores. Or call 800-587-7655.

VROOM!

There's gold in them there hills, and it's in the shape of a cute little 1½" 14-kt.-gold motorcycle with wheels and handlebars that move, a diamond headlight, a ruby taillight and a gas tank inset with a sapphire. You can hang the cycle from a chain as a gift for your girlfriend, treat it as a pocket watch or key fob or display it as a desk trinket. Price: $950, from All American at 400 South U.S. 41 Bypass, Venice, Florida 34292. Or call 800-672-7296 if you're really hot to head for the hills.

ALL THAT FIFTIES JAZZ

The 1994 Academy Award–nominated film *A Great Day in Harlem* showcases a 1958 event that attracted more than 50 of the world's greatest jazz musicians for a special feature in *Esquire* magazine. A portrait of the group is available as a 35" x 24" black-and-white poster from the Jazz Store, P.O. Box 917L, Upper Montclair, New Jersey 07043, for $28 postpaid. (Names of the performers are listed along the bottom border of the poster.) Also available from the store are a video of *Great Day* for $25.95 and a $2 catalog jammed with dozens of other jazz goodies. Call the Jazz Store at 800-558-9513 to place an order.

AIMING TO PLEASE

Gil Elvgren's classic pinups are going three-dimensional. The ten-inch resin cowgirl pictured here is titled *Aiming to Please*. Another work, *The Cads Were Stacked Against Me*, depicts a blonde wearing nothing but a barrel. These sculptures are available unassembled and unpainted for $175 each or in finished form for $350 from One Big Eye Enterprises, 256 125th Street, Amery, Wisconsin 54001. Other sculptures based on pinup and calendar art from the Forties, Fifties and Sixties are in the works.

IN LIKE FLYNN

Errol Flynn: The Movie Posters, a 168-page 11" x 14" softcover book, spotlights the collection of Lawrence Bassoff, who also wrote the text. And what a show it is—180 color reproductions of Flynn movie posters with a foreword by Flynn's friend and fellow screen swordsman Stewart Granger. If you're a serious Flynn fan, you know that 1995 is the 60th anniversary of his rise to stardom in *Captain Blood*. Price: $24.95. To order, call 310-553-5148.

SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

If you have $20,000 burning a hole in your pocket, give yourself a trip to Clermont, Kentucky as a guest of Jim Beam's grandson and master blender emeritus, Booker Noe. Once there, you and Noe will select your own barrel of Booker's bourbon (a straight-from-the-barrel, uncut and unfiltered whiskey). Then retire to his home for dinner and more treats, including a decanter and a cigar humidor stocked with 100 smokes. For more info, call 708-948-8888, extension 2230.

NEXT MONTH: HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PAM ANDERSON

ERECTOR SET

MAFIA MANAGER

PLAYMATE REVIEW

PAM ANDERSON—IT WAS QUITE A YEAR FOR ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S PRIMO BABES. WITH A NEW HUSBAND AND A NEW MOVIE, PAM IS LEAVING STARDUST IN HER WAKE. A KNOCKOUT NEW YEAR'S PICTORIAL

IT'S A *BAYWATCH* WORLD—SCHOLARS OF THE PLANET'S TOP TV SHOW KNOW IT'S ABOUT MORE THAN SAND, SURF AND WOMEN IN SWIMSUITS—HUMOR BY **BRENDAN BABER** AND **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

A BONEHEAD'S GUIDE TO HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING—WHO NEEDS MARTHA STEWART TO PULL OFF A THUMPING HOLIDAY PARTY? THIS IS THE IMPORTANT STUFF—ETIQUETTE BY **HAL RUBENSTEIN** AND **JIM MULLEN**

THE DICK CLINIC—WHAT ONE BRAVE MAN FOUND ON HIS QUEST FOR THE FOUR-HOUR ERECTION—A BONE-CHILLING TRUE ADVENTURE BY **D. KEITH MANO**

ALICE—A VOYEURISTIC FOURSOME CAVORT IN A SYLVAN GLADE—A LOST CLASSIC BY A GREAT WRITER OF EROTIC FICTION **ANAÏS NIN**

HOOP IT UP—PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW FORECASTS THIS SEASON'S BIG WINNERS AND HAMSTRUNG LOSERS—SPORTS BY **GARY COLE**

THE STALLION—THERE WERE ONLY TWO THINGS ANGELO PERRINO ENJOYED MORE THAN BATTLING FOR CONTROL OF BETHLEHEM MOTORS: SCREWING HIS BOSS' WIFE AND DAUGHTER—NEW FICTION BY **HAROLD ROBBINS**

ROBIN QUIVERS—THE SIDEKICK WHO SHARES THE RADIO BOOTH WITH HOWARD STERN TALKS ABOUT HER BREAST REDUCTION, HER BOSS' BUTT AND WHY GOOD VENTILATION IS ESSENTIAL IN 20 QUESTIONS

JOHNNY DEPP—THE STAR OF *ED WOOD*, *GILBERT GRAPE* AND *DON JUAN DEMARCO* DATES KATE MOSS, OWNS A NIGHTCLUB AND TRASHES HOTEL SUITES. WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT? A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

AXIOMS OF THE MAFIA MANAGER—HOW TO NAVIGATE OFFICE POLITICS, GANGLAND STYLE—ADVICE FROM A REAL WISE GUY

DENNIS RODMAN UNVEILED—WHAT THE OTHER GUYS WERE AFRAID TO SHOW—AND YOU THOUGHT THE NBA STAR COULDN'T GET MORE OUTRAGEOUS

PLUS: JAZZ & ROCK POLL, OUR 11TH-HOUR SANTA, TEN ROMANTIC PLACES TO SPEND A FABULOUS NEW YEAR'S EVE AND A ROUSING YEAR-END **PLAYMATE REVIEW**

Fruitcake's evil cousin.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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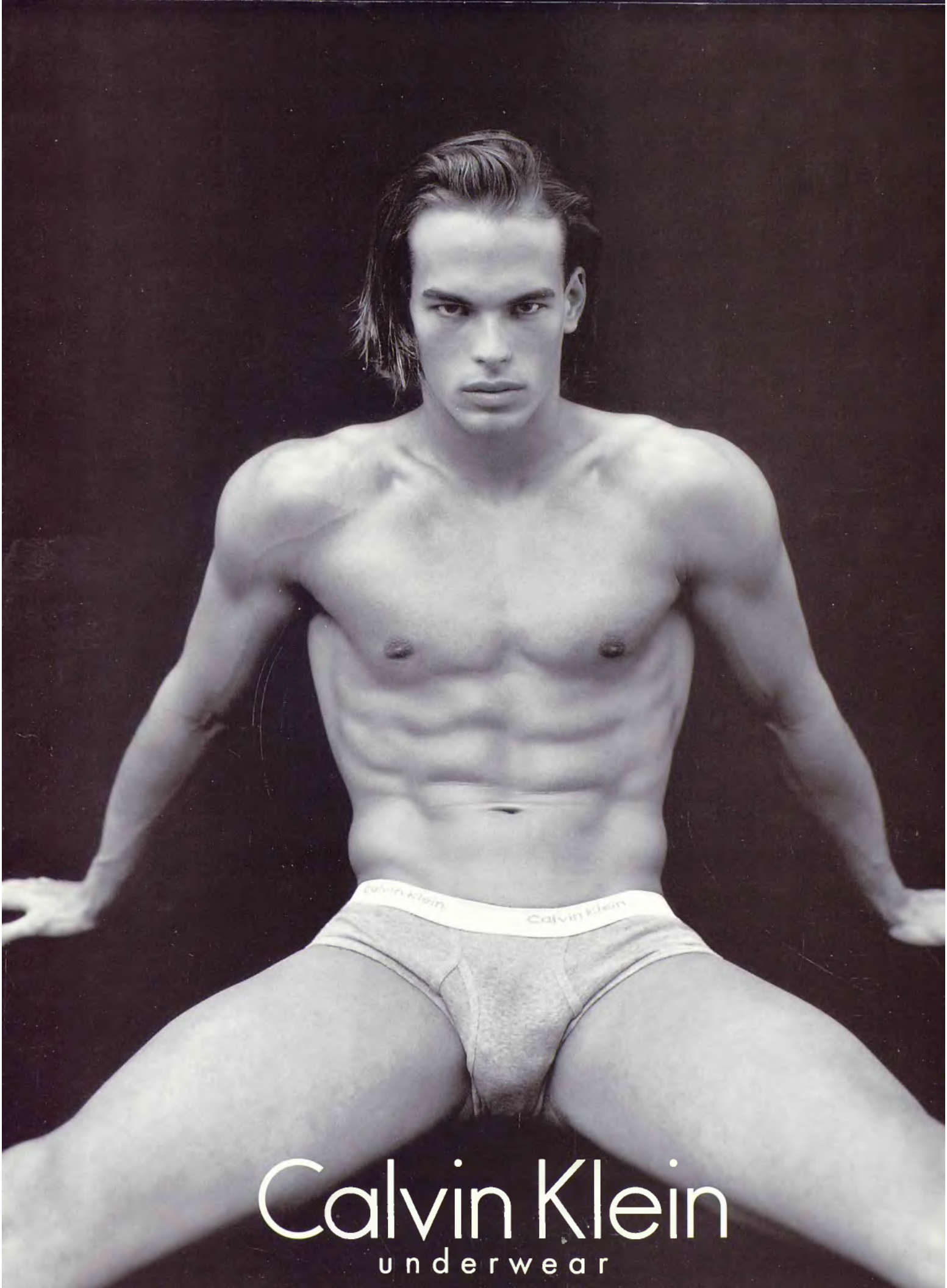
Calvin Klein
underwear